

February

39



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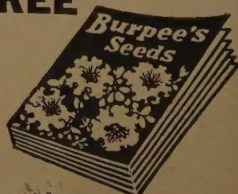
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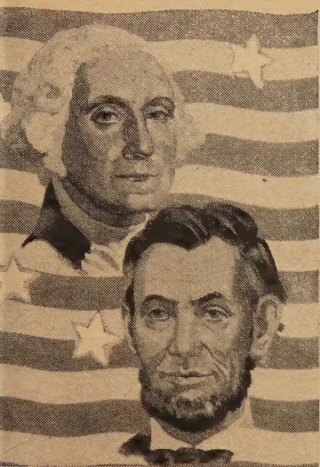
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Columbia Broadcasting System—WABC, WCAU, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—BLUE Network—WJZ, WFIL, and affiliated stations.

National Broadcasting Company—RED Network—WEAF, KWKY, and affiliated stations.

DAILY

- 9:00 A.M. Richard Maxwell's Songs of comfort and cheer—CBS.
- 9:45 A.M. Edward MacHugh, The Gospel Singer, except Fridays—RED.
- 11:45 A.M. Getting the Most Out of Life—Dr. William L. Stidger—BLUE.
- 12:30 P.M. National Farm and Home Hour—Guest speakers—BLUE.
- 2:00 P.M. Irene Beasley's R.F.D. No. 1—CBS.
- 2:30 P.M. American School of the Air—CBS.
- 3:45 P.M. Between the Book Ends—Ted Malone reads poetry—BLUE.

SUNDAYS

- 9:00 A.M. From the Organ Loft—with Julius Mattfeld, organist—CBS.
- 9:30 A.M. Wings Over Jordan. Negro spirituals and talks by negro leaders—CBS.
- 10:00 A.M. Church of the Air. Talks by leading men in every denomination—CBS.
- 10:00 A.M. Radio Pulpit. Dr. Ralph W. Sockman—RED.
- 10:30 A.M. Music and American Youth. Series of musical programs picked up in various cities featuring music by students of the public schools of those cities—RED.
- 11:30 A.M. Southernaires. Negro spirituals—BLUE.
- 12:00 Noon Radio City Music Hall of the Air. Symphony orchestra, soloists—BLUE.
- 12:30 P.M. University of Chicago Round Table Discussions—RED.
- 1:00 P.M. Church of the Air—CBS.
- 1:00 P.M. Great Plays. Classic dramas tracing the development of theater from the Greek to modern Broadway—BLUE.
- 1:30 P.M. Salutes to New York World's Fair of 1939, by leaders of all countries. Feb. broadcasts come from Canada, Rumania, Norway, and Belgium—CBS, NBC, and Mutual.
- 2:00 P.M. Magic Key of RCA. Symphonic orchestra, direction Frank Black—BLUE.
- 2:00 P.M. Americans All—Immigrants All. Dramatizations of history and cultural contributions of different racial groups of America—CBS.
- 2:45 P.M. Fables in Verse. Poetic plays of the animal kingdom—RED.
- 3:00 P.M. Philharmonic Symphony orchestra of New York, directed by John Barbiroli—CBS.
- 4:00 P.M. National Vespers. Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick—BLUE.
- 4:30 P.M. The World Is Yours. Dramatizations under auspices of Smithsonian Institution—RED.
- 5:00 P.M. Words without Music. Dramatized poetry readings—CBS.
- 5:30 P.M. Man From Cook's. Last minute reports on travel conditions in a warring world—BLUE.
- 6:00 P.M. New Friends of Music. Chamber music concerts—BLUE.
- 7:00 P.M. The People's Platform. Dinner table discussions—CBS.
- 7:30 P.M. Seth Parker. Sunday night get togethers of the Jonesport neighbors—BLUE.
- 8:00 P.M. This Is New York. Guests typical of the New York Scene—CBS.
- 9:00 P.M. Ford Sunday Evening Hour. Wilfred Pelletier conducts through Feb. 19, Eugene Ormandy, from Feb. 26—CBS.
- 10:30 P.M. Cheerio. Inspirational talks with music—BLUE.
- 10:30 P.M. Headlines and Bylines with H. V. Kaltenborn, guest commentators and Ralph Edwards—CBS.

MONDAYS

- 12:15 P.M. Her Honor, Nancy James. Dramatic serial of a woman judge's fight against slum conditions—CBS.
- 12:30 P.M. Opportunity. Dr. Daniel A. Poling's series in the Time For Thought Program—RED.
- 2:00 P.M. Adventure in Reading. Purpose of program is to heighten interest of listening school groups in works of outstanding living American authors—BLUE.
- 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Direction Joe Emerson—RED.
- 3:00 P.M. Concerts by the Curtis Institute of Music—CBS.
- 3:00 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra, Guy Fraser Harrison, Conducting—BLUE.
- 6:00 P.M. Science in the News, Dr. Arthur H. Compton, speaker—RED.
- 7:45 P.M. Science On the March—BLUE.
- 8:00 P.M. Cavalcade of America. Dramatizations of America's history—CBS.
- 8:30 P.M. The Voice of Firestone. Richard Crooks alternating with Margaret Speaks; symphonic orchestra—RED.
- 9:30 P.M. Westminster College Choir—BLUE.
- 10:30 P.M. Columbia Workshop. Experimental radio drama—CBS.

TUESDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Our Spiritual Life. Dr. John Sutherland Bonnell's series in the Time For Thought program—RED.
- 1:30 P.M. Rochester Civic Orchestra. Educational concerts—BLUE.
- 2:00 P.M. Science Everywhere. A junior science feature—BLUE.
- 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches—RED.
- 3:00 P.M. Story of the Song—CBS.
- 4:00 P.M. Highways to Health. Prominent doctors on various medical subjects—CBS.
- 4:45 P.M. Of Men and Books. Professor John T. Frederick reviews new books—CBS.

- 5:00 P.M. Current Questions before the Senate. Different Senators talk on the problems before the upper house—CBS.
- 5:15 P.M. Music For Fun. Howard Barlow and Columbia Broadcasting Symphony—CBS.
- 8:30 P.M. Information Please. Clifton Fadiman in a program designed to stump the experts—BLUE.
- 10:00 P.M. If I Had The Chance. Cal Tinney interviews outstanding men—BLUE.
- 10:45 P.M. Be Sensible. Dr. Joseph Jastrow, noted psychologist, applies psychological principles to our everyday problems—BLUE.

WEDNESDAYS

- 8:30 A.M. Greenfield Village Chapel Choir—CBS.
- 12:30 P.M. Homespun. Dr. William Hiram Foulkes' series in the Time For Thought program—RED.
- 2:00 P.M. Your Health. Dramatized radio stories in health and hygiene—BLUE.
- 3:00 P.M. Indianapolis Symphony orchestra, directed by Fabien Sevitzky—CBS.
- 6:00 P.M. Our American Schools. Dr. Belmont Farley conducts dramatization of the function of education and schools in a democracy—RED.
- 7:30 P.M. Ask-It-Basket. Question and answer program—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. Wings For the Martins. Educational drama—BLUE.
- 10:00 P.M. It Can Be Done. Edgar Guest—CBS.
- 10:30 P.M. The Public Interest In Democracy. Deals with America's problems—BLUE.

THURSDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Developing Spiritual Power—Dr. Norman Vincent Peale's series in the Time For Thought Program—RED.
- 2:00 P.M. Ideas That Came True. Social Science series—BLUE.
- 2:45 P.M. Hymns of All Churches. Joe Emerson—RED.
- 5:00 P.M. Current Questions before the House. Members of the lower house discuss their legislative problems—CBS.
- 5:15 P.M. Meet the New Hans Andersen. New interpretations of the famous fairy tales—BLUE.
- 9:30 P.M. America's Town Meeting of the Air. Dr. George V. Denny, Jr. moderator—BLUE.

FRIDAYS

- 12:30 P.M. Dr. Lloyd Ellis Foster in his series in the Time For Thought program—BLUE.
- 2:00 P.M. NBC Music Appreciation Hour. Dr. Walter Damrosch, conducting—BLUE.
- 5:30 P.M. Men Behind the Stars. Story of development of astronomy—CBS.
- 8:00 P.M. Cities Service Concert. Lucille Manner, soprano; Frank Black Orchestra—RED.
- 9:00 P.M. Campbell Playhouse, starring Orson Welles and guest stars in full-hour dramatizations—CBS.
- 10:45 P.M. Story Behind the Headlines. Cesar Saerchinger—RED.

SATURDAYS

- 10:30 A.M. Four Corners Theater. Rural drama adapted for radio—CBS.
- 11:00 A.M. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music—CBS.
- 11:30 A.M. Eastman School of Music Concerts—RED.
- 1:55 P.M. Broadcast from Metropolitan Opera House—RED.
- 6:45 P.M. Religion in the News. Dr. Walter Van Kirk—RED.
- 7:30 P.M. Lives of Great Men. Dr. Edward Howard Griggs—RED.
- 8:30 P.M. Professor Quiz—CBS.
- 9:30 P.M. Saturday Night Serenade—CBS.
- 10:00 P.M. NBC Symphony Orchestra—BLUE.

ON THE AIR

By Aileen Soares

A DAZZLING array of emperors, kings, queens and ranking diplomatic figures of seventeen nations will be heard throughout the United States in a series of weekly broadcasts saluting the New York World's Fair of 1939. These programs are to be broadcast jointly over the nation's three great networks. (Sundays 1:30 p.m., EST.)

SEEKING to stir America to a new sense of its need of the Bible, the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago is presenting a weekly Sunday afternoon radio chain broadcast: "Let's Go Back To the Bible." Will H. Houghton, president of the Institute, delivers the message from Station WMBI which is picked up by eight other stations throughout the country, including WOL, WHN, WAAB, WGR, WCAE, CKLW, WFIL, KSO, WMT, and WGAM, at 2 p.m., EST. With its inspiring message of Biblical truth and a choir of the famous Moody Singers it is a program you will not want to miss.

FROM far-off Denmark, native land of Hans Christian Andersen, comes a story-teller, Paul Leyssac, to entertain children and grownups too, with new interpretations of the famous fairy tales in "Meet the New Hans Andersen." Leyssac's translations of the Andersen tales reveal humorous little twists, an intermingling of sentiment and irony, which other translators have overlooked. (Thursdays 5:15 p.m., EST, NBC-Blue)

THE 10:40 train that speeds through Weston, W. Va. Mondays through Fridays, has been dubbed by Westonites the "Dr. Stidger Special," according to one of the local ministers. A sharp blast of the whistle every morning is the cue for residents to tune in on the "Getting the Most Out of Life" program which features Dr. Stidger over the NBC-Blue Network at 11:45 a.m., EST.

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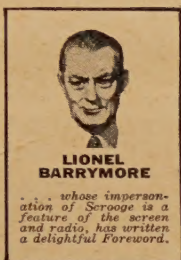
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With a Special Foreword by Lionel Barrymore
And Over 100 Illustrations, 12 Pages in 7 Colors, by Everett Shinn

A Beautiful Edition of this Beloved Classic . . . Accept it as a FREE GIFT from the De Luxe Editions Club. See for yourself the kind of Great Books (formerly priced up to \$25) that Club Members are now receiving for only \$1.69 each!

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"The Book of Old Ships," illustrated by Gordon Grant, formerly \$20.00; Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," with 25 full-page drawings by Rockwell Kent, formerly \$25.00. Forthcoming selections will equal these in quality. Yet all will be offered at only \$1.69 each, plus few cents postage charges.

De Luxe Editions average 6" x 9 1/4" in size. Often they are even larger. Most of them contain 500 to 600 pages—many over 1000 pages. Many are illustrated in full color with paintings by foremost artists (as is this edition of *A Christmas Carol*.) Others contain fine drawings and photographs.

How Can the Club Offer These Values?

Our membership of 10,000 enables us to secure the advantage of large scale purchasing without the expense of wasteful left-overs. America's leading publishers allow the Club to use the original plates of higher-priced editions, eliminating another great cost of bookmaking. And contemporary authors accept lower royalties.

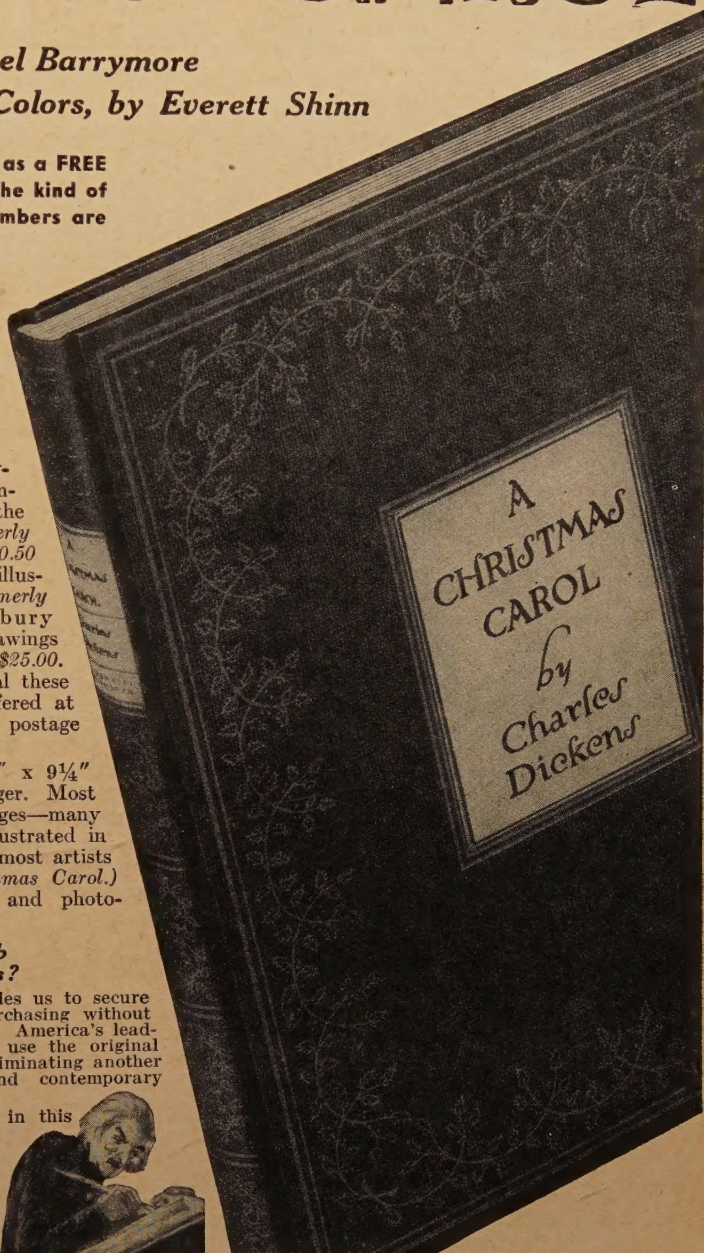
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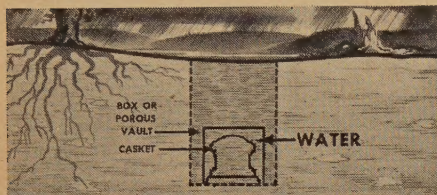
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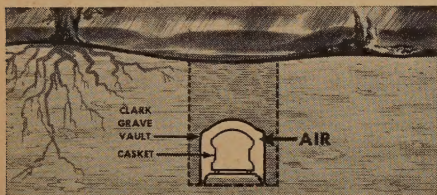


When the heavy Rains beat into the earth

It's so comforting to know
you can provide the protection
of a Clark Metal Grave Vault



RAIN AND MELTING SNOW often saturate the earth with water—water against which the average casket is not supposed to protect . . . against which a grave vault of porous material cannot offer safe sanctuary.



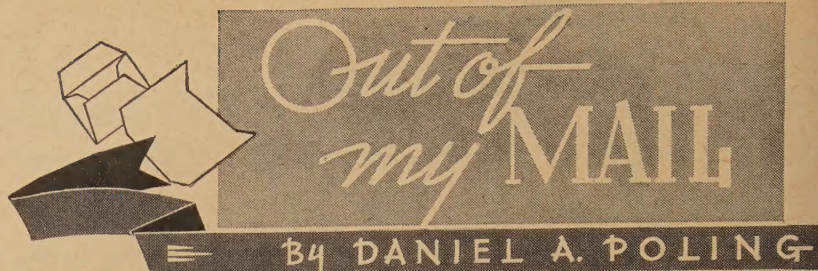
THE CLARK GRAVE VAULT is scientifically built to give this much desired protection. Just as the air in an inverted tumbler keeps the water from rising inside the glass . . . the air in the inverted dome of the Clark Vault is used to prevent outside water from reaching the casket.

• Be thankful you've been reminded of it now. For some day—when a loved one is laid to eternal rest—you will know what to do. You should provide, without question, the protection of a Clark Metal Grave Vault. For you will know that a Clark is scientifically designed to protect against water in the ground. Only the Clark *galvanized* vault is coated, by Clark's exclusive zinc-dipping process, with 25 to 35 pounds of zinc, insuring longer-lasting protection, than if only made of either iron or steel but not so coated. Your funeral director will explain the many other exclusive Clark features, show you a wide and beautiful selection at prices within your means.

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By DANIEL A. POLING

ORGANIZER AND LEADER OF THE NATIONAL

THEY CERTAINLY DO NOT

Do you think that cards and games for prizes belong in the church even though pastor and deacons engage?

I DO not—even though pastor and deacons engage!

NEGLECTING FIRST THINGS

I am a young married man, responsible for a new home and a growing family. All my time and energy are required at business. I have been criticized because I am not interested in clubs, community activities and in the Church. Am I not right in concentrating on my task and responsibility?

YOU are right in concentrating on your task and responsibility, but in your concentration you are neglecting first things. It is not enough to go to business and to return from business. It is not enough to make sure of the temporal security of your home and family. Man cannot live by bread alone. Your home cannot survive upon temporalities alone. Other things are required.

I wish that I might talk personally with every person who has this problem. Many men and women are competent to testify that everything in life has been enriched, given a new security, because of the interest of father and mother in the church and in civic affairs of the community.

We have certain obligations because we are members of society. We have security in life and property because the community is secure. If we do not make our contribution to the strengthening of the community, then eventually the community falls away and security dissolves. I have no right to expect others to bring the support that I decline or fail to bring. I have no right to ask you to do for me, or without my support, that which is required in order that my life be secure.

The young man who is concentrating upon income for his family, is making a grave mistake if he does not set aside time and income for the support of the worthy institutions in the community and for the support and maintenance of the life of the Church. Everything he loves will be strengthened, enlarged and enriched if he widens his vision.

FOREIGN MISSIONS AGAIN

Do you not think that by giving to foreign missions we neglect our home responsibilities. Certainly more financial support, more spiritual interest here, would do more to make a Christ-like world than sending the same amount of money into foreign countries, often where the people themselves are antagonistic? Am I wrong?

I SHALL allow Horace Bushnell to answer this question. He once made a list of those whom he thought should be excused from giving to missions. Here it is:

Those who believe that the world is not lost, and does not need a Saviour.

Those who believe that Jesus Christ made a mistake when He said, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature."

Those who believe the gospel is not the power of God unto salvation, and cannot save the heathen.

Those who wish that missionaries had never come to our ancestors, and that we were still heathen.

Those who believe that it is "every man for himself" in this world, and who, with Cain, ask, "Am I my brother's keeper?"

Those who want no share in the final victory.

Those who believe that they are not accountable to God for the money entrusted to them.

I have never yet known a church that gives largely to foreign missions that neglected the home field; I have known churches that give largely to the home activities and neglected the foreign field.

UNEMPLOYED CHURCH MEMBERS

Of what use to any church, financially, is a church member who is out of employment? Are they not a dead branch? (signed) An unemployed church member.

WELL, the first "use" of a church member is not financial. Many there are with heavy heartaches because, being unemployed and without income, they

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YOUTH RADIO CONFERENCE

cannot support the program of the church with their money. There is a grave danger here—the danger that the unemployed church member will stay at home, discontinue attendance and all activity. Pastor, officers and people must do everything within their power to create an atmosphere in which the unemployed church member will feel that he is not a “dead branch,” but a living member. Being unemployed, he may have more time to devote to his church. He may increase his intellectual and spiritual efficiency by concentrating his interest on church affairs. It sounds easy, I know, but every word is true. The Church should be for us all, whether employed or unemployed; the center of moral and spiritual power, a source of unfailing comfort and grace for every hard situation that may arise. And remember, “My help cometh from the Lord, which made heaven and earth . . . Behold he that keepeth Israel shall neither stumble nor sleep.”

“THE LAST DAYS”

Are these not the last days, filled as they are with wars and rumors of wars, persecution of the Jews and utter disregard for the rights of the weak?

I DO not know. That does not concern me. My concern is to be awake and about the Master's business, doing my bit and best to help make a better world. *Then*, if these are the last days, what matters it? Men have said for something like two thousand years—“These are the last days.” The disciples believed that they were living in the last days, and there are Scriptural statements that justified them in their belief. The fact remains that people have been getting ready for an early ascension since the Ascension Morning of Jesus Christ Himself.

These are sad and terrible times. We did not dream a generation ago that we would live to see the events that are all about us, the unspeakable horrors that are being perpetrated upon helpless populations. No, I do not know whether these are the last days. I do know that these are sad and terrible days. I do know that short of the truth and grace, the hanging power that is at the heart of the Christian testimony, we are undone, that these might well be for us the last days.

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NEWS DIGEST *of the month*



A DEPARTMENT OF INTERPRETATION AND COMMENT ON THE MONTH'S CHIEF EVENTS

The Higher Conflict

A POPE and a Prime Minister sat down in Rome this month to talk of peace, paganism and tomorrow. It was no casual conversation; it was more momentous than Munich. For here at last are two of the world's most powerful leaders lifting the most crucial question of modern times up where it belongs: up out of the sordid realm of pilfering politics, racism and imperialistic economics into the higher realm of morality and the spirit.

Let's forget for a moment the provincialism of the Pope and remember that the anti-Catholic crusade of the dictators is now openly an anti-Christian crusade; think of Niemoeller in Berlin and the Baptists in Rumania. Let's forget the political sagacity of Chamberlain and the fact that the British Empire is a great economic adventure. Let us face squarely just what the Pope and the Prime Minister faced at Rome: the plain truth that the terror abroad in our world is never going to be wiped out by the shifting of political boundaries or the juggling of economic privilege,

but by a united Christian front against the pagan doctrine of brute force.

What these two men in Rome have made us see is that we are facing, not just a conflict between two rival forms of government, but a conflict between two basic moralities. Says the lower morality, "Down with the Jew. Death to all who disagree with Us." Says the higher: "All are entitled to life, liberty, happiness. The world must be a brotherhood and not a militaristic madhouse. Man was created of God not to be crushed by the State; the State was created to elevate man."

Say pagan Hitler and godless Stalin and "protector-of-Islam," Machiavellian Mussolini, "Civilization is an adventure in armed might." Say Pius and Chamberlain, "Civilization is not that at all; it is an adventure in ideas." And they are right. Man will never rest content with the rule of force. The civilization he seeks is an adventure in the unfolding moral and spiritual dignity of Man!

We stand at a crossroads which has been ages in the making. We choose now between two loyalties, between Christ and Caesar. Down the one road lies red ruin; down the other, God and a man made more nearly in the image of God.

AT HOME

WASHINGTON: Harry L. Hopkins, son of an Iowa harness-maker, ex-boys' camp director, ex-child welfare expert, ex-Red Cross official, ex-supervisor of Federal relief, now stands appointed Secretary of Commerce by the President. There are cheers and jeers over that, brickbats and bouquets. And certain subtle significances.

One is that a social worker and not a business man has been appointed to the post. That's new. This is a job that comes to grips with business and business men. Heretofore the nation has taken it for granted that a successful man of industry or trade (like Mr. Hoover, for instance), *must* be appointed. Evidently Mr. Roosevelt doesn't think so; evidently he is more interested in the social aspects of such a department as Commerce, so he appoints a leading social worker to head it.

But even the business men seem to like it; at least, they're reconciled. They feel that Mr. Hopkins has more ability than his predecessor; that he has more vigor than his predecessor; that as the President's closest advisor, he will be well-placed to find out about business, at first hand.

Still, some remain suspicious. They

ask: "Is F. D. R. boosting Harry Hopkins toward the Democratic nomination in 1940?" Few of us know. This we do know. So far as ability is concerned, Hopkins has it; he has integrity too. He has passed out more than nine billion dollars to fifteen million unemployed Americans, and there has as yet to be the first breath of scandal or mismanagement sent in his personal direction.

NEW YORK: Mayor La Guardia, two-fisted and aggressive, got himself knocked down recently in City Hall; the public read about it, smiled, forgot it. The Mayor can take care of himself. But the public read, the same morning, of the fantastic manipulations of the Musica brothers in the swindling of McKesson and Robbins, and didn't forget it; something slipped badly here; this big business couldn't take care of itself.

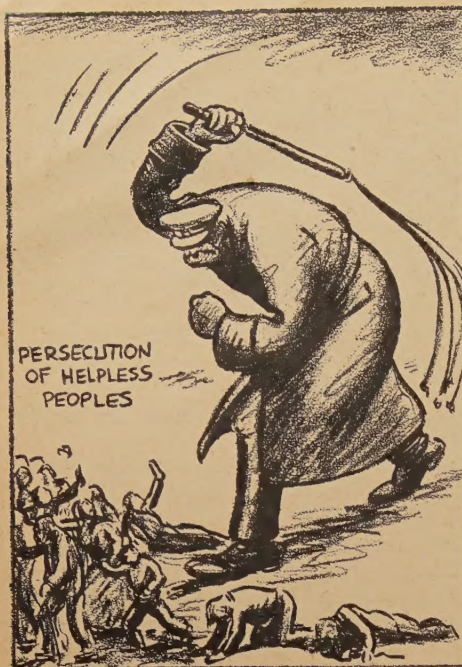
The life of the dead Musica brother is interesting: it is the sad, sad tale of the natural progression from bootlegging to narcotics, to the arms trade, to downright thievery. Gaunt and greedy, he was a malevolent Midas, a government agent and a foe of society; he made a monkey out of McKesson and Robbins, a piker out of Ponzi. Then he shot himself and

left others to pay up.

Two results remain. One is that those who will really pay for his crimes are the innocent—the innocent holders of common stock in the innocent firm of which he was a guilty part. But the other result is all to the good. Without doubt the SEC will be spurred to action; indeed, without the SEC the fraud might still have been going on. Without doubt big business men have had their eyes opened; they will be more careful; they will take better inventories, have more careful examinations of their books, thus protecting better the holder of common stock.

It's an ill wind that blows nobody good.

DOCTORS IN THE DOCK: "Group Health Association" was designed to give medical care to low-paid Federal employees; it is a non-profit doctor's co-operative, and as such has raised the ire of the American Medical Association. Months ago complaints began to reach the Department of Justice that the Medical Society of the District of Columbia was exerting pressure against the Group. Last October a Federal grand jury began investigating; last week the grand jury indicted the A.M.A., the District Medi-



SOW THE WIND, REAP THE WHIRLWIND

cal Society, and sundry others. The indictment charges that the Societies and the doctors involved are obstructing Group Health; the A.M.A. replies that the whole scheme is an infringement of freedom between doctor and patient which will destroy healthy competition among the doctors, and therefore lower medical standards.

It will be a long fight; it will probably end in the United States Supreme Court. The doctor in the dock will be given his day to have his say, to plead that things be left as they are. And you and I, who pay the doctors, will be just innocent bystanders, or court-room listeners, waiting to find out who pays whom and how much. A lot of us will sympathize with the protest of the medico against regimentation; a lot more of us, who have seen the tremendous benefits of socialized medicine abroad, will be wondering why something like that can't happen here. All we can do is wait and see—and pay the bill for cancers and common colds.

HOME FROM LIMA: Home are the diplomats, home from Peru. The Lima Conference is history. Some historians will touch it lightly, saying it doesn't mean much.

Hull talked at Lima. So did Landon. So did money. Or rather, trade. The Americas wanted to get together, certainly; but Latin America had its eye on European trade. The United States, well-intentioned big brother that it is, cannot supply *all* the markets the Latins would like to sell in; there are some in Europe, with dictators in the counting-houses telling where to buy, and where not. Peace they longed for, at Lima, and protection they craved. But a free hand in a free market was there like the snake in Eden.

Yet the men from Washington have no reason to be weary in their well-doing. They did not accomplish all they wanted to accomplish; who ever does that? But they took the first firm step that will do much for future cooperation and mutual benefit between the Americas. Best of

all, the dictators know now that on this continent they have to deal, not with tiny Republics that might be economic push-overs, but with the United States as well. That will take a bit of wise dealing.

DOWN SOUTH: College presidents and State educational authorities in the South are holding hurried conferences. An ugly situation looms. The U. S. Supreme Court has ruled that a Missouri Negro *must* be admitted to the University of Missouri Law School, unless the State can provide him with a law education elsewhere. What will follow, they fear, will be that the same Court will pronounce as unconstitutional other discriminations now in force in the public schools and colleges of the whole South.

Southern States with Negro youth seeking a higher education also face the difficult problem of providing educational facilities for them, if the Court holds fast. That will cost so much money that the States involved don't like to think about it. There are many plans being discussed; organizing Negro branches in white institutions of higher learning; maintenance of separate, one hundred per cent Negro schools; a centrally-located university for all Southern Negroes. The South has a crisis here; some of the deep-South Commonwealths have no such institutions for Negroes at all. Fear is registered on both sides that racial troubles will result. It is hoped that they will all move slowly, and keep their heads. This is a stage of the Negro's development which must be squarely, intelligently faced.

NO MORE BOOZE BROADCASTS:

The National Broadcasting Co., which has never promoted whiskey, has announced that hereafter no more broadcasts advertising even beer or wine will be permitted over its networks. Brewers and wine-growers will have to depend on newspapers and such magazines as will accept it, for advertising their products. This may be a blow to those "industries," but it will be a most welcome relief to the

thousands of people who like radio, but don't like to hear booze praised over it.

The NBC has taken another forward step. It has inaugurated a new department devoted to religious activities. Miss Aileen Soares, who edits *Christian Herald's* Radio page, has been appointed to this new religious department.

Discarding booze broadcasts and substituting religion is a good move in the right direction.

A B R O A D

CHINA: Japan has slammed the "open door" in the face of Uncle Sam, put a guard over it, said, "Keep Out." But when the guard wasn't looking, Uncle Sam sneaked under the door a little Christmas present for General Chiang: a loan of twenty million dollars.

For the sake of the record, let's keep it straight that this is not a loan *in cash*. It is in credit. No money will be shipped; payment will be made in American goods, and the *American Government* will accept Chinese notes in lieu of ready money.

It is a bit of moral support for China that Japan does not like, for it means that Uncle Sam is taking it for granted that there will be a Chinese government in China for some years to come. He is not fearful of collecting his money; the record of the Chinese in the matter of paying up, so far, has been good.

Not only is Japan worried over this. It not only defies her slamming of the door, but it throws open other foreign doors, elsewhere. If the State Department says the word, government loans may be made in Spain, Palestine—where not?

UKRAINE: A Nazi radio in Vienna has started broadcasting in the Slavic tongue of the Ukraine. In Berlin, there is a new Ukrainian Confidential Office sponsored by Dr. Alfred Rosenberg. In Munich, Hitler warns a Nazi audience that Germany's productive soil has almost reached the limit of its productivity, and Paul Goebbels shouts that "we have enlarged our living space but it still fails to suffice."

At the Munich conference, Herr Hitler promised that he wanted nothing more in Europe, after Czechoslovakia. But in *Mein Kampf* he laid down a plan of territorial aggression that has been followed letter for letter up to now. Those who have read it, and those who know Hitler, were not surprised, therefore, when the Ukrainian push got under way. Only the speed of it startled them.

Before the Nazi reaches the Ukraine, he must get past Poland and Rumania. (King Carol has just been in London!) That accounts for the anti-Nazi activities in Rumania, and for the anxiety of Hungary, which is little more than a stepping-stone to Carol's land. All seems set up, already, so far as the Ukraine is concerned, for the next official step: there are 500,000 Germans in a thousand communities who are all ready to shout, "We want to go home to the Reich!" Of course, they will want to take the Ukraine home, too.

What does Hitler want of it? The Ukraine has the finest, richest, blackest soil in the world. It is a bread

basket. . .

BEHIND TUNISIA: Italian student-nobs are shouting "Tunisia, Nice, Saffroy." Bands of French colonists in Tunisia are clashing with bands of Italians. Both probably think Mussolini wants Tunis. He doesn't.

What he does want is this: a new treaty with the French to supplant that of 1935; some few concessions to the Italians in Tunis; Italian control of the port of Djibuti (which would give Italy both ends of the Djibuti-Addis Ababa railroad); and above all, a bigger share in the control of the Suez Canal.

The Canal is controlled now by a board of thirty-two directors—twenty-one French, ten British, one Netherlander. Its defense is up to Britain; what Italy wants is an agreement with Britain for a new joint control; then they could both cut the tolls. The French directors have consistently refused to do that.

Italy may have some reason for wanting that; she sends a good share of the shipping through Suez. But Suez would only be the beginning—and Mr. Chamberlain of London knows it! We predict that Mussolini will forget it. Mr. Hitler doesn't show much inclination to back him up.

RUSSIA: Not many good things have been said about modern Soviet Russia. There are good things that might be said—about, for instance, the ice-breaker *Syedoff*, Soviet ship that is drifting closer and closer to the North Pole. The *Syedoff* has drifted, to date, to within a few miles of the record made by Dr. Fridtjof Nansen in the good ship *Fram*, in 1895. Daily the crew takes meteorological observations, sounding the seas and gathering magnetic data that will be precious to future scientists and explorers. That is a contribution worth while, for the Soviet Arctic is rich in coal, iron, gold, timber, nickel, apatite and other resources.

The Soviet régime, whether we like it or not, has done this: it has taken a waste land and made it habitable, sent men, women and children to colonize and develop it. Soviet ships are running on regular schedule from Murmansk to Vladivostok; Murmansk has grown in a dozen years from a settlement of 9,000 to a thriving metropolis of 100,000. It is a new frontier. It has taken courage and a long foresight to develop; Russia has done it, while the rest of us watched.

TANGANYIKA: Those of us who have said loosely that Tanganyika offers an "excellent" prospect as a colonizing-ground for persecuted Jewry will get a shock when we learn that there is an economic boycott of British goods and British shops there, inspired by the *resident* Germans.

Quietly, almost unnoticed, German settlers have trickled in, most of them immigrants financed by money from Berlin. They now constitute a State within a State, as they did in Czechoslovakia. They come out in German ships, stay at German hotels, take a brief course in agriculture under German instructors and somehow get hold of a bit of land to call their own. They buy German, exclusively.

Refugee Jews, we think, would have a hard time of it there.

PARIS: One sunny afternoon this editor sat discussing the art of Raphael on a park bench in Nice. Said his French companion, "We must think furiously about this thing!" It is a typical French expression—indeed, it is the French way. They *live* furiously.

A few weeks ago they were having furious riots in Paris; now they are furiously good-natured and satisfied about the whole thing, and back at work. The strikers lost; they took it good-naturedly. The employers won; they have not abused their victory, and if they hold that attitude, another general strike in France will be a long time coming.

Two French leaders are given credit for it: M. Daladier, the ponderous, slow-moving but completely earnest—and completely respected—Premier of France; and smaller, livelier Finance Minister Paul Reynaud. Reynaud is a furious individual; he fences every morning with foils, and few Frenchmen care to stand against his fury and skill. Reynaud and Daladier are opposites in types, but with a single aim: they want to lead France back to the road to recovery.

Greatest aid they can count on in that, however, is not their own energy or ability, but the inherent high spirits of the French people. Nowhere else in the world could a country have gone through such trying times as they have had recently, and recovered from them so easily; no other people would have come out of them with such good humor. Vive la France!

MEXICO: While we are all talking about the menace of totalitarianism, ponder this: Mexico has just completed a \$25,000,000 oil deal with Germany. The deal was negotiated by a New York oil broker. Mexico also shipped to Texas some 400,000 barrels of petroleum; it was promptly reshipped to Europe, where it is being used for Italian naval purposes. Have we a clear right to denounce the dictators' battleships when we supply them with oil?

CHURCH NEWS

THE GALLUP POLL: The American Institute of Public Opinion has just taken a poll on American gambling. Heading the fact-finders was Dr. George Gallup. Discovered by Dr. Gallup, among other facts, were these: 1. Five out of every ten Americans are gamblers. 2. They gamble away seven billions a year. 3. Least popular gambling devices are those which have been most publicized: Numbers game (nine per cent preferred this), Horse racing (ten per cent), Sweepstakes (thirteen per cent). Our faces should flush when we read that twenty-nine per cent of those gambling preferred *Church Lotteries*.

Granted that Protestant churches may not be the guiltiest here, still, when the report lumps us all under the one word, "Church," it leaves anything but a good impression on the minds of those outside the Church. It is bad news, with a vengeance. We give it the lead position in this month's Church News because we think it highly important that we all face the facts—and do something about them.

EPISCOPALIANS: Heartening indeed is the action of Dr. Oliver J. Hart of St. John's Episcopal Church in Washington. Offered a bishop's robe, he refused it with the words: "I like it here. I do my best work as the pastor of a congregation." It is the third time he has refused to be bishop.

Heartening, because we all too often hear of politics in the ministry, of men who fight for high position and forget their high calling. Dr. Hart is one of the different ones who keep alive our faith in the clergy. And do you remember Dr. Tertius Van Dyke, who some years ago gave up a big city church to take a small-town church, where he could be more effective as a minister?

And the National Council of the Protestant Episcopal Church is agitating the formation of local groups in the local church to aid refugees from Germany. These groups will care for refugee families, help secure employment for the exiles, and supply the affidavits required by the government certifying that the immigrant will not become a public charge.

This is Christianity at its best.

EASTERN ORTHODOX: The Syrian Antiochian Orthodox Church in America has been admitted to the Federal Council. That's important. This is the first non-Protestant group to sit around the Council table, and its action is by far the most significant of all the many moves toward church union that we have seen in the last two years. The membership of the Syrian Church is estimated at 100,000.

The Syrian move is regarded by Council leaders as significant also as the beginning of a closer association between the Eastern Orthodox Churches, the membership of which is about five million. If the Eastern Church comes in, the forces of the Council will be strengthened immeasurably.

Elected to head the Council for the ensuing year is Dr. George A. Buttrick, minister of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church of New York. He succeeds Dr. Edgar DeWitt Jones of Detroit.

BAPTISTS: Last June, the Minister of Cults in Rumania drew up a "Decision" which condemned as treasonable certain religious sects, among them the Tremblers, the Witnesses of Jehovah, the Seventh Day Adventists, the Evangelicals and the Baptists. As a consequence, a wave of protest rolled into Bucharest from American Baptists. Result: the "Decision" was modified.

Some sixty Baptist houses of prayer were closed by the edict. Now comes news that their churches and prayer-houses throughout the country have been closed.

Some few Baptists have been imprisoned, but not many, out of the thousands in the 1500 Baptist centers. The arrests have been few, but alarming. Only the American protest halted wholesale arrest, and the future of the Church in the land of Carol hangs in abeyance. Thus the first great American denomination faces its first major complication abroad.

LUTHERANS: More and more, it seems, the Lutherans are "going social." A Board of Social Missions of the United Lutheran Church in America has been organized to "make a special investiga-

tion of the sources that result in social evils and to stimulate direct social action." First action of the Board was to condemn block booking in the movies, and blind selling of film to local theaters. The Board throws its influence behind a bill of Senator Neely of West Virginia, which would outlaw these practices.

The International Council of Religious Education meets this month; one of its first items of business will be the appointment of Dr. Abel Ross Wenz, of the Theological Seminary at Gettysburg, to membership on the American Standard Bible Committee, which is revising the text of the American Standard Version of the Scriptures. It is a good appointment; Dr. Wenz is one of the most highly respected scholars in his field.

Can any church beat this? At Greenville, Pa., the Lutheran pastor recently baptized Clay Murray, Mrs. Murray and their fifteen children, all at one service!

PRIMITIVE METHODISTS: On the eve of the joining of the three largest Methodist bodies in the United States, Bishop Moore of the Southern Church has received a request from the Primitive Methodists that "the door be left open for us," against the time when they too can come into the "one big union."

The latest membership reports we have on this Church put its membership at something over 12,000.

AUTO CHURCH: Pasadena Community Church, at St. Petersburg, Florida, is usually crowded to capacity at 10:30 for the 11 A. M. service. So the leaders have arranged for the overflow congregation to worship from seats in their automobiles. A big park on the south side of the Auditorium has been set aside as parking ground, where the sick and infirm who cannot be carried into the auditorium may enjoy the sermon and the songs through an amplifying system. A trained nurse and a doctor will be in attendance. An advice reads: "Please do not start your motor until after the benediction."

So the automobile becomes a pew, at last!

BAPTIST TEMPLE: *Christian Herald's* own "Dan" Poling got up early a few Sundays ago; he entered the pulpit of the Baptist Temple in Philadelphia at three in the morning and read aloud to a three-o'clock congregation the first verse of Matthew. At ten o'clock that night he was there again, reading the last verse of Revelation. Between those two appearances, seventy-two other Templars read what lies between; they read the New Testament, cover to cover, without interruption.

It was no mere marathon; it was so impressive a part of the nation-wide celebration of Universal Bible Sunday that every leading newspaper and news weekly in the country took editorial notice of it. "Life" had a corps of photographers on the job; "Pathfinder" ran a picture of Dr. Poling and his Bible on the cover. The whole country heard of it.

That is all to the good. If all the men who have got the world into its present fix had been regular readers of the Bible, we should all be much happier today.

TEMPERANCE

LOST, ONE CAR: Attorney General Gordon Conant, of Ontario, has just issued a new order in re drinking drivers. There's a whole set of good strong teeth in it. To wit: "When a driver is convicted of drunken driving you are to direct the police having charge of the prosecution to seize and impound the car for a period of three months, whether a magistrate makes an order impounding the motor vehicle after such a conviction or not."

The order is sent to the crown attorneys throughout the province. We call it to the attention of all United States attorneys, police magistrates, professional bondsmen—and politicians. It can happen here.

LINCOLN: The wets love to tell us that Lincoln was once a bartender. They lie. They base their statement on the evidence of a license issued to William F. Berry, in the name of Berry and Lincoln, to keep a tavern in the town of New Salem. But the license reads: "Ordered that *William F. Berry* in the name of Berry and Lincoln have license to keep a tavern. . . ." Lincoln never did much at the tavern. He never stood behind its bar, nor before it. Almost immediately after the granting of the license, he sold out to Berry.

As a young man in Springfield he joined the Washington Temperance Society and became a leading advocate of total abstinence. He was a reformer noted for his antagonism to two great evils: booze and slavery. In 1863, he said to the Sons of Temperance: "When I was a young man . . . I, in a humble way, made temperance speeches. And I think I may say to this day that I have never, by my example, belied what I then said."

This makes good temperance copy for February, the month in which total-abstainer Abraham Lincoln was born.

ENTRENCHED: We have no particular bone to pick with Chicago; doubtless other cities in the land have similar situations. But inasmuch as Chicago seems to be doing more investigating on the liquor problem than other cities, we quote one of her citizens again.

Following a five-year investigation of the retail liquor trade in Chicago, Walter O. Cromwell of the Juvenile Protective Association, has this to report: "Conditions . . . clearly indicate . . . that retail liquor dealers' organizations . . . are, in fact, a party to the program of political corruption . . . graft, dishonest business practices, gambling, delinquency, crime, prostitution, indecent entertainment, obscenity, immorality and exploitation in various degrading forms are encouraged and enhanced by the tavern . . . From the patronage point of view one cannot overlook the fact that every cent spent for alcoholic beverages is a contribution to further economic entrenchment of the tavern in the community."

Hard language, this. And hard facts.

LET'S LOOK AT THE RECORD. Al Smith said that. Suppose we apply it to some of the almost ludicrous beer adver-

tising that is being forced on us in these days when the beer men are trying to put a high silk hat on the lowest, meanest member of the alcohol family.

The Brewers claim that beer for centuries has been "the beverage of moderation." (The 4,000 year record of dissipation and degradation through alcohol *which preceded the general use of distilled liquors in modern times*, is a record of beer and wine debauchery alone.)

They promise, eternally, to "clean up conditions." (But it is beer which is largely responsible for the filthy conditions which make its sale undesirable everywhere. Beer smells worse than any rotten egg, in a pretty can or a bottle or a glass.)

Drinking good beer, they say, is the best ways to "combat the evil of too much alcohol." (The record shows that the flood of good beer—whatever that is—has failed to prevent a steady increase in whiskey consumption for forty years before Prohibition, a record duplicated since repeal.)

Incidentally, ponder this. We heard Mrs. Overton, Dean of Women at the University of Michigan say this last week: "You haven't repealed the chemistry of alcohol when you have repealed Prohibition." I imagine she intended that to cover the chemistry of beer; isn't there alcohol in beer?

Some of us have all the respect in the world for a man who is sincere, even though we don't think much of the business he's in. But we haven't any respect at all for the man who misrepresents his business in public print.

SCIENCE

WEATHER PREDICTERS: A new Chief Weatherman, U. S. A., has taken over the business of telling us whether it will rain, snow, clear off—or what. He is Commander Francis W. Reichelderfer, U. S. N. His biography is interesting; it includes such experiences as flying naval dirigibles and racing balloons, searching for Amelia Earhart, furnishing (from Lisbon) weather information for the famous transatlantic flight of the NC-4.

Interesting, too, is the new efficiency and technique of the weather bureau. As late as 1934 it was considered old-fashioned, inefficient. Now the new Chief has a five-million-dollar fund to work with, which means bigger and better equipment and (we hope) bigger and better results. His balloon experience will come in handy, for it is with balloons that we will find out whether it is to be cold and rainy or clear and warmer. At six stations, little automatic radios are fastened to sounding-balloons and sent up into the upper air; they send their recordings down to ground receivers. At twelve stations, airplanes make daily recording flights. At seventy-nine stations, pilot balloons furnish upper-air wind velocities.

It isn't a guessing game, but a delicate science. That's why the predictions of the U. S. Weather Bureau are correct eighty-five times out of every hundred. Save the weather-reports in your daily papers, and prove it for yourself.

You never can tell what's under the rags—Charles St. John gets down to the root of the trouble and men get another chance to live a decent life.



YOU are their Friends . . . WITHOUT YOU THEY ARE LOST

HE CAME back Wednesday night to tell his story to the men of the Bowery—forty-four years ago he was making his way to the river to end it all when he happened to pass the old Bowery Mission. Hearing the voices of men joined together in a song of praise to One he had known in his youth, he suddenly turned his footsteps away from the river and toward the sound of singing voices.

TODAY he has two sons who are missionaries in His service.

* * * *

One who had gone all the way to the river was picked out of the water just in time to save him from the whirl of an old side wheeler—he wonders why God has been so good to him during the past twenty-eight years.

* * * *

One who had tried to commit suicide by hanging himself pleads with us today to get him work—he refuses to accept charity.

* * * *

A fourth came to the pulpit to tell in all humility the shamelessness of his life: sixteen years ago he walked out of his home leaving a wife and daughter. He had no hope that they would ever take him back but he prayed for their forgiveness as he hoped for the forgiveness of his God.

You never can tell what is under the rags—the most disreputable bum on the Bowery is but a creature of circumstances; the most honored and highly placed man in the land under the same circumstances may do no better with his life. It is not for us to judge but to help the weak gain strength, to help the bewildered and the lost to find their God—to save men from self-destruction.

The great electric light sign proclaiming to the world that the Bowery Mission stands here, the sound of singing men, the word-of-mouth message men pass to each other brings to our doors men of all ages from all parts of the country. Stand-

☆ We call on you to help us in this work for it is work that must be done by Christ's servants



ing in the midst of squalor and poverty on the street of forgotten men, the Bowery Mission is all things to all men of poverty and distress: its Chapel is their church; its kitchen and sleeping quarters their protection against death. You are their friends, without you they are lost. Help us save men from the scrap heap—take them from a life of crime or death—rehabilitate them, give them another chance to live a healthy, sane life.

Giving food to the hungry, clothing to the ragged, and letting a homeless man sleep in a bed is the Bowery Mission's way of cheating the devil and leading men to God.

BOWERY MISSION AND YOUNG MEN'S HOME
BUSINESS OFFICE, 419 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK

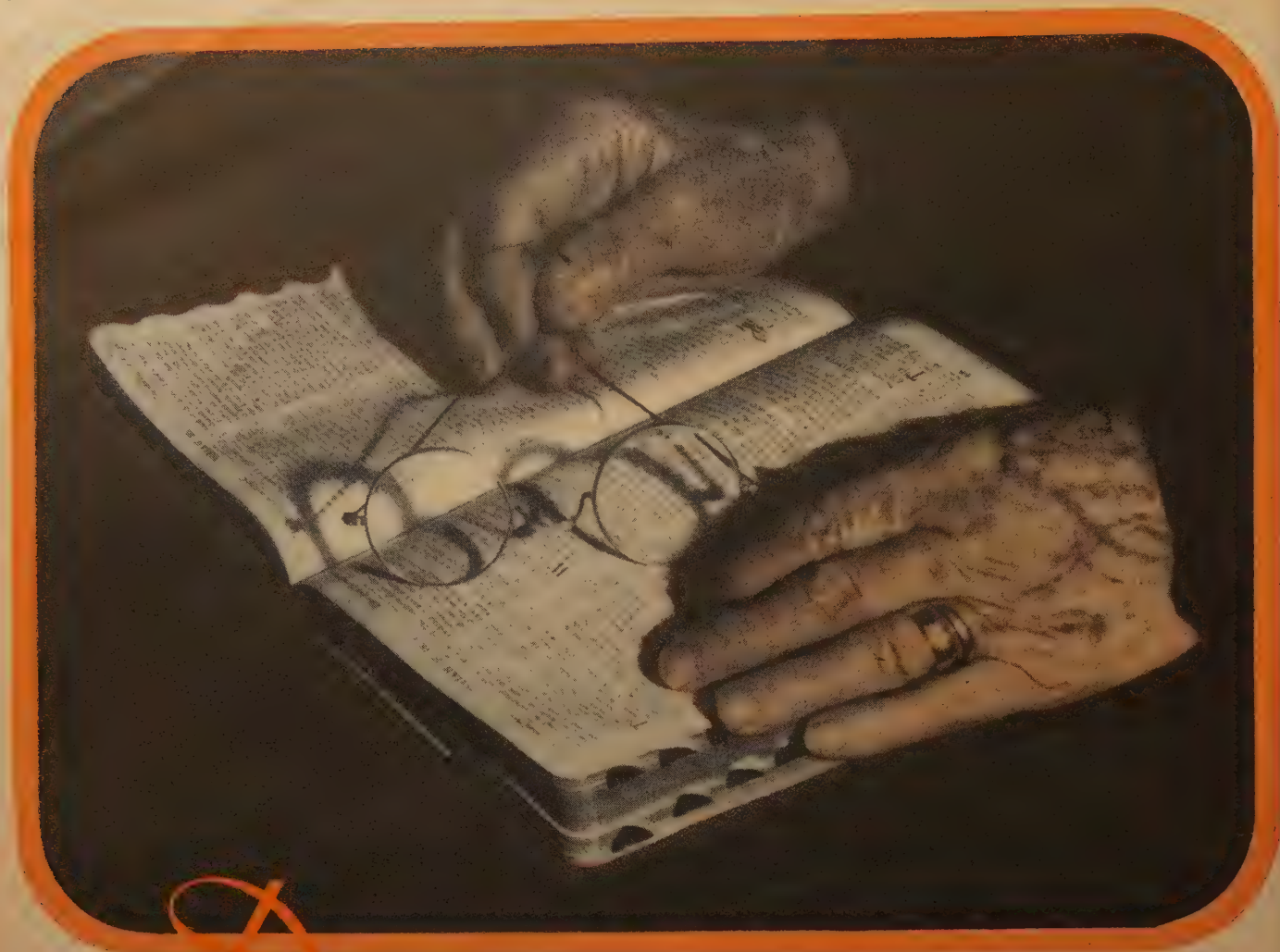
2-39

Please feed men and give them beds. I am asking my friends to help in this work for men who come to you from all over the country. Enclosed find \$.....

Name

Address

City..... State.....



Dear Hands

By Grace
Noll Crowell

Dear hands, at rest upon God's blessed Word,
Dear fingers that still trace the old loved lines,
Dear Heart that suddenly is deeply stirred
By some newly illuminated phrase that shines—
How beautiful you are! How richly rife
With meaning is the ancient shadowed page!
Beneath those hands the embered core of life
Gives forth its comfort and its warmth for age.

Dear Heart, earth's journey-end is very near,
But warmth will never fail you, nor the night
Be dark at all, for clearly you can hear
God's voice: "At evening time it shall be light."
You have beneath your fingertips the Way
That leads to Youth and to Eternal Day.

February
1939

CHRISTIAN HERALD

A FAMILY MAGAZINE FOR MEMBERS OF ALL DENOMINATIONS

The Capitol at Washington, where measures vitally affecting Peace may be acted upon during the present session of Congress



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Which way
PEACE

By

DR. DANIEL A. POLING

TWENTY years ago the world was in a delirium—a delirium of joy, a delirium of relief, a delirium of triumph. But unfortunately a delirium is a delusion.

Twenty years ago we had won the war to end war—we said. Now it would come never again.

Twenty years ago we had won the war to make the world safe for Democracy—we said. The "divine right of kings" was at an end, the last absolute monarch had been overthrown, representative government in its various parliamentary forms ruled the world.

Twenty years ago we had won the war to make the world safe for minorities—we said. Poland and Finland, Estonia, Latvia and Lithuania, were to become sovereign states; Czechoslovakia was presently to emerge from the idealism of

Woodrow Wilson and the inspired leadership of Masaryk.

Twenty years ago we had won the war to end the horrors of poison gas, the ravages of the unrestricted submarine, and to stop forever the bombing of open cities from the air—we said. Yes, twenty years ago the world was in a delirium. We stood at the gates of Utopia.

Well, where do we stand today? Today we stand disillusioned. Today we know that we did not win a war to end war. Today we know we did not win a war to make the world safe for Democracy. Today we know we did not win a war to make the world safe for minorities. For today war, more bestial than ever before in human history, with its poison gas and liquid fire sweeping the battle fronts of two hemispheres, with open cities bombed, with machine guns flaying non-combatants,

with merchantmen again being sunk without warning, and with laboratories searching for yet more efficient methods to destroy human life—such war, declared and undeclared, rages from the straits of Gibraltar to the gorges of China's Yellow River.

Yes, twenty years ago the victorious Allies fancied themselves at the gates of Utopia; but today the world stands before the entrance to a social and moral debacle that beggars imagination. It is a short generation since the elected leaders of free governments chronicled the changes in human history. Then they spoke and the world listened. Now they listen, listen to the dictators—listen to Hitler, listen to Mussolini, listen to Stalin, listen to the twentieth-century voice of Japan's Sun-goddess. Every gain that we celebrated on that first Armistice Day has disappeared, and we know now that what we called the peace was but a temporary status quo.

Always the victors have sought to impose their peace upon the vanquished, to stabilize the peace as of their winnings;

but always the vanquished have refused consent. In the end always the war-vanquished and not the war-victors have prevailed. Nothing short of Woodrow Wilson's "peace without victory" could have changed this verdict of human history. But in the delirium of our first Armistice Day we had no mind for history. We were planting then the seeds of greater conflicts, preparing the way for the torture of Twentieth Century minorities, setting the world stage for these greater battle horrors, and laying foundations for totalitarian states more absolute than the monarchs we had overthrown.

What then remains to us? Only our memories; they live and burn. Memories of consecration to a cause, a cause for which our comrades laid down their lives, a cause that by the test of their dedication—yes, and of ours—by the measure of unselfishness and faith with which we gave ourselves, was worthy. We cannot forget that we vowed a vow, that we entered into a holy covenant with each other, with those who died and with our God; a vow to make the world safe for democracy, and to end war. Certainly we promised too much, clearly we see now that these worthy ends could never be achieved in such fashion. But the work is unfinished, the task remains, and the vow stands.

WHAT are we going to do about it? Which way peace? After twenty years some things are crystal clear. The way to peace is not the way of Versailles. The Treaty of Versailles is the mother of our present-day international iniquities. Today, the triumphant friends of the armistice are the potential bloody foes of the next conflict. At any time for eighteen years after Versailles, the victors could have blessed the world with appeasement. The most astute publicists of our generation affirm that as late as 1929 the German Republic could have been saved and the Third Reich made impossible. We do not doubt it. The ravished frontiers of the Hungarian Kingdom, the dismemberments of the Trianon Treaty, were a recognized, constant menace to even the status quo. But the victorious would not learn their lesson. They held their gains, they exploited their winnings, they barred the way to natural resources for under-supplied peoples.

Which way peace? It is not the way of Versailles. It is not the way of broken promises. Unborn generations will read the unpleasant truth that the winners broke their own treaty, that with the foe disarmed they did not keep their promise, they did not disarm—rather, they strengthened armaments. We search the records and search in vain to find even military justification for this repudiation.

And the way to peace is not the way of courts and leagues, leagues too small and covenants too weak. But let it be said that the principle of leagues and covenants is sound, that, by whatever name known, world society must achieve a world state or its equivalent for the adjudication of world problems. We shall come to it at last! God grant that it shall not be a bloody last. Woodrow Wilson was right, Briand was right, Stressemann was right, Smuts was right. Present failure is not the failure of principle; it is but the failure of failure itself—the failure of the League to become what its name implied,

a league of nations, all the nations. And for this failure the American people and their leadership share heavy responsibility.

Which way peace? It is not the way of treaties, treaties merely. A generation ago we stood in horror before the reality of one treaty made into a scrap of paper, and before a single nation branded for her perfidy. Today, all treaties are in reality, or in prospect, scraps of paper. Within the lifetime of governments entering into solemn international engagements, the engagements have been violated without regard to old-time international honor, and by the very governments making them.

SINCE Munich, the international roll call of perfidy among major powers, excluding only two, is complete. Without treaties between nations, international affairs must inevitably bow down. Economic and social chaos will be the inevitable result. But treaties and agreements alone are inadequate, and in the presence of a totalitarian ideology they become futile.

Which way peace? It is not the way of balance of power agreements and counterbalancing alliances. A decade after Versailles, France had achieved the most comprehensive system of alliances modern history has known. Theoretically, she had assured her safety, and the safety of her allies, while she had hemmed her stricken enemy with unbreakable economic and military walls. The structure of these alliances has fallen now like the proverbial house of cards. The state against which these alliances were planned and perfected has broken the barricades and made alliances of her own with these very former friends of France. The Kaiser dreamed of open gates to the Black Sea and beyond. Well, Hitler has made that dream come true.

Which way peace? It is not the way of Munich; for Munich—whatever else may be said about it—canceled covenants and dismissed obligations without the knowledge or without the consent of nationals whose interest were most vitally involved, and who had been party to these same covenants and engagements. Let us grant the good faith of those who initiated the settlement—England and France. Let us not forget their unpreparedness and their horror of the war so imminent. But Munich is not appeasement and, by the test of morality and honor, as worthy men have heretofore regarded these, if Munich is peace, then it is a wicked peace. It sacrificed weakness to might. Clearly it disregarded justice. It broke the pledged word, it ignored entirely other nationals who were signatories to the treaties being annulled, and indirectly it strengthened the brutal hand smashing at the Jew and at the Christian Church. Beyond this, though how far we do not at the moment know, it engaged to honor the rape of Ethiopia and to mitigate the Balfour pledge in Palestine. Yes, without questioning the sincerity and good faith of those responsible for Munich, if a lasting peace must stand upon foundations of justice and honor, then Munich is a wicked peace. At its best Munich is postponement. Let us pray that the postponement may enable governments to find the answer to the question "which way peace?"

Which way peace? Well, it is not the way of negation. We shall not find the road by crying, "Peace, peace," when

there is no peace. We shall not find the way by merely individualizing the basic problem, though not to individualize it is the first step upon the road of failure. What then is the positive of this appalling negative upon which the world rocks?

Which way peace? It is the way of disarmament. And let me say there is no other way at last. An armed world will ever be potentially a fighting world. In 1937, the nations spent three times as much on rearmament as the amount spent annually in prewar years. The total is given by the League of Nations' Yearbook as \$7,100,000,000 on the gold basis, or as \$12,000,000,000 devalued. And in the past year the military establishments have grown from six million to eight and one-half million men.

But, while with the principle of disarmament we are, I take it, in agreement, as to methods we may disagree. We are all peace-makers, and thank God for that. But we are not all absolutists. Some must



WAR

Painting by VON STUCK

"Today War, more bestial than ever before in human history, with its poison gas and liquid fire, with open cities bombed, with machine guns flaying non-combatants, with merchantmen again being sunk without warning, with laboratories searching for yet more efficient methods for destroying human life—such war, declared and undeclared, rages from the Straits of Gibraltar to the gorges of China's Yellow River"



in good faith speak fearlessly for disarmament "whatever"; others of us are bound to insist that disarmament must be progressive and by agreement; that idealism must be reconciled with realism, that in a mad world men not mad must keep their sanity and meet the madness, if and when it comes.

WE ACCEPT community police and fire protection for our property, for our homes, for our children. We contribute to this protection and to all other social safeguards—if we are worthy citizens. By as much, we accept national protection and, if we are worthy citizens, contribute to its strength. And that which we claim for ourselves, we should seek to share with others. By strengthening America we shall help save the world. I believe in preparedness, physical preparedness, yes—but intellectual and moral preparedness first. And I further believe that if we lightly regard intellectual and moral preparedness, or if we mistake its position in the whole, any physical preparedness will be unworthy and prove inadequate.

As we thus seek to reconcile idealism



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and realism, we face the fact that more than half the world today follows the banners of totalitarianism—Communism, Fascism, Naziism, militarism. Also, we face the fact that more than half the world believes that democratic governments and their free institutions are archaic and without the answer for the present crisis in human affairs. We face the further fact that, in the broad field of religion, considerably more than half the world worships at altars lifted upon spear-points and advanced by military might. The religion of Islam is still a religion of the sword, and totalitarianism—whether given the name Communism or Fascism—marches upon feet of iron. Shintoism with its uncounted millions, bows before the shrine of a goddess who accepts no fealty that does not acknowledge the blood purge.

In this Twentieth-Century world many of us believe that disarmament must be, and that it must be by agreement. Today, in the United States, we are Catholics, Jews, and Protestants. There are those of us who are Christians and who, because we are Christians, cannot be pacifists. But we do acknowledge and love those others who, being Christians too and who, because they are Christians, must be pacifists. How can these things be, you ask? The answer is—they *are*. And the hope is, that nevertheless unity of action may

be achieved between us as between all other peace-makers.

Which way peace? It is the way of unity, not the way of uniformity; Unity in action, not uniformity in thought. We may go the length of our common agreements and a great length this is. We may go this length of common agreement without prejudice to our individual, ultimate convictions. "Loyal to the royal" each within himself, we may be loyal to each other and to our common task.

In Philadelphia three years ago a representative company of youth leaders met to consider peace. They came from groups of the extreme Left and the extreme Right, and from all groups between. I sat with them. In the opening session one young man said, "I make myself clear, I am a pacifist. If and when the next war comes I'll go to Leavenworth or stand before a firing-squad, but so help me God, I will not go to the colors." Immediately another youth stood and lashed out against the first speaker. "I'd go to the colors," he cried. "I'd go as my father went." I make no distinction between relatively equal loyalties. "I am a Christian," he continued, "I follow Christ."

Now a third man spoke. Said he, "Go then—you to Leavenworth, you to the colors. But in the meantime, before the dread event, for God's sake, for youth's sake, for the world's sake, let's go some-

where together! There will be time enough for *you* to go to Leavenworth, time enough for *you* to go to the colors, and plenty of assistance in each case; but while the peace though tottering still stands, let us do something unitedly to save and perfect it."

That sound advice prevailed and that very night a program was achieved with nineteen particulars, a program upon which every leader about that conference room and presently every following there represented, united. The program had to do with education, with discovering economic causes for armed conflict, it had to do with loans both public and private to aggressor nations, it had to do with eventually removing the manufacture of war materials from private hands, and immediately it agreed upon strictest governmental supervision. It had to do with non-recognition of territories achieved by conquest, it had to do with protest against persecution of the Jew, it had to do with enforced military training in high schools and universities, and with international political and trade conferences. It was a comprehensive program, it was a practical program; it was a united program, and it was achieved without intellectual uniformity.

Here lies the road to peace. Whatever our particulars and divisions, we are all peace makers. (Continued on page 53)

By
Charles
Hanson
Towne

MASTER ARCHIBALD PIERPONT SCHUYLER, III sat in the patio of his parents' Palm Beach villa, and gazed at the swimming-pool, deserted at this hour of the afternoon.

It was a beautiful pool, surrounded by drooping palm trees. Its blue-green depths always enchanted Archie. But everything at Buena Vista was lovely to look at—the rich Bougainvillea that climbed over the stone wall, the china elephants with their lifted trunks, seeming to be real elephants coming out of a jungle of foliage, the green lawns sloping down to the gate where the motors came in and went out. And the big stone house itself, with its vines and pots of flowers, lifting its Spanish beauty to the unbelievably blue sky. Yes, it was all enchanting. But so was the place up north. In the ten brief years of his life he had been surrounded by nothing but beauty and cold perfection.

As he looked wistfully at the stone wall now, he wondered why there always had to be a wall. There was one at Tuxedo Park. Why did his parents have to live shut away from so many people? He noticed that only the same faces appeared in their drawing-room—there was never anyone new. And he was conscious that there were many other people in the world—had he not seen them from the train window when he was brought down here every winter? Of course the Schuylers always traveled in their private car, but Archie had seen nice brakemen and conductors and funny Negro porters, and he wondered where they stayed when he, Archie, left them, dragged away by Nanine.

Nanine seemed to be always dragging him away from something that he liked, and paused to admire. "*Ma foi! quel garçon!*" she would say, grasping his hand even when he stood rapt before a candy-shop window. And if he glanced, on one of their rare walks into the center of the town, at some little girl or boy, Nanine was always quick to chide him. "*Quelle horreur!*" she would exclaim. She wished him to be a perfect little gentleman. And he wondered why he had to be a perfect little gentleman. He had seen, from the train window, or from the motor, children playing uproariously in the street, and he longed to join them. When he was sent to a party, or given one, there were stiff little boys and girls in starched splendor, like himself, and they never had any fun. They were polite to one another, as they had been taught to be on all occasions. It was tiresome. Palm Beach, Tuxedo Park, and once Newport—these were the only places he knew anything about; and



THE WORLD OUTSIDE

always there was a wall shutting him in.

He looked around him suddenly. For the time being, he was oddly enough alone. Nanine had gone in to look for a book. He knew his mother was at tea somewhere far away, and his father was on the golf links. Then, where the glittering path led down the slope, he saw the gate. His parents were always talking about the ocean, but they seldom went near it. The pool satisfied them. Everyone here had a pool where they bathed. But Archie had seen happy people plunging into the sea, the waves striking them, and he longed to swim there. Yet Nanine was never allowed to take him.

If he ran through the gate, he knew he could find the sea. And there would be so many gay ones there, romping and shouting above the incessant roar of the surf.

He stood up. He was a little frightened—yes, very frightened—at what he in-

tended to do. He had never attempted to run away from Nanine; but he was lonely today. He would make a break, and see what was in that strange world outside. See for himself, without Nanine holding his little hand.

Did he dare? There would be an awful scene when he came back, or if Nanine followed him. But how would she know where he had gone?

The afternoon was still. Only a few birds chirped in the patio, and the palm trees softly waved in the sweet air.

Once more he looked around. He was utterly alone. He must hurry, or Nanine would be at his side. It must be now, or never. Like a little brown dart he ran with all his might to that enticing gate. Outside, and invisible from the house, he felt an exhilaration that he had never known in his short life. He walked now. No need to hurry. Not far away he could hear the sea breaking on the shore with



"Hello,"

said a childish voice at Archie's side. He turned and saw a lad of about his own age, in a bathing suit that had the loveliest stripes Archie had ever seen. "Why don't you go in?"

loud trumpet sounds.

The palm-fringed avenue was deserted. This troubled Archie. He had hoped to see swarms of people moving along, and other children as gaily free as himself. Instead, a sunny, blank vista lay ahead of him. All the houses had walls. So of course the neighbors' children were as hidden away as he had always been. But he had the courage to fly to the sea!

He looked back. No one was behind him. Ah! that was good. The avenue turned and twisted, and in a few moments he could not have told how far away his home was. He only knew that he was alone, with no Nanine to guard and scold him.

"Oh!" came from Archie, as, suddenly, the booming ocean swept into view. Yes, there it was, in all its gleaming glory. Car after car was parked along the boulevard that ran beside its edge. People, people. And how he loved the sight of them. They looked so different from those he was accustomed to. Some wore white flannels, it is true, just like his father; but they all seemed to be smiling, and there were few smiles at Buena Vista.

He drank in the strange pageant, so unfamiliar to him. It was his first glimpse of the real world, and he longed to doff his little brown suit and plunge not only into the sea, but into the happy arms of this multitude—be one of them at last.

But caution—and the memory of Nanine—held him back. He could only stand and gape, and then move slowly to the beach. Why, he wondered, did his parents have a swimming-pool when all this was at their door? Why could they not play with these delightful people, and bring him along to eat a sandwich on the long stretch of sand? He knew he could be very happy here. How brown and full of health everyone looked. There was a little girl with golden hair that glittered in the sun. Her mother and father seemed to pay no attention to her. She was rollicking about, dancing like a sprite, and when she put her little pink toes into the waves that curled up, she shouted with glee, and darted back pretending to be dreadfully frightened.

Archie saw a thrilling lifeguard, dark as an Indian, standing in all his fine masculine perfection near the ropes, watching,

watching everyone, his muscles like hidden steel beneath his skin. He was handsomer than his own lean and aristocratic father, he thought; but wasn't that being disloyal? Oh, such a fine man he was; but so was his father, good and kind, though he never brought him here.

No one paid any attention to the little boy who stood looking on, like any lonely tourist who might have lingered here. A crowd such as this—how warm and radiant it was, how full of glowing life. Archie drank it in, and he thought how much brighter the sun sparkled here. There were no rough waves in his father's swimming pool, no shouts like these around its placid borders. This was the way to enjoy oneself. This was a playground. The other was a solemn little ceremony, with the same guests coming in morning after morning to share it with his parents.

"Hello," said a childish voice at Archie's side. He turned, and saw a lad of about his own age, in a bathing suit that had the loveliest stripes Archie had ever seen. "Why don't you go in?"

"I—I want to, but I can't," said Archie.

The other looked at him, and smiled. "What's the ocean for?—Just to be stared at?"

"I suppose so," said Archie. "Oh, no," he corrected himself. "It's to be swam—swum in," he added, remembering Nanine.

"Then why not peel off those"—pointing to his smart brown suit—"and come along?"

"Nanine wouldn't let me."

"Who's Nanine?"

"My nurse."

"Got a nurse?" asked the strange boy.

"Yes; and she's a nuisance."

"You must be rich."

Archie was suddenly self-conscious. "Oh, I don't know," he said. He was ashamed to say that he was.

There was a pause, each boy taking in the other solemnly, as children will. The lad in the striped bathing suit seemed to be satisfied; so was Archie.

"My name's Ned Dougherty. What's yours?"

"Archie Schuyler."

"Want to come and see our caravan?"

Archie blinked. "Caravan? What's that?"

"Come and see. It's just down the road a ways. Gee! we have lots of fun in it. My father built it. We're from Idaho. Where are you from?"

"Here—and New York—I mean Tuxedo."

"Here? I thought you looked rich. Anybody with you?"

"No. I—I ran away."

"Gosh! that must have been fun! We ran away too—from Idaho. Dad always runs away with Ma and me whenever he feels like it. He's got his own business, you know. We have a garage back home. But we like to be gypsies twice a year."

The mention of gypsies fascinated Archie. Nanine had read of gypsies to him.

"Are you really gypsies?" he gasped.

Ned Dougherty laughed. "No, not really and truly. Come along, and see. You look nice."

"So do you," said Archie, flattered, and not to be outdone. They moved away together, and Archie was thrilled with his new playmate—a real playmate, not something in stiff starch, but a beaming boy

after his own heart.

They passed the long line of motors, with their license plates from every state. Most of them were empty, for everyone seemed to be in the ocean. They walked a long way, far down the shore. Then Ned said:

"There it is. Sort of cozy and nice, don't you think so?" And he pointed to a neatly painted box on wheels, with little windows where chintz curtains hung. "We live in it," Ned informed him. "Ma calls it our home on wheels."

Archie thought he had never seen anything so enchanting. A home on wheels, and they went wherever they wished to go! They did not have to sit in a patio and look at a swimming-pool all day; and there were no walls to shut them in.

"Oh!" he exclaimed. "It's beautiful."

"Well, not beautiful," the careful Ned corrected. "But it is fun. I'll show you the inside."

They were at the caravan now, with its little steps leading to the interior. It was like something in a story book, Archie thought. He smelt coffee boiling, and there was the whiff of bacon coming through the door. That delightful scent. There was nothing like it in the world.

And out here, in the open air, it was doubly fragrant. Archie, who never ate much, was suddenly hungry.

"My! it smells good!" he said.

"Ma will be back soon. Oh, there they are now," said Ned, "coming up the beach."

Archie saw a man and woman in bathing suits moving in their direction. There were no crowds down here. It was a lonely stretch of shore, and the sun was going down in a blaze of glory. He knew it would be dark soon. He looked around, fearful that Nanine might be running down the road. He had almost forgotten her. He had almost forgotten everything, lost in this supreme adventure.

"This is Archie," said

Ned, when the man and woman came up. They were awfully nice people, Archie thought. They had such kind eyes, and the man's hair was thick, and glossy from the sea, his arms were strong and brown, and the woman looked at him with a smile on her pretty face.

"Why, Ned dear," she said. "Have you found someone to play with? That's nice." Then her glance took Archie in. "Where did you come from, little boy?" she wanted to know.

"Oh, from back there," said Archie, pointing vaguely toward the region where the grand houses stood, behind their walls.

The man and woman exchanged looks. "You haven't run away?" Mr. Dougherty asked.

"I'm afraid so," said Archie. "But please let me stay a little while. I love it here. Ned said I could go inside, even."

"Of course," said Mrs. Dougherty. "But

first, you must tell us your name, and just where you live."

"My name is Archibald Pierpont Schuyler III," said the truthful Archie. "I live at Buena Vista. Please let me go inside your—caravan."

They smiled again. But there was a curious look on their faces now. They whispered something to each other. They looked serious after that. "So!" Mr. Dougherty murmured. "So!" Then he said to his wife, "I wonder if we dare take him in. I'll find out where Buena Vista is, and telephone. But it's a long way to the nearest booth."

"Don't bother now. Let him have a good time. He's a sweet boy." And Mrs. Dougherty gave him a motherly pat. Archie liked her. He liked Mr. Dougherty, too; but most of all he liked Ned.

They took him into the caravan. It was small, of course, but it was as clean as wax. There were bunks in two corners, one large and one small. Clothes were neatly piled on shelves, and the stove sizzled in another corner near the door. There were blue china dishes, much prettier, Archie thought, than those they had at home.

Mrs. Dougherty, sitting on the top



"We didn't find him—he found us," said Henry Dougherty, simply

Illustrator MACRAE GILLIES

step, watched her coffee, and began at the same time cutting some bread with a great sharp knife. Archie peeped from one of the windows. He was just able to see through it, if he stood on tiptoe.

"It's lovely," he said. "Just lovely. I wish I lived in a house like this."

"Oh, yours must be much better," said Ned.

"No. I'd rather have this. There's no wall around it."

The husband and wife exchanged glances again at that. "Walls aren't much good, are they," said Mr. Dougherty, "except to climb?"

"I ran through the gate," said Archie, a little ashamed that he hadn't tried to climb the wall.

"Eat something, dear, and then we'll take you home."

She had put the bacon, and some fried eggs on a blue plate. "You'd better take

milk," she said. "That's what Ned always has. Coffee isn't good for little boys."

How kind these people were to him, Archie thought. He began to love them, when the crisp brown bacon was between his lips, and the good white milk ran down his throat. They gave him such dainty things at home. Why did this taste so much better? The bread was plain, but oh, how nice it was—thick slices of it, with plenty of golden butter. And the eggs, "They're splendidous," Archie couldn't help saying. The others laughed at the funny word.

"Where's Idaho?" Archie asked, between happy gulps of food.

"Pretty far from here," said Mr. Dougherty. "Way out West. This is down South, you know."

"Oh, yes; we come here every winter, I don't like it very much."

"What?" said Ned. "We think it's great."

"But I don't know many boys and girls," Archie said. "I get awfully lonesome sometimes."

Mrs. Dougherty looked at him out of her big brown motherly eyes. "That's a shame," she said. "Why, you should have lots of playmates—a boy like you."

"Oh, I have some,"

Archie confessed; "but they never let us come down here. We have to bathe in our swimming pool, and then there are lessons in the morning, too; and Nanine makes me talk French with her. If I had my bathing suit, I'd like to go, just once, in the ocean. I can swim fine."

"Take mine," said Ned.

"Oh, no," said Mrs. Dougherty. "We can't let him go in. He might get drowned."

"No, I wouldn't drown," Archie proudly said. "I can swim better than my father."

"But that's only in a pool," said Mr. Dougherty. "It's different out there," pointing to the

sea. "We have to keep a sharp eye on Ned when he tries to go too far."

There was a silence. Archie was used to obedience; so he did not mention the ocean again. Suddenly he said:

"Do you really go wherever you want to go? It must be such fun. I'd like to ride in your—caravan. Do you stop, whenever you feel like it?"

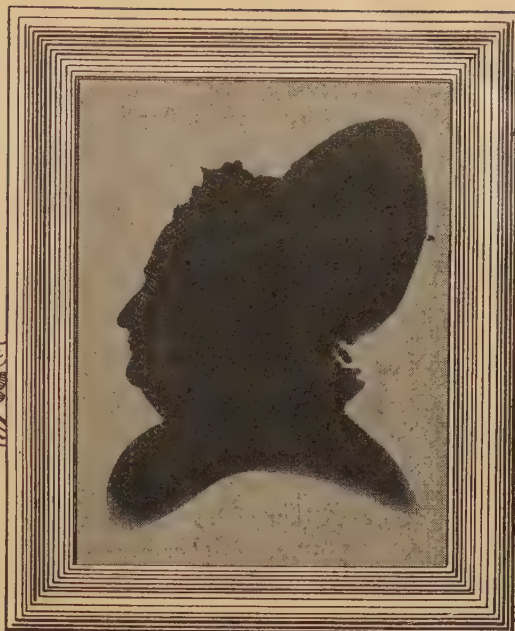
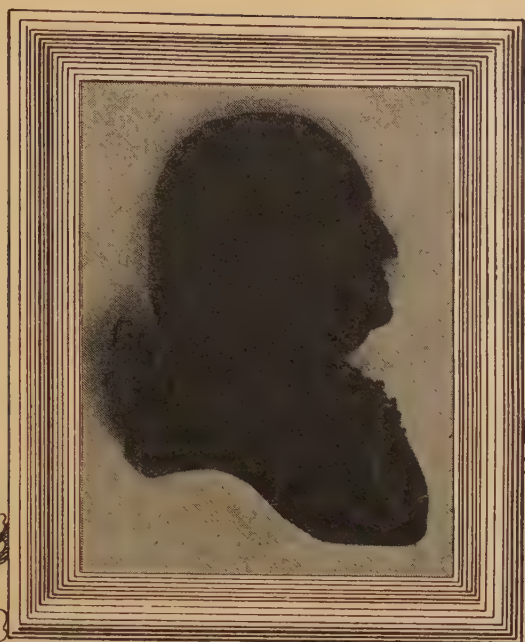
"Yes," said Mr. Dougherty. "But you see, this is our winter vacation. We're leaving tonight, to go north, and then west. I have to work most of the year."

"My father doesn't work. Why doesn't he have a home on wheels, like this?"

"I don't know," laughed Mr. Dougherty. "He probably has a dozen motors, hasn't he?"

"We have three, I think. But they're not as nice as this. Once I scratched the door, and Nanine spanked me."

(Continued on page 46)



CHRISTIAN HOME

On the Potomac



By
Dorothy Fritsch
Bortz

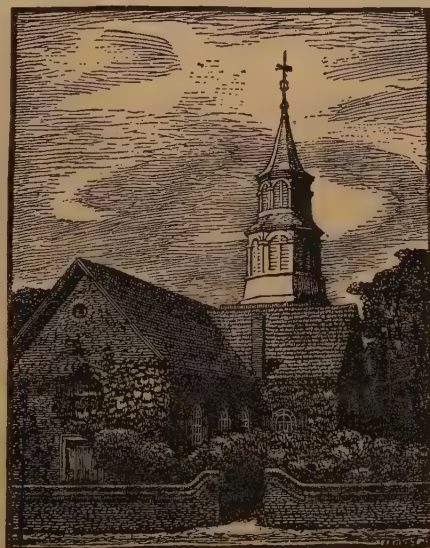
IT WAS in April of the year 1759 that Colonel George Washington brought his new bride, Martha Dandridge Custis Washington, home to Mount Vernon, and then wrote to one of his relatives in London:

"I am now I believe fixed at this seat with an agreeable consort for life. And hope to find more happiness in retirement than I ever experienced amidst a wide bustling world."

And indeed, the happiness which Washington did find during the next forty years of his married life was due in no small part to the fact that he had the spiritual companionship, sympathy and common interest of that greatest of human blessing—a spiritual-minded wife. For Martha Washington had strong religious feelings. Of her spirituality her granddaughter, Nelly Custis, wrote upon Washington's death:

"The shock was so sudden and unexpected that I very much feared my Reverend Parent (Martha Washington) could not support it; but that . . . most devout submission to the Divine Will which has through life distinguished her has enabled her to support this sore trial with uncommon fortitude."

In spite of the fact that Mrs. Washington was the mistress of an industrial plantation which raised and manufactured the greater part of its food and clothing, she still found time to retire to her room every morning directly after breakfast for an hour of private devotions. During this time she would pray and read the Bible or a religious treatise. This habit of private devotions did not in any way impair her efficiency as a housekeeper, for she was always an early riser and so could accomplish a great



WOODCUT BY J. J. LANKER

Bruton Parish Church

deal about the house before breakfast.

In Washington's personal accounts we find frequent references to the purchase of these books and pamphlets which his wife read during her private devotions:

"August 18, 1789—By Contingent Expenses paid Mr. Hugh Gain for a quarto Bible for Mrs. Washington."

"September 9, 1790—By Contingent expenses paid Hugh Gain for Josephus' works for Mrs. Washington."

Martha Washington's Christianity expressed itself in good deeds. It led her to adopt her two grandchildren, Nelly Custis and George Washington Parke Custis, when they were left fatherless at the close of the Revolution. It made of her a most gracious hostess who believed in good cheer and an abundance of it, so that the larders were kept well filled for the entertainment of the stream of relatives and friends who made of Mount Vernon a well resorted tavern. Her charitable disposition prompted her to give money to the needy and to winter with her husband on the bleak hillsides of Valley Forge during the Revolution, encouraging the General and knitting warm socks for his shivering soldiers all the while.

It is deeds like these that account for Martha Washington's being the most revered of American women, rather than the fact that she was simply the wife of the Hero of the Revolution and of the first President of the Republic.

Sabbath mornings at Mount Vernon usually found the breakfast table well filled with guests. "But," writes the Reverend Lee Massey, one time rector of Pohick Church, "I never knew so constant an attendant in church as Washington. And his behavior in the house of God was ever so deeply reverential that it produced the happiest effect on my congregation, and greatly assisted me in my pulpit labors. No company ever withheld him from church. I have often been at Mount Vernon on

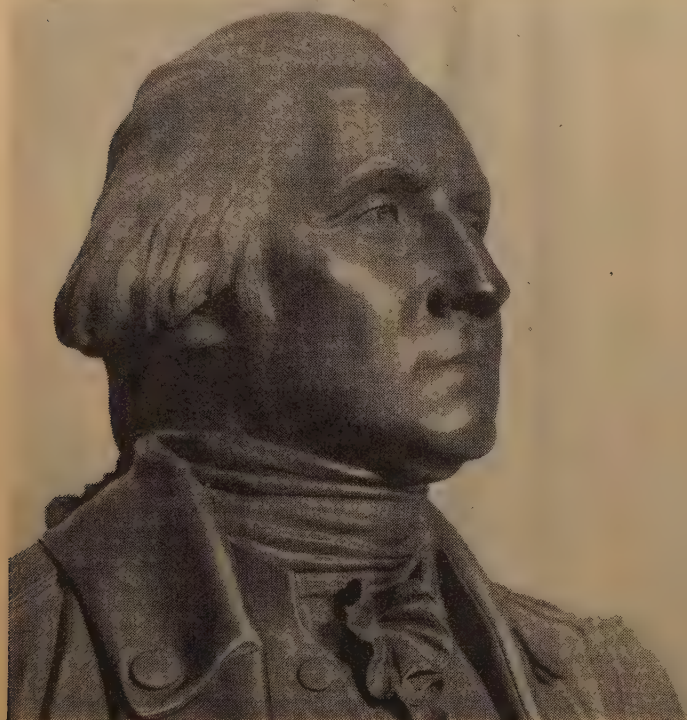
Sabbath morning when his breakfast table was filled with guests; but to him they furnished no pretext for neglecting his God and losing the satisfaction of setting a good example. For instead of staying at home, out of false complaisance to them, he used constantly to invite them to accompany him."

Now the ride to old Pohick Church on the Potomac, about nine miles distant from Mount Vernon, was anything but pleasant over roads which were so wretched that travelers were constantly in danger of having their carriages "overturned with possible dislocation of limbs and disjuncting of necks." But with the landed Virginia gentry of Washington's day, religion was a business as well as a social and spiritual exercise.

Arriving an hour or so before the services began, the Fairfaxes, Hendersons, Manleys, Cockburns and McCartys would gather under the trees in old Pohick

years of active service there he attended twenty-three. His eight absences were well accounted for either by absence from Mount Vernon or illness. As a vestryman, Washington is reported to have spoken with "great force, animation and eloquence on the topics that came before the church body."

One of the projects in which he was most interested as a vestryman was the erection of a new church building at Pohick between the years 1769 and 1773. For when the old frame church had gone the way of all flesh and it was proposed to build a new brick building two or



churchyard to discuss such matters as the condition of crops, the breeding of stock, governmental policies in which they were extremely interested, and wider news from England as it touched their lives. And not the least distinguished among the folk assembling here were the Washingtons who owned two pews with little swinging doors at Pohick—numbers twenty-eight and twenty-nine in the center at the chancel end; one for their own use, and one for the use of their friends.

For this was the church in which Washington's father, Augustine, had been a vestryman in his time, but humorously enough is said to have attended only two meetings—one to impose upon his fellows the selection of Charles Green as minister, and one to put Mr. Green securely into his place in spite of the objections of the other vestrymen!

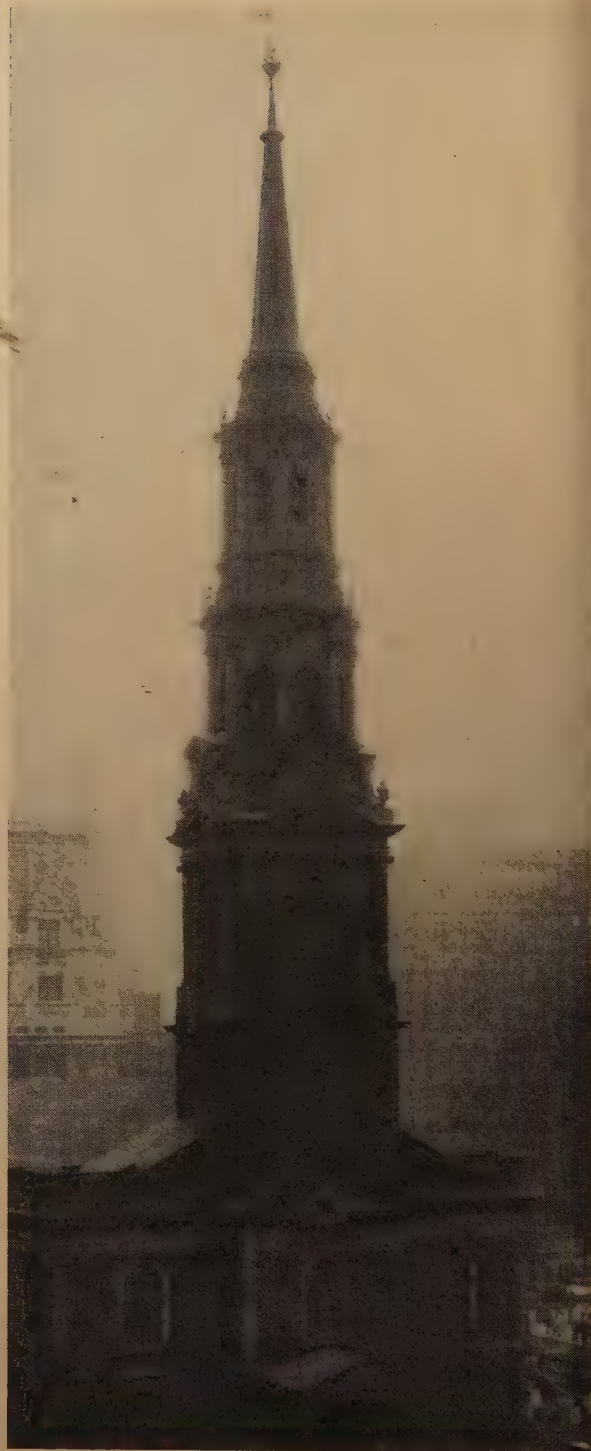
Here, too, three years after his marriage, Washington was elected to the vestry. He served faithfully, for of the thirty-one meetings which were held during his

three miles farther back from the Potomac, Washington secured the change in site and drew the plans for the new building. He subscribed heavily to its construction, intending thereby to lay the foundation of a family pew. But when by a vote of the vestry it was decided that there should be no privately owned pews in this church, Washington was so greatly disappointed in this change of policy that he withdrew his membership from old Pohick at once and united with Christ Church in Alexandria.

It so happened that when the Washingtons transferred to Christ Church in 1773 a new building had just been completed there to accommodate the growing congregation. So when the vestry ordered the first ten pews to be sold, George Washington bought pew number five for the sum

of thirty-six pounds, ten shillings—the highest price paid for any of the ten sold. He also contributed \$140 towards a cut glass chandelier which was purchased in London and brought to Alexandria by ship up the Potomac. This chandelier in Christ Church represented the highest type of lighting equipment of the eighteenth century.

After the Revolution and the disestab-



Above, St. Paul's Chapel, Broadway and Fulton streets, New York, which Washington attended after he became President; **left,** Houdon's bust of Washington as a young man (recently discovered); **page 21, top,** the restored capitol of Virginia at Williamsburg, and, **below,** old Bruton Parish Church, Williamsburg, as it was two hundred years ago

ishment of what had been the Church of England in the Colonies, which church had been supported by a system of taxes known as tithes, new provision had to be made for voluntary support of what was now the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. So on April 26, 1785, George Washington and other prominent laymen of Christ Church met in Alexandria and signed a contract binding "themselves, their heirs, executors, administrators and assigns to pay annually to the Minister and Vestry of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Alexandria the sum of five pounds for each pew assigned to them."

But during the eight years of the Presidency, 1789-1797, Saint Paul's in New

about setting a proper example to his countrymen in this matter.

J. F. Watson, the chatty Philadelphia annalist of that period, gives us some of the most interesting accounts of Washington's attending Christ Church in the Capital City of Philadelphia. We can almost see the state carriage rumbling along Second Street as "crack went the whip and round went the wheels," and coming to a halt before stately Christ Church, where the President and his Lady would dismount with all due pomp and ceremony. Then entering the southeast door of the church and followed by a negro footman bearing their prayer books, they would proceed over to the middle aisle and thence to pew

eager when he came forth for another view of this nobleman," wrote J. F. Watson. "The indistinct sound of the concluding voluntary upon the organ within was no sooner heard by them than the press became formidable considering the place and the day.

"During the slow movement of the crowd of worshippers issuing from the opened door and the increased volume of sound from the organ, it was not necessary for the stranger visiting the city and straining his vision to behold the President for the first time to inquire of his jostled neighbor, 'Which is he?'. There could be no mistake in this matter. Washington was to be known at once.

"His noble height, his commanding air, his person enveloped in what was not very common in those days—a rich blue Spanish cloak faced with red velvet thrown over his left shoulder. . . . His patient demeanor in the crowd emerging from the church; his gentle bendings of the neck to the right and to the left, parentally, and expressive of delighted feeling on his part.

"These, with the appearance of the awed and charmed and silent crowd of spectators, gently falling back on each side as he approached announced to the gazing stranger . . . behold the man!"

George Washington was not one to leave his religion in the pew. He practiced it every day of his life. For as Paul L. Haworth in his book "George Washington, Country Gentleman," says,

"If ever a square man lived, Washington was that man. He believed in the Golden Rule and practiced it not only in church, but in business. It was not for nothing that as a boy he had written as his one hundred and tenth Rule of Civility 'Labor to keep alive in your breast that Little Spark of Celestial fire called Conscience'."

He was the soul of hospitality. He enjoyed having people in his home and eating at his board. He always asked a blessing upon his own table if there was no clergyman present. But if a clergyman chanced to be among the invited guests, Washington asked him to do it.

To the poor, to friends, family, church, education and strangers the Virginia planter was generous and open handed beyond most men of his time. And in an age which knew nothing about organized charity, he wrote to his adopted grandson,

"Never let an indigent person ask without receiving something if you have the means; always recollecting in what light the widow's mite was viewed."

No needy person was ever turned from his door, whether by himself or by his agents. His manager had orders to fill a corn house every year for the sole use of the poor in the neighborhood. He also allowed them to make use of his fishing stations along the Potomac, and in cases where they were unequal to hauling the net, he ordered his servants to assist them. To the manager of Mount Vernon during the Revolution Washington wrote from camp,

"Let the hospitality of the house with respect to the poor be kept up. Let no one go hungry away. If any of this kind of people should be in want of corn, supply their necessities, provided it does not encourage them to idleness."

To mention even one-tenth of his charitable donations which fill his cash account

(Continued on page 53)



York and Saint Peter's with its lofty tower and high pews, and Christ Churches in Philadelphia took the place of old Pohick and Christ Churches in Virginia. They saw Washington constantly at worship, together with Lady Washington and Little Nelly and George Washington Parke Custis. For in addition to considering church attendance a spiritual exercise of his own, the President was always greatly concerned

fifty-eight, where Mr. Washington opened the little wooden door for Martha to enter.

The President always stood during the opening part of the devotional service, and all through the desk and pulpit services he was very serious and attentive. But while he was worshipping within Christ Church, "the appearance of his coach without awaiting the breaking up of the service never failed to draw a crowd of persons



SIGHT UNSEEN

By Dr. C. Ward Crampton

TO YOU who are surrounded by the serenity of the spaces beyond the stars and within the depths of your soul, your sense of security in God is deep and unruffled. You are at home in God and you know it.

I would not have you any less secure, but you needn't think that just because you feel you are fixed for Eternity you are fixed for life. You ought to be well informed, well adjusted, wise and understanding in the ways of this world. You can be very useful.

God's people should be a credit to him in all worlds, including this one. You needn't be afraid of any facts. Your faith won't suffer, quite the reverse.

The struggle of those who have not this awareness seems so unnecessary to us that we must invoke our patience and understanding. Kindness too. Christ was kind. He understood. Let us postpone our disapproval, and study to understand. We can do no less.

There are some who say in their hearts, "There is no God. I can't see him. Show me."

These, our brothers, invoke the scientific method and demand evidence of their senses, evidence of a material character in a material universe. So did Thomas. Very good, let us meet them on their own ground and consider the evidence of the senses, and the nature of the material universe. We have no fear of any test.

Limitations:

There are limitations to the senses. There are limitations to the universe. The sensory field and material world are the field of the skeptic, but God is there, too. So are we. We know about this field just as much as the hardbaked cynic. Let us show him how small it is.

The Physical Senses are Limited:

There are at least five of them: sight, hearing, touch, smell, and taste, and their authority definitely circumscribed. Consider them. Take first the eye.

Sight is the standby of the skeptic. "If I see it I will believe it." "Show me."

Ha! He does not realize how subject to illusion and how limited an instrument is the eye. Of course, the schoolboy knows that it is vibrations or "waves" in the "ether" that enter the eye lens, are focused on the retina, and stimulate the nerve message to the brain.

But the school boy and the skeptic don't realize that only a few vibrations of a certain length can be received by the retina and "seen." All the rest are not seen. The eye misses them entirely.

To picture this limitation to yourself, take a yardstick thirty-six inches in length. Now suppose we could see only the middle one-tenth of an inch and nothing at all to the right of it and nothing at all to the left of it. This little space corresponds roughly to what we can and do see compared with what we might see if our eyes were capable of taking in all the series of vibrations in the "ether."

Sight Unseen:

Take a further example. Open any printed book at any page. Of the 300 words of that page, a skeptic can "see" and understand only one word, less than one word. Or take the broad sheet of a newspaper with 4,000 words, less than one word. How much of the news of the world he misses when every inch of the page, as of the book of life, is filled with knowledge, drama, and thrills.

How poor a thing is sight. To how much our eyes are totally blind, even in this physical world.

But by using our intelligence, we can see the shadows and observe the effects of much of the longer and shorter vibrations, extending on either side of the visible light spectrum which our

eyes can see. And we can make use of them, too. Close to the narrow octave of visible light, the longer rays beyond the red (infra-red) are heat rays that range as large as one-hundredth of an inch and smaller than one ten-thousandth of an inch. They affect photographic plates and we have new infra-red photography. Snapshots can be taken in the dark.

We do not see these rays, we see only the shadows of their effects upon the plate. Evidences of things unseen.

Similarly, the other side of the visual octave are shorter vibrations beyond the violet end of the spectrum. Though we can't see the ultra-violet rays we know about them. It is the ultra-violet rays that cause sunburn and not the infra-red heat rays. They produce chemical effects in the green leaf of the plant, to produce fruits and flowers (photosynthesis) and they have effect on man, producing Vitamin D in our own tissues. Unseen but powerful.

Shorter rays, deeper in the invisible darkness, are the X-rays. These, directed through the body, will cast shadows on a photographic plate which we can read and learn much of our internal physical state. We have never seen X-rays and perhaps we never will, but unmistakably they exist, and we know them by their power. Evidences of the unseen as clear and unmistakable as evidence of the grace of God in the human soul.

Still further removed from the little peephole glimpse of the universe we get through the eye, are the waves which lengthen out beyond the invisible rays of heat. They are the terrifically important and useful electro-magnetic rays. They range from one hundred times greater than the longest heat wave to many hundred million times in amplitude. We never see these waves, though they sometimes produce an electric spark or incandescence which will in turn produce visible light; but we can use them. For example, in the telephone, the telegraph, and the radio.

In the radio the different wave lengths are used by the different stations to carry vibration variations, which can be translated by the radio receiver again into sound vibrations. Science has reached a long way into the unseen and brought some of the treasures of darkness to our use. No doubt about it, we have unmistakably the radio, very concrete evidence of things unseen.

Call this to the attention of our young skeptic who must be shown. Sight is such a little part of our knowledge.

Hearing is similarly limited to a small range of air vibrations (supersonic). Many little animals hear over a wider range than we do, and of course their sense of smell and taste in many cases is far greater.

Touch is limited to actual contact and pressure, and, for example, knows nothing of an approaching automobile. A poor thing, though not yet fully explored, but it helps where sight and hearing fail.

Briefly, in this material universe there is an enormous area

beyond, above and below the range of our five senses. To be aware of this is to be instructed. To be instructed is to be humble. This is the beginning of wisdom.

Let us go with our beloved skeptic and lead him along this path. It leads toward God. Moreover, the exercise will be good for us too. It certainly will take us out of the seat of the scornful.

But theoretically, the scientific field has its limits, just as if there were a fence around it, with all its many inventions. But we can look over this fence and see much of the limitless landscape beyond the limited material universe. We can climb over this fence, too.

The Material Universe is Limited:

In our previous article, "Science Looks Toward God," we took a trip out past the stars, through the last of the clustering constellations, to the limits of the material universe, out upon the infinite, eternal and unchanging. Let us take the doubter with us so that he may experience a sense of a threshold, the world behind, a terrific, all-embracing, surrounding stillness. It will do him much good to sit there and gaze beyond and leave the whole of everything that he knows, the whole material universe, behind him. There we can be still and know that there is God. It is a luxury for us. So great a luxury that we are tempted to stay there, to live in the consciousness, the "uninterfered with," evident presence of the Eternal.

But you and I know that we must come back to the awareness of work to be done—urgent work—and do it. We can carry back a sense of the Eternal to the kitchen, shop, hospital, consulting room, and market place with a singing heart, and with strength and courage do our best and like it. *He* is here, too.

That is a trip worth while, and a simple and skeptical man can take it. It is a scientific trip, all in the material universe. It takes only brains and intelligence to do it. When you return, this universe seems somewhat like a stage lighted up by footlights, and that vastness out there beyond you can feel better now that you are aware of it. You are likely to sense the presence of an audience, a great crowd of friendly witnesses watching us. An audience that knows what it is all about, who are hoping, urging, silently sharing, rejoicing at some particularly successful piece of good work, and distressed when you slip, miss your lines, or get away from the Prompter.

After a trip or two like that, a purely scientific trip, entirely within the natural universe, the toughest skeptic is much less likely to say, "There is no God." He is not so sure. Especially when he sees how comfortable you are about it all.

With an awareness of the Eternal about us, the storms that may rage around us are like a tempest in a teapot, for it is calm above the stars. You feel safe in your confiding, for nothing changes there, and here things are much simpler.

People may act—well, like people who do not know these things. You can understand that. You have untroubled places where they cannot enter. "To understand all is to forgive all." To resent evil, to punish evil is to share evil. To contemplate goodness is to share it, to identify yourself with it and to become like that. This is a simple, true, scientific principle. To contemplate immensity, to feel it, is a step through awe toward reverence. To contemplate the Eternal is to share the Eternal.

Is Knowledge an Obstacle?

One can know so much and live so much outside beyond and understandingly within the material universe that mere knowledge of temporal affairs swings into its comparatively small and correct significance. Even that little significance becomes transformed into its greater setting of awareness of the Eternal.

One should know, not less of this world, but more of God. To "know too much" means that you know so much about letters, spelling and grammar that you don't have time or inclination to read the great literature of the world. All the knowledge and all the science of the material universe, were it known, would not be too much to know. (Nothing in all creation can separate us from the love of God.)

But one must be aware of the fact of the small and special significance of the created world compared with the Eternal. Still, it would not exist at all if it were not apparently a necessary part of a wider plan of things. *He* made it. *He* gave us jobs in this material world, and that enough to summon all of our energies and abilities for the work we have a chance to do while we are at it. This work may be small but it will take a lot of fixing up to get it the way God wants it as it is in Heaven.

The Mind:

Religion does not exclude the mind at all. It very naturally includes the mind and intelligence. We have our instructions from those who know. We can be "transformed by the renewing of our mind" i.e. making it new. There is (Continued on page 56)



The little church, with its lovely, tiny spire, guarded by the stately Wetterhorn—All photos courtesy Swiss National Railways



PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

Conducted by

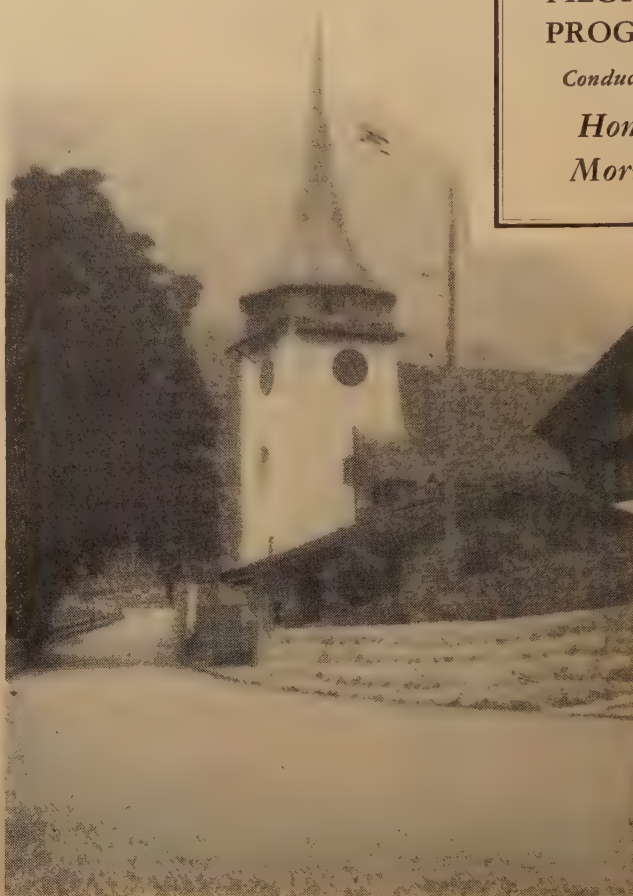
Honoré
Morrow

Enchantment In Switzerland

IN WRITING of our summer's journey, I spoke of Geneva as if that were the most moving and significant spot we visited. And in an impersonal way it was. Certainly, the significance of the impotence of the League of Nations in 1938 made Geneva our most dramatic stopping point. But it was Grindelwald in the Swiss Alps which gave me the most thrilling personal experience.

If I were given my choice of all the scenery in the world, I'd choose mountains. The prairies which I love, the desert which I admire, or the sea which I hold in awe, do not waken in me the ecstasy which do the mountains. Our American Rockies have given me more of an idea of what heaven's beauty may be like than all the other things in this gorgeous world I've been privileged to see. And so you can imagine my feelings several years ago when certain doctors agreed that I had developed the sort of heart which prohibited even the most unambitious of mountain climbing. Climbing? No, the sacrifice must be even greater than that. The level of the sea was to be mine, definitely and permanently. It was a blow. Never again to get into the high canyons of the Rockies or the Sierras, never to see the peaks of the High Alps, never to get within speaking distance of the Himalayas! I hated it. But I bowed to the seeming inevitable for many years.

Then came our planning for this summer's tour. The family naturally wanted to spend at least a few days in the Alps. So I planned to make myself happy in Geneva and meet them a few days later at the German border. But, you will remember that in reaching Geneva, we crossed the Jura mountains. I hadn't realized, till we were taking the pass, that it had an elevation! But what could I do about it? There were no towns, no by-passes—no retreat. I could just stick in the car and let the worst happen. Upward, upward, a thousand feet, two thousand feet. I felt perfectly normal. Three thousand feet, I felt a bit of a pulse. Four thousand feet, I felt wonderful—all the old exhilaration, the old sense of ever-mounting strength. I just couldn't believe it! Probably I'd be crocked up the next day, but I wasn't. I began to get excited.



upland valley which narrowed as it rose. I made a few scattered notes in my diary. "Clouds sailing across magnificent distant peaks. Mountain shoulders green, dotted with brown chalets, always with window boxes rioting in color. Little lovely towns. Suddenly a snow-capped peak. On a high shoulder below it, one of the loveliest tiny church spires I have ever seen.

I got out to take a picture of the church and to try my German in the little bakeshop. Everybody was starving for the fresh baked cookies which

added to the mountain aroma. "How high are we?" "First, how do you feel!" asked young Watson. "I feel splendid," I told him. He grinned, "We are fifty-five hundred feet up in the air!"

I drew a great breath; like a prisoner who feels the chains drop from him. I was to see the Alps.

How shall I describe Grindelwald? I can't, of course. It lies in the sweep of a valley which nests in a cluster of peaks, with the Wetterhorn as its own particular mountain. We went to an inn, which seemed only a step from the lift of the peak with the setting sun on its snowy crest. Penn's and my room, under the roof of the chalet, gave us a view so splendid that we could hardly bear to go to bed. And all night long, in the darkness, I felt the presence there. I was home again in the mountains.

The next day, the family decided to take the cog railway up the shoulder of the Eiger and through a tunnel to the marvels of the glacial fields just under the Jungfrau. How-high? About eleven thousand feet. Actually within myself I toyed with the idea. But I knew the terrific strain such a change in elevation brings even to a mountain climber in good form. Beside, I knew that the best view of a mountain is from below. So I let the others go on without me. And I spent that day wandering through the forest and glacial trails round the foot of the Wetter-

The family was going on to Grindelwald, near the Jungfrau. How high was Grindelwald? Something under five thousand feet said young Watson, our courier. (Its actual height, I've since learned, is 3468 feet.) But Aigle, the little town in which the family would spend the night between Geneva and Grindelwald was only about two thousand or so. "Oh, I'll go on as far as Aigle with you then!" I told my sister.

So to Aigle, that misty Sunday afternoon, past the storied Castle of Chillon, mirrored in its lovely lake, and on through green valleys till twilight caught us just as we rattled over the cobblestones of tiny Aigle.

That night, in the hotel bedroom, I had the feeling of mountains being near; something in the air, something brooding, magical for which there's no word. It drew me, irresistibly. I must, I would see the Alps, let the punishment be what it may.

How high the Pass leading into the Bernese Alps of Grindelwald? That, said young Watson, is the Col de Pillon, 5085 feet up. It was morning now. Beyond the town rose vineyards, line on line, to a chateau that must have inspired all the fairy tales ever written. And beyond the turrets of the ancient castle, faint as a fairy's whisper, a line of peaks: "I'm going to Grindelwald!" I announced.

By eight-fifteen that morning we were swinging past the chateau, into a broad

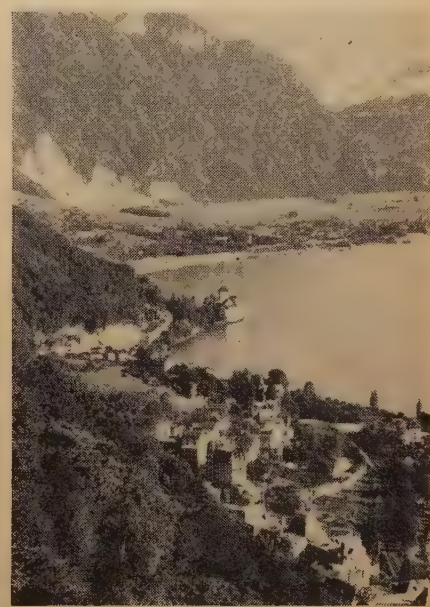


Grindelwald in the Bernese Oberland. Left, parish church; Center, left, souvenir bazaars and fruit stands; middle, the village and part of the lower glacier; bottom, the village of Grindelwald and the Wetterhorn. At the right, center, is the famed Castle of Chillon, on Lake Geneva

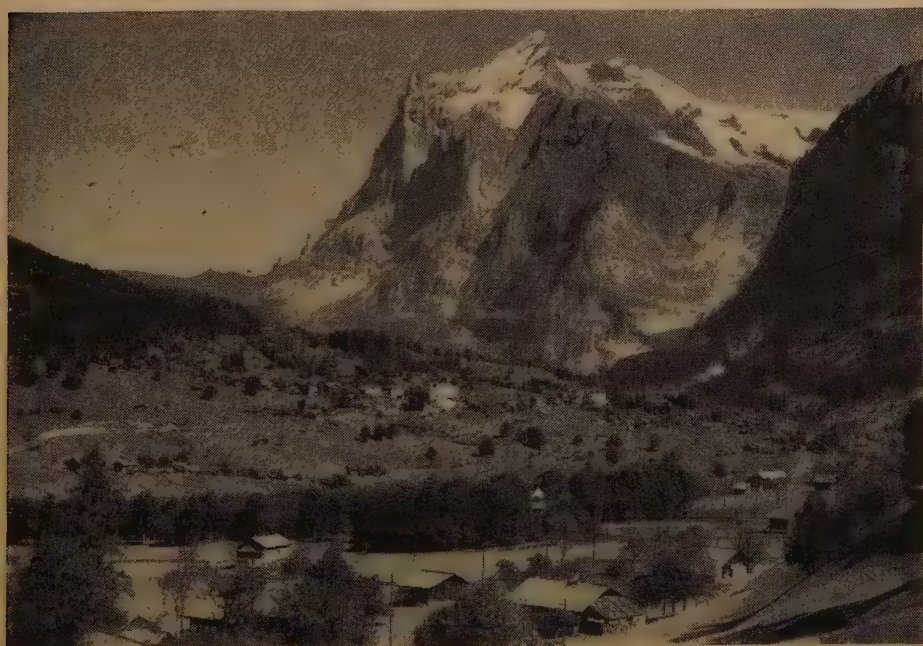


horn. Yes! it was true. I could wander about without discomfort. Miraculously, the sentence imposed on me ten years before had been remitted. Surely never before had traveler footed it over these enchanting paths in such a mood of thankfulness. I shall never think of Grindelwald again without remembering that God is good.

Late in the afternoon, my family and



Below, the village of Grindelwald and the Wetterhorn



young Watson returned. They were, except for the courier, in a state of almost complete exhaustion. Yes, the glacial fields, the peaks, the far views had been far beyond description, but the elevation had kept them almost at the fainting point. My sister said she found it almost impossible to breathe. "You were the wise one," she said as she fell on the cup of tea I poured out for her.

Now it's very seldom anybody pays me that particular compliment, because I'm a traveling fool if ever there was one. But I deserved that praise and I told my sister why. And she understood. And after the young people had gone off to the village we sat looking out across the upland meadows to the top of the Wetterhorn. Cowbells tinkled. Faint in one of the villages some boy was singing a folk song.

"Shall we come back to Grindelwald, some day?" said Cornelia, "just you and I, for a long, long rest."

"Yes, we'll come," I replied, "for now I know that all things are possible if one has the faith."

And this is why I loved Grindelwald.



Temple at Tell Duweir, showing earliest mud bench and triple altar. Below, Tell Duweir potsherd, showing early Hebrew writing, about B.C. 600

TRUTH

. . . Rises from These Trenches

By P. W. Wilson

TAKE a peaceful valley, anywhere in the world. Within its slopes, there rises an undulating mound that is part of the landscape. On this mound peasants graze their cattle or drive the plough through the good earth.

Strange men arrive. They are clad like boy scouts. They organize a camp. They hire natives. They distribute spades and tell the natives to dig trenches. Every handful of the soil thus disturbed is carefully sifted and, from time to time, some object, apparently valueless, is examined as if it were of the utmost importance.

The trench-digging on the mound invites curiosity. Never has such a spectacle been seen before and—who knows?—it may never be seen again. It is peculiar to our modern era.

The natives obey orders and take their pay. But as they meditate at eventide, they have their misgivings. Is the white man in his right senses when he acts like this? His skull is weak. That is why he has to wear a cork helmet: What if the brain within the skull has been touched by the sun?

The man in the street back home also has his doubts about the trench-digging. He gathers that it is archeology and, to his way of thinking, archeology is unexciting. It may amuse highbrows who have nothing better to think about. But what does it amount to? A few more glass cases in museums that few people look

at, and a few more books in libraries that few people read.

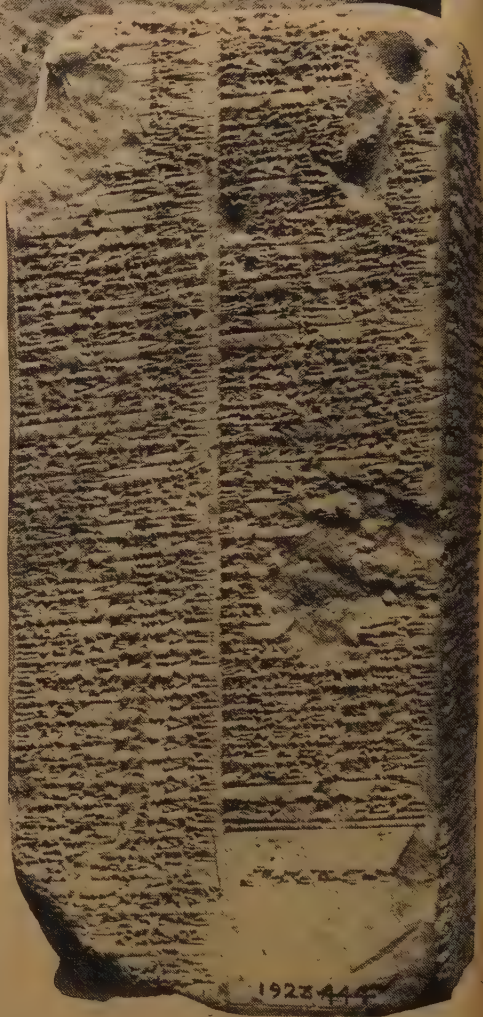
Whatever else is to be said about the man in the cork helmet, he believes that his toil is worth while, and so do others. On this trench-digging, millions of money have been lavished.

Universities have financed expeditionary forces armed for operations with the spade. Individuals have done their part, for instance, John D. Rockefeller. In Great Britain, a number of benefactors have contributed to such enterprises, and among them, of late years, Sir Charles Marston has been conspicuous for his enthusiasm.

The campaigns have cost more than money. Health has been sacrificed. Lives have been laid down. At Lachish, in Palestine, the leader of the Wellcome expedition in which Sir Charles Marston is specially interested, was an honored archeologist called J. L. Starkey. Recently this most lovable of specialists was slain by Arabs who knew not what they did.

The trench-diggers have a definite end in view. They see a world that has forgotten what it used to be. They challenge this oblivion. As Christopher Columbus discovered America, so do these later explorers discover antiquity.

The discovery of the past has been of momentous importance to men's minds. People do not think as many of them used to think a few years ago. Unbelief has been regarded as a sign of intellect. It is



now known to be evidence of ignorance. A man is entitled, if he wishes, to be a sceptic. If so, he must not expect to be received as a scholar.

Take an illustration in the realm of literature. During the eighteenth century people talked of pure reason. They were convinced that the poems of Homer were mere myth. There was no Helen launching her thousand ships. There was no siege of Troy. There was no Troy—except in the United States!

The trench-diggers got to work. Near



Above, head of statuette of Queen Thyi, consort of "magnificent Amenhotep III," found at Serabit, on Mt. Sinai. Below, mines at Serabit, which may have been worked by the Children of Israel during their sojourn at Sinai

able book, "The Bible Comes Alive"—and evidence in favor of this view accumulates. Let us look at one or two of the high points.

We hear of two conceptions of man's early development. According to Scripture, there was a fall of man. He started right but went wrong. Originally he knew one God. But his knowledge degenerated into idolatry. (Genesis I to III and Romans I:16-27.)

Critics put things the other way round. They say that man started with idolatry and worked his way up to a purer faith.

On this direct issue between the Bible and critics of the Bible, the trench-diggers are arriving at a judgment.

Dr. Stephen H. Langdon, Professor of Assyriology at Oxford, is an authority on the tablets and other records of the Mesopotamian Valley. He finds that the

explain Noah's warnings to the people.

The Tower of Babel. (Genesis XI.) Under "ziggurat" this kind of temple is described in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* and with a coincidence:

Genesis XI.3. They said to one another, go to, let us make brick and burn them thoroughly. And they had brick for stone and slime for mortar.

According to the Encyclopaedia Britannica, "Ziggurats were usually great mounds of sundried bricks faced with a coating of burned glazed brick or tile."

The dispersion of the people is indicated by the stories of the Flood that they carried with them.

Abraham's departure from Ur of the Chaldees. (Genesis XI:27-32.) There is evidence that Ur was ravaged by war. In any event its customs were cruel. In the tomb of King Mes-Kalam-Dug were found the skeletons of numerous victims slain at his funeral. No wonder that the Patriarch sought a happier country than this, and we realize why his mind was still affected by the tradition of human sacrifice—his son Isaac on Mount Moriah—from which, by God's help, he was liberated. (Genesis XXII.)

Melchizedek, King of Salem or Jerusalem. (Genesis XIV:18 and Hebrews VII:1-3.) Abraham was received by this monarch—so often dismissed as legendary symbol—who brought forth bread and wine. Foundations of Melchizedek's Jerusalem have been uncovered (see *London Times*, April 22, 1924) with a sanctuary—the oldest in the city—so designed as to provide for "the pressing of olives or grapes or the watering of cattle." The description of Melchizedek as a king "without father, without mother," which has puzzled readers of the Bible for a thousand years, is explained by the use of this formula on three of the famous Tel-el-Amarna tablets written by a subsequent king of Jerusalem to the reigning Pharaoh in Egypt.

The Battle of the Kings. (Genesis XIV.) Four invading monarchs made captives of Lot and his family, who were rescued by Abraham. The story was discredited by the critics. It is now accepted and two of the four monarchs have been reasonably identified. Arioch, King of Ellasar is, in the tablets, Eriaku, King of Larsa. Amraphel, King of Shinar is his contemporary, Hammurabi, the great law-giver of Babylon. The theory that Elam (Persia) had no power so far west as Palestine has been disproved by evidence of Elamite culture at Old Gaza, and Chedorlaomer includes the name of the Elamite deity Lagomer.

Sodom and Gomorrah. (Genesis XIX.) A sanctuary has been discovered above the Dead Sea. It is called Bab-ed-Dra and it would have had no worshipers—so it seems—unless they had come from "cities of the plain" below, now covered by water. A city has been uncovered (see *New York Times*, June 22, 1930) near the Dead Sea, which was destroyed by fire and never rebuilt.

The cave sepulcher of Abraham at Machpelah. (Genesis XXIII.) Such a cave exists on the Scriptural site near Hebron. The record is that, in 1119, monks entered this cave and washed the

to the grim shores of Gallipoli there was a mound. Within that mound the spade has uncovered, not one Troy alone, but half a dozen Troys; and there is visible proof that—as Homer tells us—Troy was burned. The tradition was as true as news over the radio.

People ridiculed the idea of a monstrous Minotaur or Bull on the Mediterranean island of Crete, to which an annual tribute of maidens had to be paid. It was another of these myths.

Ruins in Crete have been uncovered. They contain frescoes showing the bull in his arena and girls whose dancing was an escape from his horns. The tradition was truth.

Trench-digging has been applied to the Bible lands and Sir Charles Marston claims that the verdict is decisive. To quote the title of his excellent and read-

archives narrate "in a very real sense the history of the fall of man." They indicate "a rapid decline from monotheism to extreme polytheism and widespread belief in evil spirits." They confirm what St. Paul, interpreting the Book of Genesis, declared to the Romans.

The Flood. (Genesis VI.) Professor C. Leonard Woolley, acting for the British Museum and the University of Pennsylvania, excavated Ur of the Chaldees in Mesopotamia and Dr. Langdon excavated the city of Kish, somewhat to the north. They arrived at the same discovery.

Far below the surface of the plain, there were cities buried beneath immense deposits of clay that could only have been left by a wholly exceptional inundation. There appear to have been two such floods and, if so, the Bible tells of the second. The recollection of an earlier flood would

bones with wine and water. The cave is now covered by a mosque. During the war, an officer—not knowing where he was—found the mosque deserted and entered the cave, sitting on a tomb and lighting his pipe! It was the reputed tomb of Abraham, as arranged by the monks.

Israel in Egypt. The Scriptural record was attacked by critics. This criticism has been discredited. It was said that the chief butler (Genesis XL) could not have handed wine to Pharaoh because, according to Herodotus, the Greek traveler, the Egyptians did not ferment wine from grapes but from barley. In any event, the chief butler would not have pressed the grapes into Pharaoh's cup, so serving grape juice. The monuments show that the Egyptians did have wine and did serve grape juice as described in Genesis.

The entire background of Scriptural

site called Ras Shamrah in Syria with the ancient Phoenician capital, Ugarit. What followed was of sensational interest. They discovered tablets of the period of Joshua and written in Archaic Hebrew. These tablets mention Scriptural personalities, for instance, Adam, Abraham and Abraham's wives. Also they allude to ceremonies identical with those of the Mosaic Tabernacle. According to this evidence of archeology we have thus a contemporary corroboration of Hebrew worship dated thirty-five centuries ago. It is summarized by Sir Charles Marston thus: *Erepass Offering* (Lev. V:15.) *Peace Offering* (Lev. XXII:21.) *Tribute Offering* (Exodus XXVIII:38.) *Wave Offering* (Exodus XXIX:24.) *First fruits* (Exodus XXIII:19.) *Bread of the Gods* (Lev. XXI:6.) *Burnt Offering* (Lev. IV:12.) *Whole Burnt Offering* (Lev. VI:15.) *Offering*

the American Eagle or the British Lion.

Crossing the Jordan. (Joshua III.) The Scriptural account states that the people were led by Joshua over the River at a place called Adam. They marched over the bed of the river dry-shod and took stones from the bed as a memorial.

The scene of this event is still called Damieh and there is a high cliff at Damieh above the river which is subject to landslides. On December 8, 1267, according to ancient archives, such a landslide held back the stream for sixteen hours. There was another and recent landslide in 1906, and a third in July 1927—eleven years ago—when, owing to earthquakes, the river was dammed for twenty-one and one-half hours. People now living, crossed the Jordan at the same place as Joshua and in the same manner. (See Professor Garstang's *Foundations of Bible History*.)

Jericho. (Joshua VI.) The walls of Jericho have been excavated. It is found that they collapsed as described in the Bible—that is, outwards from the city, and a person could have walked straight into the city as the Bible states. There may have been the shock of an earthquake, as at Damieh. The remains of the city show that, as the Scripture tells us, it was burned and that it lay in ruins for about 500 years.

A curse was laid on Jericho; namely, that anyone rebuilding the city would "lay the foundation thereof in his first-born and in his youngest son shall he set up the gates of it." Excavation has revealed jar-burials of infants in Palestine who apparently had been sacrificed to bring a pagan blessing on some new building.

Chariots. In Joshua XVII:16, we read



Above, general view of ruins of Lachish, on Tell Duveir. Right, Canaanite temple, showing ancient stone altar bench of Middle Temple and pottery deposits on floor of earlier temple below



Egypt has been filled in by independent research. Pharaoh's daughter who found Moses as an infant amid the bulrushes of the Nile, has been confidently identified with the Princess Hatshepsut, whose statue may be seen in the Metropolitan Museum of New York. The long sojourn of the Israelites on Mount Sinai, otherwise difficult to understand, is explained by the working of mines—for instance turquoise—in that region. The Temple of Serabit, discovered on the mountain, is of very ancient date, and it shows altars for burning incense and lavens for ablutions, essentially as they are described in the movable Tabernacle of the Wilderness. Also, there are upright stones still standing near shelters for sleeping and these recall what, among Israelites on Mount Sinai, would have been the sacred tradition of Jacob's dream at Bethel where, with a stone for pillow, he saw a ladder that reached unto heaven. A sphynx has been found on Mount Sinai inscribed with alphabetical writing at least as early as the time of Moses. To that extent the account of the Ten Commandments engraved on stone is corroborated.

Wanderings in the Wilderness. In 1929, two French archeologists, Claude F. A. Schaeffer and Georges Chenet, identified a

for "Expiation of Soul" (Lev. IV:2.) New Moon Offering (Numbers XXVIII:11.) In Isaiah XXVII:1, we read of the Lord punishing Leviathan, the crooked serpent. A similar passage appears in the Ras Shamrah tablets.


The Hornet. In Deuteronomy VII:20 and Joshua XXIV:12, there are apparently incomprehensible allusions to a mysterious "hornet" that was to go before the Israelites into Palestine. This hornet is now explained. It has been found on the monuments of Egypt where it appears as the national symbol of the country—like

that "all the Canaanites that dwell in the land of the valley have chariots of iron, both they who are of Beth-shean and her towns and they who are of the valley of Jezreel." The fortress of Bethshean or Beisan has been excavated and remains of a chariot have been found, in the very city specially mentioned in Scripture.

The Death of Samson. (Judges XVI.) At Gezer a temple has been uncovered which explains this tragic and, as many have supposed, impossible event. The temple consists of an open courtyard surrounded by stone (Continued on page 52)

MARGARET SANGSTER'S PAGE

Valentine For A Gentleman

ASHINGTON'S stern profile, his steadfast, serious eyes and his mouth set in a straight, unsmiling line are almost as familiar to us as our own features. We have seen so many portraits of the first president that we are well acquainted with him. I say *well* acquainted advisedly—not *intimately* acquainted. For though we think of Washington with reverence, few of us, I am afraid, think of him tenderly. His pictured face seems too remote for tenderness, too severe for the small everyday expressions of friendship. If we met him walking toward us, from out of the shadows of the past, we would stand erect and bow as he drew near. But, stricken with a sense of awe, we would never dream of running forward to meet him.

Poor Washington! He lived a lonely life and the hurrying years have made him appear even more isolated than he really was. We have magnified his unyielding, granite qualities and we have minimized his warmth. And that is why—on this month which is dedicated to sentiment and romance as well as valor, I dare ask a favor of you, who are Americans. Please, friends of mine, try to regard Washington as a human being—as a man rather than a symbol. Think of him as a man who knew his moments of laughter as well as his hours of meditation and worry. Think of him as a man who had glamorous hopes as well as haunting fears.

Oh, on this month, I beg you to give Washington a Valentine in the shape of a gay and perfumed memory!

Lincoln, who shares February with Washington, was not in the least standoffish. Though tall and ungainly, he was never austere. Few of his portraits are happy ones—yet Lincoln never inspired the chilly reverence that is Washington's. Lincoln inspired love. In his lifetime children climbed upon his knee and teased for stories—and I have seen modern children playing in the lap of a gigantic statue of Lincoln that stands before a certain courthouse. Lincoln has received his Valentines from us—ever so many of them. But Washington—with his unyielding jaw and his sharply defined eagle's nose—has lacked the charming, informal comradeship that we have bestowed without stint upon his successor.

I believe—and I say this very seriously—that it is our duty to humanize Washington. We should pass lightly over the likeness of him, erect in the prow of the boat that crossed the icy Delaware, and we should tiptoe around his stiff figure as it stands knee deep in the snow of Valley Forge. We should see him in our mind's eye stepping not ungracefully to the measures of a minuet, and we should

try to imagine the shine of candle light on his satin court dress. We should see him again in carpet slippers and a house coat, with a quill pen in his hand. Not writing a document of national importance—composing a love letter!

I sometimes think that it would make Washington's portrait come closer to us if we would only realize that his stern expression was not wholly born of his apprehension over wars and alarms and the Constitution. Washington was a constant sufferer from toothache—an ailment which is practically universal! If we will realize that his frown was brought on by the death of a jumpy nerve, we will be able to understand why posterity does not know a smiling likeness of him. And—I am sure of this!—we will give the swift

My Letter of the Month

THIS is my letter of the month. It comes from Sacramento, California—from one of the Christian Herald's oldest and truest friends:

Will you graciously pardon my presumption in writing to you? I take my pen in hand because I feel acquainted with you in person instead of only with your writings.

For more than forty-five years—from 1880 to 1925—I either subscribed for the Christian Herald or had opportunity to



A Gallant Man

Not as the father of his country, leading
A ragged army into victory,
Not as a politician—urging, pleading,
That hearts and homes and nations should be free—
I like to picture him in satins gleaming,
With candleglow upon his powdered hair,
When music set his weary soul to dreaming,
When he was free of strife and doubt and care.

Not as a hero . . . As a man I find him,
A gallant man who smiled with eyes and lips,
Who could leave thoughts of sombre things behind him,
The while he bent to dainty fingertips.
Not as a president who always led,
But as a gentleman whose blood ran red!

sympathy that is so closely akin to affection!

It is neither kind nor fair to set apart—upon a too high pedestal—the man who did so much for his land and ours. Washington should be within reach of everyone—I am sure he would want it so! He would want us to know that he loved his home and his friends—that his pulses throbbed to poetry and music, as well as the drums of conflict—and that he thrilled to the sweep of America's green fields and forests, and felt the inspiration of those high hills "from whence cometh my help."

Oh, friends of mine, I think that Washington must often be just a little unhappy in that special portion of heaven which is reserved for heroes. Unhappy because he feels that he is not close enough to the ones who are enjoying the goodly heritage that was his legacy.

read it, and as a boy of eight or nine I was well acquainted with one of the contributors to the Christian Herald. She was a near neighbor to my grandfather at Richland, New York—a sweet, frail little lady who for years delighted many, both young and old, with her rollicking, jolly stories of "Samantha at Saratoga" and "Josiah Allen's Wife." Of course you know to whom I refer—Marietta Holley.

I used to read with intense interest Charles Haddon Spurgeon's sermons, and later those of Talmage. If I mistake not, Frank Beard used to have his religious cartoons reproduced in the Herald before he became publisher of the Ram's Horn.

In 1933—after suffering two paralytic strokes, the second closely following the first—I became an inmate of the Sacramento County Home for Aged Men. It was while I was living in that institution that Miss Beatrice Plumb, through her

(Continued on page 66)

By Arthur C. Baldwin

Illustrator, Henry Luhrs

[Part Six]



PEARL had fallen down the stairs to the furnace room in John Dale's store. She had been running about while her mother was shopping and opened an unguarded door that opened into the cellar way. Her neck was broken, the doctor said.

This was the word that Mary conveyed to her Pastor as she drove him toward Tom's house. Her father had brought the word home and she had undertaken to find Mr. Hardy.

"Why in the world was that door open or unlocked?" he demanded.

"I don't know." Mary slowed up to allow a truck to pass. "Daddy was fuming about it. The door ought not to have opened down in the first place."

"He has a pull with the inspector. Rotten politics," Bruce fumed. "That's another black mark for Sam. I've understood that John Dale has several hazards there."

"Poor Tom. It will just about kill him," Mary mourned.

A woman sobbing hysterically, surrounded by weeping friends, an ashen-faced man gazing stonily into vacancy as he grasped his hand, a physician who had been ministering to Mrs. Moore—this was what Bruce found when he entered the stricken home.

A hush came over the room as the minister entered. Libbie Moore's sobs subsided to a moan and the women around her eyed the clergyman trustfully. Bruce sat down at Tom's side without a word. His hand reached out to touch Tom's arm as it lay rigidly on the arm of his chair. He could not trust himself to speak but he wanted the sense of contact, that Tom should know he was standing by. He could feel him tremble in his tearless grief. Libbie's eyes were closed and a friend was offering smelling salts.

Then she said faintly, "Can you make a prayer?"

Bruce came to her side. "Yes," he said unsteadily, "it will be good for us. Let us pray together."

The woman's hands reached for his and caught it in a frenzied grasp as he knelt at her side. By a supreme effort, he mastered himself. "Oh, my Father," he prayed, "help my dear friends. Let us feel Thy goodness and Thy strength. Here in our darkness hide not Thy face from us. We had fainted unless we had believed to see the goodness of the Lord."

He opened his eyes in the darkened room. Tom got up, came over to his wife and gently stroked her forehead. "There, there, old girl, don't take on so," he muttered. "We've got to stand it somehow. We're not the only ones who have had to go through things." His voice broke and he hastily turned away. "Let's go outside," he said to Bruce. "Seems like I need some air."

Out on the porch, again the sense of unreality. Everything looked as it did when he spent that unforgettable evening



Bruce stopped to greet a young mother and her baby—named after him

with the little family. Pearl was playing right there with the other children. She ought to be there now.

It was Tom who broke the silence. "This is the second time we have had to go through this," he said quietly.

"Yes, I know."

"Why, Dominie? What's your answer to it?" It was quite dark now but Bruce could feel Tom's eyes boring into him.

"I don't know the answer," he said slowly. "No one does. When he was on the cross, the Lord said, 'Why hast Thou forsaken me?' We're all bound together so that one who is innocent may suffer for the mistakes another makes. If man is really free it isn't right to blame God for the things man does. It was not the will of God for that dangerous place to be there in Dale's store. You know why it was there. It would cost money to fix it

and John had a pull with the inspectors. Our friend Sam had more to do with it than the Lord."

"Then you don't think that God hits a man," Tom said at length.

"I certainly do not," said Bruce positively. "It isn't fair to God to hold him responsible for something like drinking evils when we could close up the saloons if we wanted to. Just as soon as we want to clean up, this world will be a happier place."

"I guess that's it," agreed the foundryman dully. "Either way, good or bad, looks like it's our job."

Slowly, Bruce rose to his feet. The hour was late and he had been there a long time. Tom got up also and walked with him slowly down to the gate.

"You've been good to us, Dominie," he said simply. "Libbie and I, we sure appreciate your being here with us. You're

Mrs. Caleb's Boarder

good man, Mr. Hardy. You're doing good work here."

Impulsively, Bruce put his arm around the other's shoulder. His voice shook as he said, "Man you know I care about this, don't you?"

"Of course."

His arm tightened on Tom's shoulder. God cares too. Let me leave this with you. God cares a lot more. We're not better than our Creator. What I want you to see is that everything your friends feel and say as they are with you now is a bit of God's message, our Heavenly Father. Don't think nobody cares. God does care and when He can have His way, His will on earth as it is in heaven, we are going to see what heaven is like."

Then Tom grasped his arm and demanded harshly, "Where is my little girl now?"

minister's arm dropped heavily and he half turned away. "I don't. I can't," he groaned. "She's just gone, that's all. Gone. Stopped. All that is left is in the house there. O my God!"

Gropingly, his hands found the gate post and he leaned upon it while hoarse paroxysms of grief shook him like a leaf. Around his shoulder Bruce had put his arm and was holding him tightly and their tears fell together.

Bruce Hardy left his room with no definite objective. He stopped to greet a young mother of his congregation and her baby—named after Bruce. Further on a bright blue sports car flashed by and he lifted his hat and smiled genially at Kathryn Darnley. She was looking very smart in a gray jacket with a veil over

She continued smiling, but the blue eyes grew hard as she expressed her mind about the folks who were meddling with her affairs.

"Spike and I have been going together for more than a year," she said in a husky contralto, "And I was telling him that we would want you to marry us."

That was something else again, Bruce realized, as somewhat dazed he took his departure; but he was too preoccupied to give the matter real attention.

Late the next afternoon, as he was completing his round with a call at the post office, Bob Wallace met him. "Say, Dominie," he said abruptly, "I was on my way to see you. Can we talk somewhere?"

His face looked drawn and his eyes were bloodshot as if he had not slept. His tall, athletic frame seemed to be sagging.



Blair came through the crowd, bowing and greeting his acquaintances. Suddenly he saw Emma, stopped short, then turned and hurriedly left the room

Do you believe she is really alive? Do you, honest?"

For a long moment Bruce waited and then, his voice trembling with emotion, said:

"I do believe it. That is my faith. Life does not stop here. We don't die like the beasts of the field. I believe in immortality for everyone who will receive it. I believe they are with Him."

For a tense moment the stricken father waited. Then he said, "You believe that?"

"I do."

The hand which had been resting on the

her tawny locks, but her nod of recognition, if it was a nod, seemed rather curt. Perhaps her father had been talking to her. Bruce realized this was possible. Neither Mrs. Darnley or Kathryn had been in church for several weeks. Too bad!

His pastoral visitations ended with a call at the Trask cottage where he found Betty Trask alone, a pert, blue-eyed little maiden who was evidently much impressed by the honor of having her Pastor call on her. Quite bluntly he ventured to tell her his fears that Mr. Gregory by reason of his business and associations would not be able to make her happy.

Bruce viewed him with an alarm that he did his best to hide. "I'm on my way to the house now. Suppose we go down there."

"What is it?" he asked, when they had entered Bruce's room.

Bob's eyes turned wildly to his companion. "I've got to have some money. I'm short at the bank a thousand dollars," he said slowly.

"Short, you, a thousand dollars—" Bruce repeated the words incredulously. "It can't be. You wouldn't do a thing like that."

Bob met Bruce's incredulity with a wry smile. "I'm afraid the examiner will believe it when he gets hold of those books. No, I took the money all right. Of course I expected to pay it back right away be-

(Continued on page 49)



ARMFULS OF FLOWERS WERE PRESENTED TO THE CARAVANEERS UPON THEIR ARRIVAL AT RIO

The Women of Both Americas Move TO PREVENT WAR

By
**Anabel Parker
McCann**



THE hearts of Americans above and below the Equator and "the eyes of the world" were centered in Lima, Peru, when the Eighth Pan American Conference convened there in December, 1938, to discuss measures for preventing war in the Western Hemisphere. Looking across the Pacific and across the Atlantic, men and women in every one of the American republics, sitting by their firesides or gathered in groups, may well express gratitude that the statesmen of this hemisphere are minded to talk of preserving peace here while yet there is no immediate threat to its overthrow.

But if democracy means, as democratic peoples believe that it does mean, that it is the will of the citizenship body which must give power and effectiveness to the deliberations and acts of national leaders; that this must, indeed, be the motivating force which brings such deliberations and acts into being, then it is pertinent to inquire: How deep is the sentiment for peace in the peoples of the Western Hemisphere? Is there any way in which an appraisal of this sentiment can be arrived at? Governments, of course, have information sources through official channels; but is there any way in which the ground swell of popular feeling, the hopes and desires of the average man and woman can be accurately measured?

The small group of women who constitute the United States Committee of The Peoples' Mandate to End War will tell you that for the past three years they have been trying, through countless contacts both in the North and the South American continents, to learn how great is the sentiment for peace in this hemisphere and to act as an intermediary agency in making this sentiment known to leaders of the various republics. More than 2,000,000 men and women, they point out, have definitely expressed their desire for peace by signing the Mandate.

These people are from all walks of life—not only pacifists and theorists but "the butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker." They are fathers and mothers who want their sons to live to become useful citizens; who, themselves, want to live in a world of good will and who believe that every race and every nation is a reservoir of knowledge and science and skill which should be preserved as a heritage for future generations and not be

destroyed in a maelstrom of human violence. They have a high faith, moreover, in the trite old saying that "Where there's a will, there's a way" and believe that all obstacles in international friction can be overcome when people rise and so demand.

Women of this valiant group were present at the Lima Conference. They were present, too, at The Inter-American Conference for the Maintenance of Peace that met in December 1936 in Buenos Aires, at the suggestion of President Roosevelt. And in the fall and winter of 1937, they made an Odyssey of the Air—the Flying Caravan, they called it—visiting seventeen American Republics, not only meeting national officials everywhere but learning from local women, leaders of Mandate groups in the different republics, how the rank and file of citizens in their respective countries were reacting to the great question of American solidarity in behalf of peace in this hemisphere.

It is from the reports of what these emissaries of good will found everywhere, as they touched close to "the man and woman in the street," that one can make an appraisal—perhaps the nearest to the truth that can be had at the moment—of how far the peace measures promoted at Lima are likely to succeed.

It may be recalled that The Peoples' Mandate to End War was launched on



MRS. BURTON W. MUSSER



Underwood photo

REBECCA HOURWICH REYHER



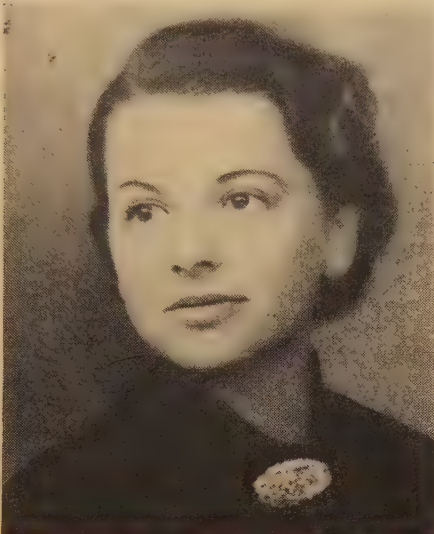
Harris & Ewing photo

MISS MABEL VERNON

Jane Addams's seventy-fifth birthday anniversary, Sept. 6, 1935. The plan, which was devised by that remarkable woman, Mabel Vernon, had been approved by Miss Addams a few weeks before her death in May of that year. Dr. Mary Woolley, known all over this country as President of Mount Holyoke—now President Emeritus—became chairman of the Mandate's Committee for the Western Hemisphere,

with Miss Vernon as Director. Mrs. Carrie Chapman Catt is the Honorary Chairman. Affiliated groups have been organized in fifty other countries, all striving for the peace of the world and no fair estimate perhaps, can be made of the educational work which these groups are carrying on. But it is with the specific activities of the Committee for the Western Hemisphere that this article is concerned.

This committee splashed into the first pages in American newspapers two years ago when it sent a flying delegation to the Buenos Aires Peace Conference, headed by Miss Vernon. At that time, the Com-



Harris & Ewing photo

MISS JOAN DRAKE



Caravaneers in the Prime Minister's office at Lima, Peru. Left to right, Mrs. Reyher, Mrs. Frost, Mrs. Burke, Mrs. Musser, and Prime Minister Concha. The other four women are local members of the Mandate Committee

mittee had secured 1,000,000 signatures to its Mandate against War. It had toured the United States in automobile caravans, speaking from the steps of state capitols and of municipal buildings in city after city, introduced by mayors and governors. Different women interested in the plan to test out public sentiment would join the caravan, journeying with it perhaps across two or three states. Then, a fresh group would join. So it went, all along the route.

"Are you for peace and against war as an instrument to settle national disputes?" these women would ask. "We would like to find out. We ask you to place yourself on record." And men and women eagerly wrote their names in opposition. It was

the million signatures so secured that were carried to Buenos Aires. A special recess session of the Conference was named at which Representative Caroline O'Day of New York and Mrs. Burton W. Musser of the Board of Regents of Utah and member of the National Board, Y.W.C.A., presented them with due ceremony to the Conference delegates. Mrs. Musser herself was an official delegate to the Conference, the only woman sent by the United States.

But after the Conference closed and the Mandate Committee had returned to Washington, it became clear that it was not enough to register sentiment in the United States. If the Buenos Aires treaties were to become effective instruments against war and to receive the ratification of the governments of the twenty-one republics, public sentiment throughout Central and South America must be organized and registered in support of them. How could such a task be done?

Out of Miss Vernon's prolific imagination, came the thought that something dramatic, something out of the ordinary might make articulate the peace desires of Latin America. But it would take money, and peace organizations are traditionally fundless. There are people, however, who believe that this slender, auburn-haired, keeneyed woman can win through, in staggering tasks. They look on her as an evangel whose mission is to proclaim that man's destiny is not to destroy but to build.

Mabel called for volunteers who would go on a Flying Caravan to the Latin-American republics, confer with Mandate

leaders there and see what could be done to register public feeling for peace and send it in a bugle note round the hemisphere. Mabel herself did not go but she gathered a group of women, some of whom paid their own expenses. Mrs. Musser was chairman of the caravan group—Mrs. Musser who speaks six languages, including Spanish. There was Rebecca Hourwich Reyher of New York City, also Spanish speaking. There was Mrs. Ana de Pulgar de Burke from Washington, Chilean born. There was the gracious Mrs. Enoch Wesley Frost, past president of the Arkansas Federation of Women's Clubs and Chief of the Bureau of Adult Education for the University of Arkansas.

The coopera- (Continued on page 56)

EDITORIAL FORUM

CHRISTIAN HERALD, *always a crusading journal, has this as its permanent platform: To conserve, interpret, and extend the vital elements of EVANGELICAL CHRISTIAN FAITH. To support WORLD PEACE: that it may be world-wide and lasting; CHURCH UNITY: that it may be an organic reality; TEMPERANCE: that through education it may become universal and that the liquor problem may be solved. To carry forward a practical ministry to those who are in need. To champion those forces . . . wherever they appear . . . that bid fair to aid in the effort to make a CHRIST-LIKE WORLD.*

DANIEL A. POLING, EDITOR-IN-CHIEF



"Super-Man or Ape-Man?"

EUROPE is a vast psychopathic hospital, with the operating room in the hands of the violent ward. God made man a little lower than the angels, but man has made himself infinitely lower.

The supreme conflict, the epic war, is not between democracy and totalitarianism; it is between the super-man and the ape-man. The super-man has laid the foundations and raised the structures of a new era, the era of the soul; but the ape-man has filled the house with horrors. The super-man has discovered the wealth, explored the continents, released the healing and instituted the processes of good will and brotherhood; the ape-man has debased the social wealth, has filled the continents with persecution and hatred, has poisoned the springs of moral health, and given rapine and mass murder in exchange for mercy and justice.

Science today, with religion, faces poignantly the fact that the world is in a wild race against time between the super-man and the ape-man. Professor Gilson, of the University of Paris, one of the leading scholars in the field of medieval thought, said at the recent convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, "There is a spiritual order of realities whose absolute right it is to judge even the State, and eventually to free us from this oppression." He, with his associates, recognizes that "science cannot be divorced from ethics, or rightly absolve itself from the human responsibilities in the application of its discoveries to destructive purposes in war, or economic disturbances in times of peace." Science at its best and highest declares that the welfare of humanity and the interest of the whole community of nations should be placed before the interests of individual nations. The instruments of science, and scientists themselves, may be either the servants of life or the agents of death. Science, spiritualized, becomes a scepter for the Prince of Peace Himself; but science, debased and brutalized, becomes poisoned gas for women and babies, bombs over Barcelona and machine guns with their hurricanes of death across the hapless fields and villages of China. The super-man has made the airplane and the radio; but today the ape-man operates both.

IT WAS the super-man who discovered Prontalin, destroyer of streptococci germs; but it was the ape-man who made the discoverer himself a man without a country. It was the super-man who raised a great sanitarium in Frankfort; but it was the ape-man who destroyed the card index and drove the patients into the snow. It was the super-man who erected the municipal apartments in Stuttgart; but it was the ape-man who emptied them—who whipped the occupants into the street. It was the super-man who built great business enterprises of Munich and Cologne and raised synagogues of a devout people; but it was the ape-man who overturned their machines, desecrated their altars and razed them at last with fire. It was the super-man who discovered the X ray and radium; but it was the ape-man who smashed their laboratories with crowbars and sledge hammers. It was the super-man who discovered printing in China, honored the arts four thousand years before the rise of an Aryan civilization, and developed a philosophy of peaceful penetration millenniums before Roman squares conquered the Western World; but it was the ape-man who slashed them all with his sword of destruction and left their fairest children rotting in the sun.

It was the super-man who evolved the theory of relativity; but it was the ape-man who banished Einstein from his homeland. It was the super-man who wrote

symphonies and oratorios that are classics of the race; but it was the ape-man who obliterated the names of their authors and overturned their memorials. It was the super-man who preached the Gospel of good will, and the supreme spiritual authority of God; but it was the ape-man who sent Niemoeller to prison and who substituted a dictator for Christ. It was the super-man who achieved free speech, a free press, free schools and freedom of worship; but it was the ape-man who made freedom itself a crime. It was the super-man who builded the cathedrals and universities of Spain; but it was the ape-man who left them in red dust and ashes, and who in Russia turned children against parents, corrupted liberty with license and liquidated religion. It was the super-man who conceived a society of nations with a world parliament of free peoples; but it was the ape-man who broke the treaties he signed, violated the frontiers he pledged to protect, occupied the territories of his weaker neighbors, and made of international honor a shameless jest.

Super-man or ape-man? Here is the irreconcilable difference, the irrepressible conflict, of the twentieth century. There can be no appeasement between the two, and only one can survive. For the moment the ape-man has the throttling hold. But the moment is not the hour, and the hour is not the end of time. Hate destroys itself at last; only love has immortality.

Yes, the epic war of the twentieth century is between the super-man and the ape-man, but the ultimatum of civilization is, Christ or chaos—and man shall at last choose Christ.

Man shall at last choose Christ—His will and His way; His Sermon on the Mount, which is the epic of brotherhood; His passion for peace, His tenderness for little children and the weak, and His universal love of humankind. Man shall at last choose Christ—Christ with His Cross, beneath whose stern oak was broken the ape-man philosophy of another crisis in world affairs; Christ with His formula for the redemption of life through redeemed lives.

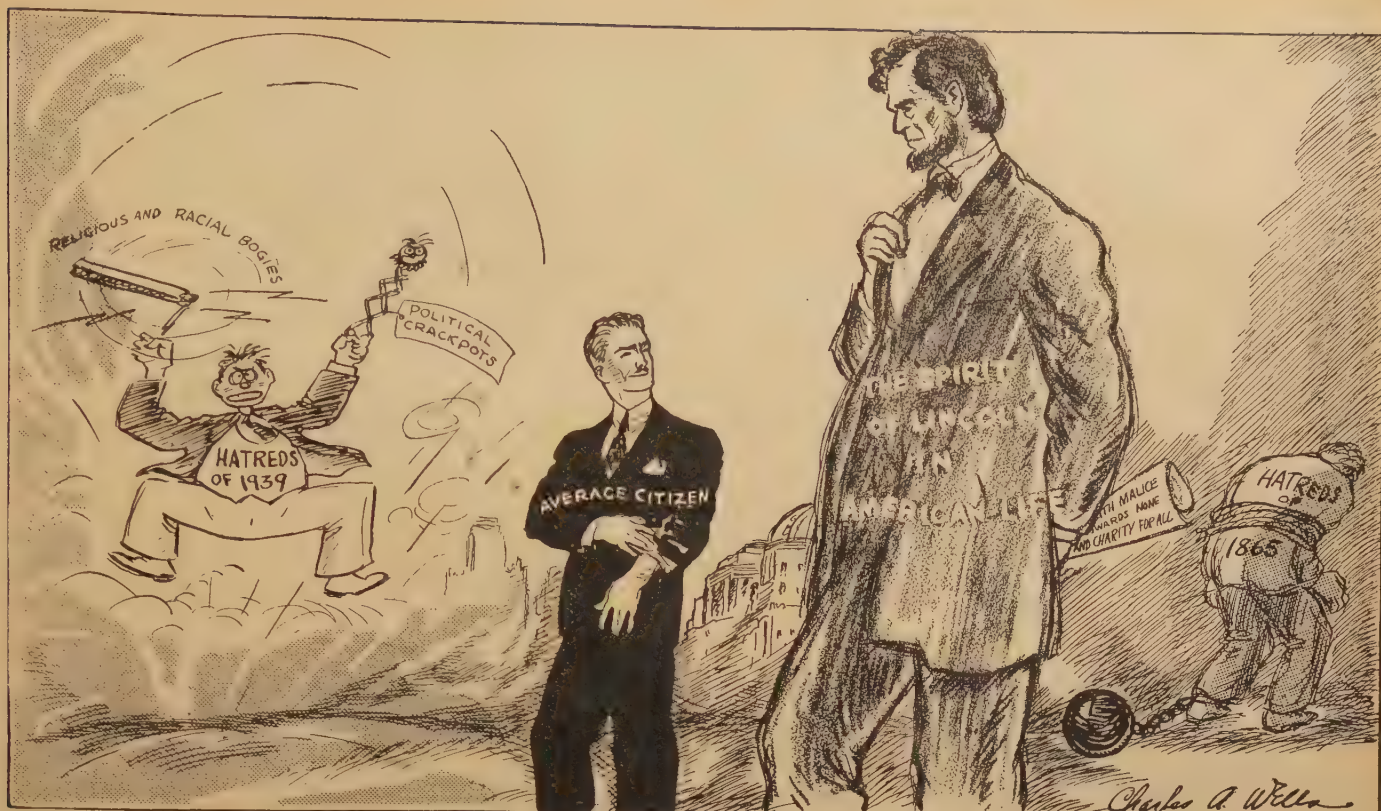
Civilization's ultimatum is Christ or chaos—and man shall at last choose Christ!

DANIEL A. POLING

The Wisdom of Lincoln

"THIS country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember or overthrow it. . . . Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better, or equal hope in the world . . . that truth and justice will surely prevail by the judgment of the great tribunal of the American people?" (From the first inaugural address.)

"The members of this society agree not to use intoxicating liquor nor provide it as an article of refreshment for their friends, nor for persons in their employment, nor will they use, manufacture or traffic in the same except for chemical, mechanical, medicinal or sacramental purposes." (Pledge which Lincoln took upon joining a Temperance Society—to which he added



AVERAGE CITIZEN: "COULD WE DO IT AGAIN?"

the words, "specially never to drink ardent spirits.")

"Now, my countrymen, if you have been taught doctrines conflicting with the great landmarks of the Declaration of Independence, if you have listened to suggestions which would take away from its grandeur and mutilate the fair symmetry of its proportions; if you have been inclined to believe that all men are not created equal in their inalienable rights enunciated by our charter of liberty, let me entreat you to come back—return to the fountain whose waters spring close by the blood of the Revolution. You may do anything you like with me . . . but do not destroy that immortal document of humanity—the Declaration of American Independence." (Campaign Address.)

"I have just told the folks here in Springfield . . . that the one victory we can ever call complete will be that one which proclaims that there is not one slave or one drunkard left on the face of God's green earth. Recruit for this victory." (From a letter to a young cadet.)

"And when that victory shall be complete—when there shall be neither a slave nor a drunkard on the earth—how proud the title of that land which may truly claim to be the birthplace and cradle of both these revolutions that shall end in that victory. How nobly distinguished that people who shall have planted and nurtured to maturity both the political

\$250 REWARD!!

Somewhere in America is the Country Parson we are seeking, and we want you to help us find him.

He is a preacher rich in experience, who has spent his life serving the spiritual and social needs of his town or country parish. He is a man who has faced deep problems—his own and other people's. He has emerged from life's kaleidoscope of pain and pleasure with a philosophy born of an intimate knowledge of men and women at their best and at their worst.

Life has neither embittered him by its disappointments nor deceived him by its victories. A deep spiritual conviction underlies his keen sense of humor.

Where is this Country Parson? Do you know him? Are you the man? If you think so write us, giving a five hundred word outline of his or your life. By an agreement with Harper & Brothers, famous book publishers, his story, when we find him, will be published in Christian Herald and in book form.

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All we want now is your letter nominating a Country Parson. It may earn you \$250. Your letter must be in our hands by April 1st. Address Managing Editor, Christian Herald, 419 Fourth Ave., New York City.

and moral freedom of their species." (From the address before the Springfield Washingtonian Society.)

"This is the one hundred and eleventh anniversary of the birthday of Washington—we are met to celebrate the day. Washington is the mightiest name of earth—long since mightiest in the cause of civil

liberty, still mightiest in moral reformation. On that name a eulogy is expected. It cannot be. To add brightness to the sun, or glory to the name of Washington, is alike impossible. Let none attempt it. In solemn awe pronounce the name, and in its naked, deathless splendor leave it shining on." (From the Springfield address.)

With a Pencil Stub

WINDOWS give us such fine changing pictures of sky, clouds, trees, and fields. I always wanted an extra one in the kitchen, so I could look down the lane toward the old beech tree, as I worked. Last week when Henry was laid up with a sprained ankle he sat in a rocker beside the kitchen range. After a day or so—he decided that another window would be a fine thing.

While I was walking home from Neighbor's house yesterday about twilight, the snow began to fall—just a flurry at first, and then a thick smothering fall blotting out the landscape. In the silent whiteness I seemed all alone in the white world.

Darkness was settling rapidly and I plodded along, I was glad to see the kitchen lights shining out their welcome. As I opened the door, there was the warmth and light and odor of bread baking and the fragrance of freshly-ironed clothes airing on the rack—and I thought of the old poem, "'Tis good to wander, But home is best."

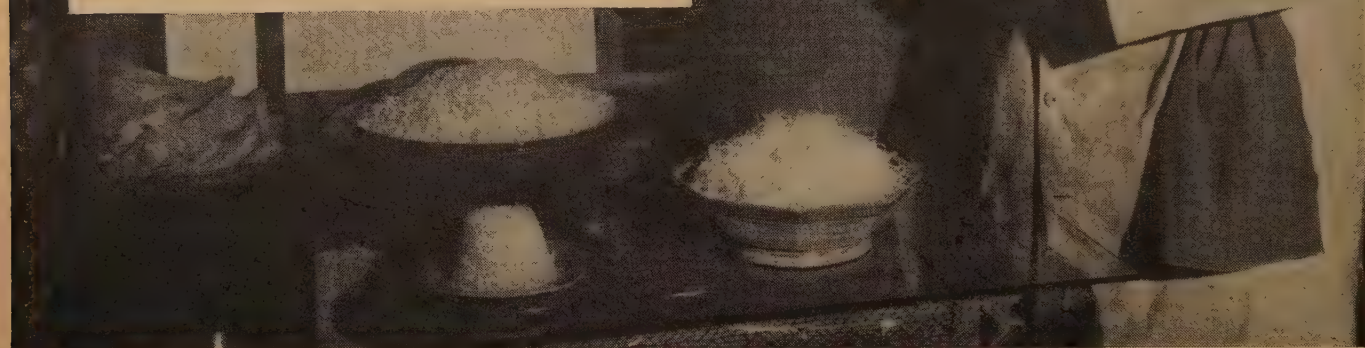
Country Contrib

Let's go ORIENTAL



EAST INDIAN SUPPER

Mulligatawny
Rice
Poppadums
Chutney — India Relish
Cashew Nuts
Fruit Salad
Tea




This Hindu chef is preparing mulligatawny with seasoning and wisdom

By **CLEMENTINE
PADDLEFORD**

Director,

CHURCH HOUSEKEEPING BUREAU

 **T**HREE months left before that summer social pause when organization activities go into the doldrums and heat waves, vacations and general lassitude hold sway. Three months left to bring the club budget up to its promises, and you know how time slips away.

If you would make up the treasury's deficit double quick, give an Evening Abroad at Home. Go Chinese or East Indian for the next church supper. Call it a "Missionary Mixer" or "All Aboard to India" or "Let's go Chinese." If your mission is in the South Sea Islands, then of course, serve Hawaiian food. Foreign menus should be simply planned with one hearty dish typical of the nation represented, then serve that and little else.

Every nation has some one dish for which it is famous around the globe. As a general rule these famous foods are

basically simple. There may be more than the average number of ingredients required, but easy rules put them together. These dishes are never mediocre, otherwise they never could have won renown.

In New York City a popular eating place is the East India Shop, managed by a returned missionary from Burma. One of her favorite supper dishes is mulligatawny, a soup, yet more than a soup, for it is dinner in a bowl. Not too strange, either, for American tastes.

The soup foundation is a mature chicken that by long simmering gives a rich golden broth, flecked with little beads of fat. The broth is seasoned with curry powder and strewn with freshly shredded coconut, lots of it, which gives that sweet nut-like flavor to the dish. Dahll, the Indian lentil, is tossed into this to simmer in the chicken liquor until it comes to tenderness. This, brewed and seasoned with Indian wisdom by the chef shown in the photograph, is mulligatawny—or almost.

The finish of the dish is rice and lemon juice; this added at serving time. A great bowl of the brown Patna rice of India is cooked dry and fluffy and set on the table hot. A tureen of soup accompanies it. Also a bowl of freshly grated coconut and

a plate of crisp poppadums hot from the deep fat kettle. Here is how the dish is served. First dip two or three ladles of soup into a bowl, then a big dip of rice, over this a squeeze of lemon juice. Have quartered lemon halves handy. Next sprinkle on the grated coconut just as one sifts grated cheese on onion soup.

Now don't say—"we can't get all those funny things!" Perhaps not but you can substitute and get about the same results. You do need curry powder—there is no substitute for this combination of Indian seasonings. But today most good groceries carry it. Use any rice available.

Poppadums are rare indeed. These are china thin wafers made from dahl and imported here from India. They are prepared by frying in deep fat or by oven baking, first spreading them thick with butter. These are used in India in place of bread to serve with soups and curries. Instead of poppadums ask your store for those hard chips which on dropping into hot fat expand to about four times their original size and turn up their edges into flower shapes. Or serve potato chips as thin and delightful as you can buy or make them. If fresh coconut isn't available use the moist pack and if that isn't around use the dry shredded. Now for an Americanized recipe to serve fifty guests:



any other European civilization. Naturally with such an attitude toward food the Indian cook has evolved many subtle dishes that require skill and art to prepare and a rare understanding of the use of condiments. There is curry powder which in India each cook concocts for herself of some dozen spices. We buy it here already prepared made of coriander, cinnamon, turmeric (for the coloring) cardamom, fenugreek, ginger, cayenne pepper, pimiento, black pepper, long pepper, cloves and nutmeg. Curries are not meant to be hot and fiery things. Go easy with the curry powder for a subtle pleasing flavor.

For the Indian dinner a curry might well be your choice for a main course. Like mulligatawny this dish makes the meal.

MEAT CURRY WITH RICE

2 quarts coarsely chopped onions	1½ gallons diced raw vegetables (string beans, carrots, celery)
4 cups butter	1½ gallons cubed raw meat
1 cup curry powder	3 gallons rice
4 cups water	
2½ gallons stock	

出入平安 五福臨門

Going out or coming in may you have peace

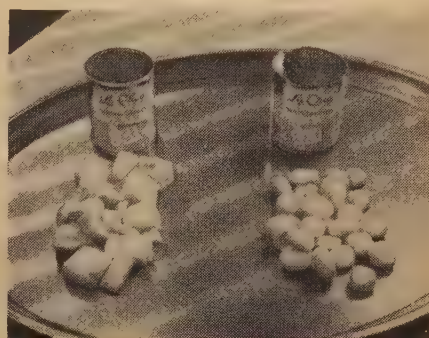
May the five blessings come to your door



Chow mein served with fried noodles or with a snowy mound of rice is the main course for this month's Chinese supper. Recipe is given

Fresh Chinese vegetables as displayed in a grocery store window in Chinatown, New York City. Almost all of these unusual products are now available in cans

Right are the canned bamboo shoots to use in chop suey, chow mein and other Chinese dishes including salads. Right are Chinese water chestnuts also a chop suey and chow mein ingredient and useful in salad combinations



Bean sprouts for a salad. These belong too in chop suey and chow mein. Soy sauce, right takes the place of salt in Chinese cookery

MULLIGATAWNY

8 chickens	1 fresh grated coconut,
16 small onions	or
2 cups Lentils or yellow split peas	4 pounds shredded coconut
1 gallon of stock	½ cup curry powder
2 quarts of coconut milk, or	16 bay leaves
	2 tablespoons salt
	2 cups butter

Divide the chicken into 8 or 10 joints and chop up the carcass. Slice the onions and fry in the butter until brown. Mix in the curry powder and salt and add the pieces of chicken and the carcass. Cook the chicken until well browned and quite tender. When done remove the pieces of chicken from the sauce leaving in the carcass. Now add the stock and the coconut milk or coconut, the peas (previously soaked in cold water for 12 hours) and the bay leaves. Bring to the boil and simmer for 1½ to 2 hours. Ten minutes before serving remove the carcass of the birds from the sauce and put in the pieces of cooked chicken.

Serve boiled rice with the dish as suggested. Also potato chips and chutney.



EAST INDIAN CHUTNEY SAUCE

4 cups seedless raisins	2½ tablespoons cinnamon
4 medium-sized onions, finely chopped	¼ cup mustard seed
4 cloves garlic, minced	2 dozen medium-sized cooking apples
¼ cup paprika	2 quarts vinegar
1 teaspoon cayenne	2 cups firmly packed brown sugar
½ cup salt	
2 cups sugar	

Chop raisins, add onion, garlic, seasonings, salt, sugar, cinnamon and mustard seed. Pound in a wooden bowl with a masher or mallet until a fine mash is formed. Pare, core and slice apples, add vinegar and brown sugar and simmer until apples are very soft. Beat until smooth and cool. Then beat in the spicy mash gradually. When blended turn into sterilized jars and cover with paraffin. Approximate yield: 1 gallon sauce.

Food has held a high place in Indian life from time immemorial, a higher place by far than has been attributed to it by

Saute onions in butter 5 minutes. Stir curry to a paste with cold water; add to onions. Add vegetables, meat and stock. Cover and cook very slowly one hour. Serve on rice. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

To serve a perfect curry dish one must first of all master the art of cooking rice. Curry calls for a snowy mound (or one tinted pale gold with turmeric), each grain separate from the others, soft and yet quite dry.

CHOWL (Rice)

1 quart rice	¼ cup salt
2 gallons boiling water	

Wash the rice thoroughly in several waters until all the loose starch is removed. Drain. Have the boiling water ready in a deep saucepan, add the salt, slowly drop in the rice, and allow to boil for about 12 or 25 minutes, or until a grain when pressed between the thumb and finger is entirely soft. In order to

(Continued on page 48)



February, 1939

DAILY MEDITATIONS

For the Quiet Hour

BY REV. FRANK S. MEAD

A PRAYER AND MEDITATION FOR SPIRITUAL PROGRESS EACH DAY OF THE YEAR

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 1

A DIFFERENT ROAD
READ MATTHEW 2:1-12.

MATTHEW says that the Magi "went back to their own country by a different road." (Moffat's Translation.) I think probably there was only one road back, but it was somehow different after Bethlehem. When they came to Bethlehem, they met rough men and unkempt women and dirty, quarreling children.

But after they had looked into the face of the Babe, every man was a child of God, every woman made them think of Mary the Mother, and every Babe seemed to have within him the potentialities of the Babe in the manger. One glimpse of the Divine countenance had changed everything, everybody. The Magi themselves were to be different ever afterward, and the road they traveled though perhaps the same route, was a different road.

Grant us, O Christ, that we may see mankind through Thy holy eyes. May they no longer be only men, but men made in the image of Thy Father. May they be not only women, children, but souls waiting to be touched by the light of Thy star.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 2

THE BARRIERS
READ ROMANS 14:1-10.

A YOUNG British Prince once visited Bombay. There were rope barriers in the streets, erected to hold back the untouchables. When the Prince came riding in his car, the mob surged toward it, that they might see him better. The police fought them; the Prince stopped the fight with words that should remain immortal. Said he: "Take down the barriers, and let them through!" They did, and to this day the untouchables of India speak of the light on his face!

Is that the task of the Church today—the breaking down of those barriers that keep men apart? The barriers of race, ignorance, money, creed, social position?

Deliver me, O Lord, from ever putting a stumbling-block in my brothers' path. Strengthen my hand to tear away those barriers of the spirit and the flesh which impede the march of Thy Kingdom.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 3

THE FATHER KNOWS
READ MATTHEW 6:1-8.

AT LUNCH, a youngster asked for a helping of peas. The peas were bad, and not to be eaten. Yet a sister, more in love than in good sense, gave the lad what he wanted. Result: a very sick boy!

Now if all our prayers are answered, the result would be something like that. Often it is not good, not even healthy for body or soul, that God should grant our prayers. Sometimes he must say "No!" We should accept the "No" as an answer, as well as the "Yes." For the Father knoweth what things ye have need of before ye ask Him—and He knows whether or not they are good for you to have.

Take from our prayers, O God, all selfishness. Make us to pray with all our minds, as well as with all our hearts. Grant us peace and faith in the answer that comes.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 4

LET THY LIGHT SHINE
READ MATT. 5:12-16.

AN EXPLORER in the heart of Africa let drop the word "Jesus." A native said quickly. "Jesus? We know him. He lived in this village."

Astounded, the explorer did some spiritual exploring, and he learned that years before an unknown missionary had come to the village, talked of Christ, and so lived like Christ that the natives came to think of him as Christ!

Some men are like that. Their very presence makes us think they are not of this earth; they make us think of God. Let your light so shine that they—may glorify the Father.

O Thou shining Christ, may we be human mirrors of thy spirit here on earth, reflecting thee to all mankind.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 5

THE SALAD
READ PSALM 19.

WE HAD fruit salad for lunch. That salad didn't just get together by accident. Someone made it; someone brought together the oranges, apples, bananas and mayonnaise. It didn't just happen.

Knowing that, I find it impossible to believe that the universe just happened—that it accidentally became a universe. Some one made it, planned it; Some one is still guiding it. It takes a great mind to keep the stars in their places, the earth in its orbit, the spheres under control; that takes a mind as big as God's.

So, everywhere I look in this universe, I see evidence of the mind of God at work; I see the traces of His fingers in the firmament, and all earth as well as all heaven declares to me His glory and His handiwork.

Open our eyes, O thou Creator God, to the work of Thy hands all about us. And make us to know that Thou hast created us as well as the glorious world in which we live.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 6

A GROWING GOD
READ I CORINTHIANS 13.

WHEN I thought as a child, I thought of God as an old man with a great beard who sat all day before a big book, writing down therein the record of my vices and my virtues. But when I became a man I put away that idea, and I thought of God not as a relentless old judge, but as the spirit of love abroad in His world.

The idea of God should grow. He should enlarge as our life-experience enlarges, grow as we grow, become larger as our lives broaden out. There is nothing static or stationary about Him; He moves! Moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform.

We thank Thee, O Lord, for the faith of childhood; for the simplicity and beauty of it. Grant that as we leave the simple world of childhood for the complex, bewildering grown-up world of maturity, we may find Thee still master of it.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 7

THOUGH HE SLAY ME
READ JOB 13:1-15.

WE REMEMBER a boy dying in France. The doctor found him bleeding from a hundred little wounds, and told him that soon he must "Go West." He turned his face to the wall for a moment, and then looked back to the doctor. He said, "Well, that's what I came over here for."

Even though He slay me, said Tob.

DAILY MEDITATIONS FOR THE QUIET HOUR

yet will I trust Him. Even though I die and can't understand why, yet I know God must have a purpose in my dying. That's what He sent me here to do!

May we hold fast to faith in the Valley of the Shadow, O God, and know that we live and die according to Thy plan.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 8

THE LITTLE MEN

READ JEREMIAH 38:1-13.

I AM intrigued by Ebed-melek. You never heard of him? You are one of many. Not one in a million Christians knows this Ethiopian eunuch.

Jeremiah was imprisoned in an old cistern, and in danger of dying from thirst and hunger. It was lowly Ebed who dared to go in to the king and plead for the prophet in the pit; it was this obscure, unknown man who saved the first prophet in the land.

What if there had been no Ebed-melek? What if there were no common men, doing their jobs day in and day out, doing the hard little things that prophets don't have to do? Where would the prophets be without them?

Deliver us, Lord, from the urge to be prophets all. Inspire us to do the little, common thing, and to do it well. Help us to glorify the commonplace.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9

A TOY OR A BUSINESS?

READ JOHN 7:21-29.

HENRY DRUMMOND preached every Sunday night to sixteen hundred college men. At the end of every sermon he stood with his hands on his hips and his eyes on his audience and asked quietly, "Men, do you mean business? Is your religion to be a business or a toy?"

Too much evil has happened in this world because we Christians did not mean business. We worship only on Sunday. But religion is a seven-day-a-week affair, not a toy to be taken out and played with one day out of seven.

If we really meant business, twenty-four hours a day, what would happen to war and poverty? They would disappear.

We repent that we have not taken Thee seriously, O Christ. We are ashamed, since Thou didst take us so seriously that Thou didst die for us. May we live for Thee!

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 10

IF

READ JOHN 14:1-14.

LIFE, says some one, is built on both sides of "if." If this had only happened, or if that hadn't happened! If the French hadn't come to the aid of Washington; if Blucher's cavalry hadn't gotten stuck in the mud at Waterloo! And what if that boat load of disciples that stormy night on Galilee had really sunk? What of Christianity, then?

If, if, if. There seems to be no surety in life. But there is no "if" in the word "God." There is surety here, without end!

Guide us, Our Father, that we may put our trust first and last in Thee.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11

NO SECRET PLACES

READ PSALM 139.

IT WAS Edwin Booth the actor who received a note from a friend asking for a pass to see a play that was not exactly popular. The friend wanted to be slipped in through a side door, where no one would see him. Booth wrote on the back of the note his denial, with the words, "There is no door in my theater through which God Almighty cannot come."

There are no secrets hid from God. There are no secret places He cannot enter. He finds us, searches us out, everywhere. If we ascend up into heaven, He is there; if we descend to make our beds in hell, He is there. We may hide from man, but escape God we cannot. He enters everywhere.

May we stand foursquare before Thee, Our Father, and never hide. May our lives be as open doors through which Thou shalt come freely, and find welcome.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 12

THE CHRISTIAN LINCOLN

READ LUKE 17:1-9.

ANTI-CHRISTIANS make much of the fact that Lincoln was not so ardent a churchgoer as he might have been. Perhaps not. But I have as yet to find anyone who will deny that Lincoln was a great Christian.

It was Lincoln who, in the dark days of the Civil War, was found on his knees, praying; he explained: "I went to God, for there was no other one to go to." It was Lincoln who went into the little Gettysburg church to pray before he made America's greatest speech. And it was Lincoln who died at last with his martyred soldiers, in freedom's cause.

Greater love hath no man than this; not that he attend church only—but that he lay down his life for his friend.

For leaders on their knees, O God, we thank Thee. For Godly men in the seats of the mighty, we beg Thee. For faith in the darkest hour, for men who turn to Thee when men turn from them, we petition Thee.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 13

IMMORTALITY

READ MATTHEW 28:1-10.

MY YOUNG son stepped on a bug on the sidewalk, and crushed it to death. He looked up from the spot that had once been the living bug, and he asked, "Daddy, where did the bug go?"

There is nothing childish about that question; it is profound. One moment that bug had been a living, breathing, moving thing; the next, it was a spot on the sidewalk. Just where did the life of that bug go?

How deadly it would be to think that this happened to all of us: that after our three score and ten, we should be just blotted out. How glorious it is to find Jesus walking in the garden after the death of the Cross. He was not blotted out. He never meant us to be. We find a fairer garden after death.

O Thou deathless Christ, help us to know that because we live, we are immortal. Strengthen our faith that death is not the end, but an episode, a changing from one form of life to another.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 14

PROOF

READ PSALM 14.

A NOTED atheist stood in a thunderstorm on the steps of his club, and he cried to the lightning: "If God be directing that lightning, let Him strike me dead." Nothing happened. But two months later the man lay dead—of the bite of a lowly spider.

God does not change the order of nature to prove His power to anyone. Nature's law is His law; He lets that law take its course. He is not mocked, nor driven into proof of His power; He uses tiny agents, tiny as a spider, to do that for Him.

May we prove ourselves unto Thee, O God, ere we call for proof that Thou art God.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 15

THE POSTERN GATE

READ I COR. 10:1-13.

A POSTERN gate, says Webster, is a "back door or gate, a private way." Paul may have been thinking of that when he says in our scripture-reading that God always leaves a gate open for man's escape from temptation.

It would be better if we left a gate open, somewhere behind us, by which we might return to God when all the gates ahead seem locked. A postern gate, through which we might return again to find the God we have lost in the chaos of the world. Too many of us cut ourselves off from God carelessly. We should be thoughtful enough to leave a way open.

In the bitter confusion of things as they are, O God, may we provide a way of escape to Thee. May there be a postern-gate for every weary soul!

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16

CHARACTER

READ LUKE 10:30-42.

MR. LITTLE FAITH, in *Pilgrim's Progress*, fell among thieves in Dead-
(Continued on page 66)



By

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

HAVE you ever been homeless? Ever been hungry? Have you ever had to wait on a long line, hoping for a cup of coffee and a bowl of soup? Have you ever felt like the poor darky who, hearing the noonday factory whistle, called out, "Well, it may be dinner-time fer them—but it's only jes' twelve o'clock fer me!"

I hope not. I hope so with all my heart. For poverty is a dreadful thing. It is a living death. It is the supreme horror stalking through the world. "The poor ye have always with you." And that is life's consuming tragedy. But we can decrease the number of the poor and homeless—if we will.

Whenever I am depressed in mind and heart, I take a walk on the Bowery, in New York. For then I see real trouble; and my own selfish concerns vanish in a twinkling. I think that pity is one of the greatest emotions a human being can have. But pity is not enough. It must be reinforced by the wish—the will—to help those less fortunate than ourselves. It must be active, not negative. It must *do* something about the wrongs and injustices of the world. You see a blind man groping down the street. It is not enough that you "feel sorry" for him. You must help him along his stricken way; you must take his arm and see that he safely crosses

LOOK IN AT THE



WARM FOOD, A SHAVE, CLEAN CLOTHES, AND A NIGHT'S

the thoroughfare. You must do more—if you can. "There, but for the grace of God . . ." remember.

But if, on that street called the Bowery, you see squalor and misery and sorrow, you also may see goodness and helpfulness. You may see loneliness; but also you can find friendship. At the Bowery Mission, for instance.

Now, the Bowery is a strange street. It has a strange history. Do you know why it was so named? Perhaps not. Long years ago when New York was toddling toward its present greatness of size, this street was darkened, not by a thundering Elevated road, but by enormous trees. They spread over the wide sidewalks, as I have seen in old engravings, forming a

bower, and out of the then fine houses on either side of the road, ladies and gentlemen stepped to take a stroll. The ladies were in crinoline skirts, with gay parasols over their pretty heads; the men in romantic colored coats and vests and trousers, carrying beautiful canes. It was a street of fashion, if you will believe me. But now. . . .

Ah! for two or three generations it has been a sordid, unattractive thoroughfare, of which songs have been written. The poor throng its pavements now. Forty thousand a day sometimes troop through it in wintry weather, a forlorn host who have no other place to go. In summer, at least twenty-two thousand crowd along the same way, in the blistering heat, a

ragged and tatterdemalion horde. You should see them—you who live in comfortable homes or ivory towers. The sight would awaken something in your heart. Perhaps—who knows?—you would never complain again if you watched, just once, those stricken, tragic faces, those burdened spirits who creep through semidarkness on the only way they know.

Fifty years ago the Bowery Mission came into existence. It was not situated, then, on the Bowery. It was in another sordid district of our tumultuous town; but its light was shining in its door; it seemed to hold out a welcome for any poor passerby. It followed the poor as they crept to the Bowery; crept there,

back their old lost courage.

I saw, the bitter day I was there, dozens of them flocking to the second floor of the Mission, painfully climbing the stairs, anxious to get winter clothing. Those faces—they will always haunt me now. In some of the sad eyes I could read long stories of gradual disintegration and despair. I saw intelligence in many countenances: men, obviously of education and gentle birth, who had been driven to this last appeal for charity in our conglomerate city.

How had they fallen upon evil days? What net of circumstances had forced them to this helpful home? Sometimes it takes a human being a long, long time

lessens, and the men are given their overcoats and shoes, surely he must feel better when each painful day comes to an end. For he has caused happiness to bloom where once it languished like a decayed leaf.

Here cleanliness is indeed next to godliness. For each man, receiving his new clothes, must take off his old ones, fumigate them himself, and then step into his fresh habiliments, after a refreshing shower bath. A barber will trim his hair; but he is given implements to shave himself. He is given a basin in which to wash his face and hands. He is given a bed in a preliminary room; and he is given sustaining soup and stew, and milk and coffee.

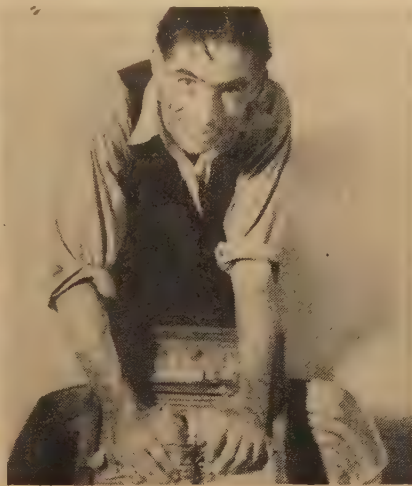
What a work it is! This driftwood of the vast city—they must be gathered together and taken care of. They must be made to see the glory of work, to see how only through honest toil can a man get back his self-respect, his ability to face life as a man should. Drones are not encouraged. Indeed, they are quickly weeded out, to make room for the worthy.

For philanthropy, as a wise man once said, is a science that must be studied like any other science. The lazy and indigent are not really helped if you merely give, and give, and give. They must have ambition instilled into them. And so, every Sunday, Charlie St. John offers an hour's radio talk from the chapel of the Mission. You should hear the lusty choral singing; you should hear Charlie St. John's humorous turns of phrase—for thank heaven he has a rare sense of humor. He asks any man who wishes to do so, who is already vouched for by the Mission, to come to the microphone himself and make a personal plea for a job—any job, anywhere. And sometimes there is a response to that faint voice. A response beyond the wildest dreams of the man uttering the appeal. Through the magic of the radio he may get a chance to perform several kinds of tasks. A demand for the likes of him? Yes! He can scarcely believe it. But the world isn't such a selfish, cruel place, after all, he discovers. In the country round about someone may be in need of just such a fellow, to trim the lawn, to stoke a furnace, to run errands—to do many things of which he is capable.

It is a sad commentary on our times that about ninety-five per cent of the men who come here have had, and are still having, their battle with the demon Drink. The corner saloons tempt them beyond their strength. And when they earn a few pennies, though they may seek to resist the temptation, often in the end they will seek a saloon to drown, for a moment, their sorrows. And such poor drink it is! Such dreadful, poisonous stuff, not fit to be consumed.

Do you know what "smoke" is? Neither did I, until Charlie St. John told me. It is an insidious drink passed over the bars down this way to men like these. It deadens the faculties, like a drug, and for a little time . . . dreams, and a semblance of peace. Then comes the hideous awakening, when life is more terrible than before.

Now, the Superintendent, to make clear to these men what "smoke" could do to their stomachs, once got a piece of raw meat and soaked (Continued on page 60)



BOWERY MISSION



REFRESHING SLEEP, RESTORE A MAN'S SELF-RESPECT

because they knew not where else to go.

Remember its address. No. 227. A neat brick building, that stands out like a little jewel in the rows of ugly buildings that surround it. Go there some winter afternoon, as I have done. Go there, and see the men—the wraiths of men—who seek its door. A shudder will pass over you. But—a wonderful feeling, too, will encompass you; because you will see what an amazing work is being accomplished here. The trains fly above you, filled with people who are going to work, or coming from it. How the creatures beneath them must envy them their jobs, their ability to make a decent living, while they—oh, there are so many of them!—crave the chance to do something, anything, to bring

to dare to tell his dark secret of misfortune to another. But the present Superintendent of the Bowery Mission, Charlie St. John, listens patiently to their tales of grief and pain. Often as many as seven hundred men a day reach the door of the Mission. That is a vast number, isn't it? The flotsam and jetsam of New York; the incredibly wounded in spirit and body; the patient, solemn poor, ragged and destitute.

But Charlie listens to all they may have to tell him. His job must take all his strength—and he is a strong man, with a strong voice, and infinite patience. No tale goes unheard. The sick, the lame, the halt, the blind—all these he hears recite their piteous stories, and as the line

TEXT: JEREMIAH 2:13 "MY PEOPLE HAVE COMMITTED TWO EVILS: THEY HAVE FORSAKEN ME, THE FOUNTAIN OF LIVING WATERS, AND HEWED THEM OUT CISTERNS, BROKEN CISTERNS THAT CAN HOLD NO WATER."

"SUBSTITUTES FOR GOD"

By FRANK F. WARREN, M. A.

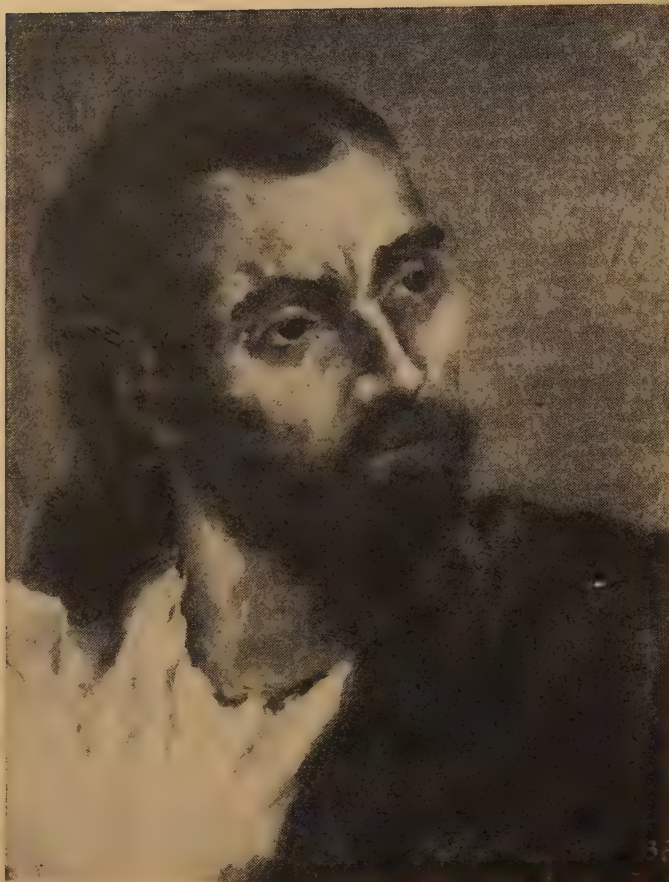
IF EVER there lived an Old Testament prophet with a message for this modern day, that man was Jeremiah. We do not turn to him as we ought for guidance, because he is so little known. Traditionally the world has known him only as "The Weeping Prophet," and so common has this impression become that we find his name has been woven into a perfectly good dictionary word, namely "jeremiad," a tale of sorrow, disappointment, or complaint. It is rather tragic that one of the strongest characters that ever lived should be thus known. The mental picture that many have of this great soul, is that of an effeminate-appearing man, who was likely to break forth into tears at any moment! Artists have definitely neglected him as a subject worthy of their talent. Then, too, unfortunately his mighty book presents to the reader who has never discovered the key, a rather jumbled series of poorly connected prophecies, and because of this it is safe to say that the average Christian looks elsewhere for guidance.

In order to know this mighty man and to discover his message for America at this hour, we turn the clock of time back to the sixth century before Christ. We discover this period to be one of the most important of ancient times. Here is God marching with irresistible force and momentum while little man lives and acts as though he can stop the eternal purposes. Jeremiah, like us of today, lived on a precipitous peak of history. The times were evil. Puny man lifted himself up in defiance of Almighty God and thought he could play with Eternity. Jeremiah lived long enough to see the finest system of religion the world had ever known crumble into ashes. He lived to see the law fail, the nation dispersed and the fire on the altar of sacrifice go out. But as some one so splendidly said, "He gathered the fire into his bosom and carried it not only unquenched but with a purer flame than ever before."

We think in our little understanding of time, that the world moves with greater rapidity now than ever before. But see what happened in the span of one checked life! That sixth century before Christ was indeed an auspicious one, for depths were being sounded in the human soul never before known. There were five

great geographical centers of the world and at least five great souls who touched the world. Persia had its Zoroaster, India its Manhavera and his "Bo tree." China gave to the world Laotze who was to lay the foundation for Taoism. A Confucius came to his own and the great souls of Greece were reaching out in influence. And here was little Palestine, the bridge of the world over which the great armies of Egypt and Babylon must pass. Early in the century had come the rumors of a strange new foe from the north, the Scythians, who were threatening the peace of the world. Came that fatal hour when Josiah marched out to tell Pharaoh-Necho that he could not march through Palestine without his permission, and good but unwise Josiah fell in battle. In 597 B. C. ten thousand of the best of the land were carried off into captivity. It was a headstrong age with the mass rising against the privileged class and with strange ideas of communism being put forth. King after king came but turned from the altars to compromises and the glory of God was on the wane. There was no open vision and the graduates of the Schools of the Prophets were weak men who were pleased to tickle the ears of the public.

But the day was not altogether hopeless, for it had its Jeremiah! We turn to but one chapter of his matchless book to note how the prophet dealt with his age and incidentally with ours. The chapter opens with a magnificent picture of God's love for the house of Jacob and how like a lover God had wooed her. Jeremiah reminds his day of the early faithfulness of the nation to God and how she had bravely followed God "through the wilderness, through a land of deserts and of pits, through a land of drought and of the shadow of death, through a land that none passed through and where no man dwelt." But Israel had followed as a bride follows her love and God had



JEREMIAH

From a painting by DeVoe Fugitt

brought the people "into a plentiful land." Then when sleek and well-filled, alas, the country had turned from God and had defiled the land with its abominations. "And the priests no longer said, where is Jehovah?" Likewise they that handled the law no longer knew God, and the rulers transgressed against Him while the prophets walked after things "that do not profit."


Was Israel the only nation who received from the bountiful hand of God and then straightway forgot the source of their blessing? No nation of modern times has been as signally blessed as these United States. From the first the hand of God has been mightily upon us. But the tragedy of the present hour is that having become great, we have turned from the God who made us great. Jeremiah in this same chapter shows how the nations who do not serve the living God are more true to their false gods than was Judah to her God. "Hath a nation changed its gods which are not gods? but my people have changed their glory for that which doth not profit. Be astonished, oh ye heavens, at this, and be ye horribly afraid." It remains irrevocably true that in this day and age, there is a strange loyalty on the part of many of the non-Christian religionists that puts the loyalty of the average American today to shame. We can expect God to do but little for us in such an age when on all hands there is such a definite lack of loyalty to Him.

Jeremiah, the keenest diagnostician of his century, at the very beginning of his great prophecy put his hand directly on

(Continued on page 54)

Check Yourself

for these common signs of Acid Indigestion

- 
- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Heartburn | <input type="checkbox"/> "Logginess" |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Nausea | <input type="checkbox"/> Sour Stomach |
| <input type="checkbox"/> No Appetite | <input type="checkbox"/> "Acid" Headache |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tired Feeling in Morning | <input type="checkbox"/> "Gas" |

*If You Have any of these Symptoms—
and suspect Acid Indigestion as the Cause—Lose No Time in
"Alkalizing" the Quick, Easy "Phillips'" Way. If Trouble Persists
—GO TO YOUR DOCTOR TO FIND THE CAUSE*

DON'T BE ALARMED if you get a low "score" on the above symptoms—and suspect over-acidity as the cause. For now there is a way to relieve even the most annoying symptoms of "acid indigestion"—a way that acts with almost incredible speed—is simple to do—and costs but a few pennies.

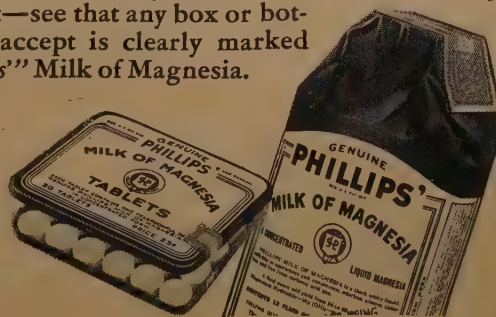
What you do is *alkalize excess stomach acidity* almost instantly this way:

JUST DO THIS—Take 2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia 30 minutes after meals. OR—take 2 Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets, the exact equivalent.

Results are amazing. Often you get relief in a few minutes. Your stomach is alkalized—soothed. Nausea and upset distress quickly disappear. It produces no gas to embarrass you and offend others.

Try it—you'll be glad you did. Get either a bottle of *liquid* Phillips' Milk of Magnesia for home use or get a big box of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets to carry with you—have ready when trouble begins. Only 25c a box. But—see that any box or bottle you accept is clearly marked "Phillips'" Milk of Magnesia.

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA





GODETIA, OR SATIN FLOWER,
FROM THE FERRY-MORSE CO.

By **EMILY SEABER PARCHER**

A THRILL awaits you if you have never tried any of the unique annuals which parade through the catalogues each spring with luring promises. The old favorites are all very well; Nasturtiums, Zinnias, Marigolds, and Cosmos are friends tried and true, but isn't there a time when you want to experience something new? Something different?

The flower that first lured me into the unknown paths of the annual world was Godetia. It is by no means a new flower but one not commonly grown in this country. Perhaps that was why I was attracted to it. I had never known any of my friends to grow it, and even now, after years of gardening and meeting hundreds of amateur gardeners, I have never heard mention of my quaint little flower, although undoubtedly there are those who love it as I do.

"Satin flower" they call it. That is what first roused my curiosity. What could this flower be, that had clusters of satin cups in varying shades of pink, roses and crimsons? I read so much about their satin texture that in spite of the fact that I had mostly shade in my garden and Godetias are native to California and should therefore have a sunny exposure and light, warm soil, I bought a package and planted them. (I afterward learned that they do better in part shade.)

What was my delight when they poked their heads up through the rather clayey soil, growing to a height of about a foot and then giving forth their clusters of blossoms during the summer and up until fall. Soft and silky they were too; just as the catalogues described them.

There had been nothing said about their cutting qualities

Looking ahead TO NEW ANNUALS

however, and I was afraid they would be impossible. What was my surprise when I found that they blended enchantingly with other flowers and lasted an unusual length of time indoors. They soon gained a unique place in my heart as a cut flower and an outdoor friend.

As with all annuals, the seedlings must have steady, continuous growth. You are advised to plant Godetias where they are to bloom, thinning them out to within five or six inches of each other. (But I had them closer and even transplanted a few, which grew quite as well as those left undisturbed.)

One spring my older daughter decided to earn money by selling seeds (most of which I had to buy). Among them were some Dahlia seeds. At that time I had never heard of planting Dahlias from seeds, but I decided I'd try anything. They came up fairly soon and grew into squat, bushy plants with multitudes of blossoms on them. Red, yellow, pink. I did no bud-pinch and received no giant prize-winning blooms, but I had a number of attractive branches terminating in flat, wide-petaled blossoms which were excellent for indoor arrangements.

In the fall I cut them down after the frost had nipped them, just as you do any Dahlias, and then dug them up after ten days or so, to store in the cellar. The roots were a mass of tubers.

Does the name *Dimorphotheca* (pronounced dy-mor-fo-thee'-kah) mean anything to you? Some people erroneously call it African Daisy, but it is in reality the Cape Marigold, although like African Daisy, it comes from South Africa, and resembles it somewhat. It has daisy-like petals which expand in full sunlight and close toward sundown.

There are some perennials in this family, but I tried an annual, *Dimorphotheca* glistening white. They came up readily, the leaves a soft green like African Daisy leaves, but I soon saw that this new plant was to be low and spreading, with flat blossoms of true snowy loveliness, lined with a pale gray-blue and encircling a dark center.

They did not seem to mind the rather poor, clayey soil, but bloomed readily up to frost; even after frost in one instance. Many other plants were entirely gone one brisk October morning when I wandered through my garden. I lamented the glories of the annual bed and the early perennials, when to my surprise among the dead petunias and wilted stalks of its kind was one dazzling white *Dimorphotheca*, its rays of petals spread wide to the warm October sun, a sight to stay the boldness of coming winter.

Is it a vine you demand for the back end of the porch which the wisteria hasn't covered yet? Then try *Cobaea* with its violet-colored, bell-shaped flowers set off by a leafy calyx. It will delight you equally as a quick-growing screen or as a cascade to tumble over your stone wall.

The flowers are curiosities, like miniature cups and saucers, which earn for their parent the name of "Cup-and-saucer vine." *Cobaea scandens* is the principal species and its a perennial under tropical conditions. In the North it grows readily from seeds, if started indoors in pots or in a hothouse. Remember, the seeds give best results when started on their sides, and the flowers will bloom until frost if established in a sheltered spot.

It would be silly to rave here about Heavenly Blue Morning Glories when there has been so much publicity about them lately, and you all know there isn't a more desirable annual vine. Like exaggerated peep-holes fallen from the sky, they can brighten up the sides of an ugly garage with their myriads of blooms, or glamorize the most uninteresting of (Continued on page 60)

Have Doctor Come

IF QUICK-ACTING BAYER ASPIRIN FAILS TO RELIEVE DISCOMFORT OF

COLDS

RAW THROAT



1. First take two Bayer Aspirin Tablets in a glass of water, to relieve that aching soreness that usually comes with your cold.



2. Then dissolve 3 Bayer Tablets in $\frac{1}{3}$ glass of water and gargle—to relieve scratchy feeling in throat due to a cold.



3. If temperature does not go down—if throat pains and aches are not quickly relieved—call your family doctor.

Thousands Know This Easy Way to Quick Relief

TAKE A MINUTE to look at the pictures above. They may save you hours of discomfort next time you have a cold or the raw, scratchy sore throat that comes with colds.

For these pictures explain the simple way—with genuine Bayer Aspirin—to get quick relief from your pain discomfort. A way countless thousands will tell you is amazingly fast and effective.

Try it. Then—because ANY cold can lead to serious consequences—pneumonia or influenza, for instance—**SEE YOUR DOCTOR**. He will tell you whether your cold is serious, and what treatment to follow.

In all probability, he will tell you to continue with the Bayer Aspirin because it acts to relieve the painful discomforts of a cold with remarkable speed. And because it acts to reduce fever. This simple treatment has largely supplanted the use of strong medicines in the

treatment of cold symptoms. Perhaps the simplest and most effective way yet discovered.

Remember to ask for “BAYER ASPIRIN” by its full name—not for “aspirin” alone. Get real BAYER ASPIRIN tablets this way.

PAINS—Fast-acting Bayer Tablets are used by millions on doctors' advice for prompt relief of Headache—pain from Rheumatism, Neuritis, Neuralgia.

15¢ FOR 12 TABLETS

2 FULL DOZEN 25¢



(Continued from page 18)



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Western Electric
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Ortho-technic Model

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Please send details on Western Electric Audiphone (Ortho-technic Model) and name of nearest dealer.

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Do you worry over catching colds easily?—That sticky mucus in your nose?—A watery nasal discharge?—Phlegm in your throat?—Catarrhal bad breath?—Poor hearing at times?—Tickling, irritated sensitive throat?

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PIEDMONT PLANT CO., Box 923, Albany, Ga.

"No wonder you ran away, then," Ned said.

"Oh, it wasn't that," Archie replied. "I just got—sort of lonesome."

Mrs. Dougherty's eyes filled with tears. "Really? A boy like you—with everything?"

"I don't have many good times," Archie told her. He thought of his schedule of days, one just like the other—a long chain of them, with lessons, and breakfast, lunch and dinner, always with Nanine, jabbering her language with him. Then bed, down here, at eight o'clock, in the great Spanish room, where he peeped from the window at the stars. And in the morning, Nanine always came to wake him, with a loud, "Bon jour, mon petit!" and the same thing all over again—just another day, somehow to be got through. He saw people come in to lunch in the patio, but he was seldom allowed to speak to them. He could hear their voices from an upper room, but Nanine would not permit him to go near the window to look down. He must be a perfect little gentleman, every moment. A child's place was with his nurse. His mother came to kiss him goodnight just before he was ready for bed, and sometimes his father let him swim with him in the pool for half an hour; aside from that, he hardly saw his parents. His afternoon drives were always with Nanine. And he was not happy when he was with her.

"May I have another egg?" Archie said. He would not have dared say that to Nanine.

"Why, certainly," said Mrs. Dougherty. "And some more milk, too, you little lamb." She filled his plate and his cup. Oh, it was good! He liked eggs, but there was always spinach, or broccoli at home. And custard—he was so tired of it. Was it because he was eating, for the first time, out in the air near the ocean, that this food tasted so good—and different? He didn't know. He only knew that he was happy.

Mr. and Mrs. Dougherty conferred again. "It's getting dark," Archie heard one of them say. "I think we'd better find his house, and take him there. You can imagine how worried his parents must be."

"Must I go back so soon?" Archie asked. "I love it out here."

"Yes; we must take you back now. Do you think you know the way?"

Archie was ashamed to say that he did not. "It's somewhere near Jungle Road, I think," he told them. "A Spanish house." Which was not much of a clue. "I wish Ned could go with me, and stay a while, and play. I've never had a house guest."

Mrs. Dougherty didn't know whether to smile or weep as he said this. "Poor lamb," she compromised, and patted his curly head again. Then, to her husband, in a low tone, "I guess we can guess, Phil, how they live, can't we? And we wouldn't change places with them, would we, dear?"

Mr. Dougherty stepped around into the driver's seat. "I should say not," he said. There was a light purring noise as the motor warmed up. Then there was a crunch of the engine. "All aboard!" he shouted. "I know where Jungle Road is. We'll find it all right." And the little

home on wheels moved from the sand out upon the boulevard as the red sun was going down.

"Oh, this is fun!" Archie exclaimed, as the caravan ran along. "It's much nicer than our car."

"Honestly?" said Ned.

"Yes, truly," said Archie. He snuggled down between his new young friend and Mrs. Dougherty. If only he were not going home, he thought. This was so cozy, so wonderful. He had not had his afternoon nap, and he felt no need of it. The excitement had kept him wide awake, alert as he had never been before. As they rolled along, the wind blew the little chintz curtains, and their gay pattern fluttered over Archie's head. He thought he had never seen anything prettier in all his life, as, very still, he lay there in the semi-darkness. Why couldn't this ride last forever?

Back at Buena Vista, for two hours there had been the wildest excitement. When Nanine came back to the patio, Archie was gone. She called to him. No answer. Then she rushed down to the swimming pool, in her fright, to see if he had doffed his clothing in her absence and fallen to the bottom of the deeper part of it. He was not there. She looked wildly all about her. She screamed. Jennings, the second man, heard her and came rushing through the screen door. "Mon Dieu!" Nanine was crying. It was only with an effort that Jennings learned what had happened. He joined in a search of the grounds. The maids came, too, and finally Parker, the austere butler. There was not a bush or any bit of shrubbery that they did not investigate; Archie's room, too, was searched. This usually obedient child—what had become of him? When every cranny had been looked into, Nanine gave in to a fit of Gallic hysterics. She clutched her hands, her hair, and when someone mentioned kidnapers she fainted, with a loud wail, "Mon Dieu! c'est impossible!"

Parker knew where Madame was, and telephoned to the Arbuthnots. He got the golf club on the wire, and even sent Jennings to the links to find the master. They both returned as fast as cars could bring them to Buena Vista. The police were summoned. When Nanine came to, she told an incoherent story of her brief absence. She did not see how the child could have disappeared, with no noise, so mysteriously. Ah! where was the *bon Dieu*, that this should have happened to him—and her! She railed in rapid French, and a doctor was called in to take care of her.

Mr. Schuyler shouted something about a liberal reward to anyone who found his child. The police scampered away. The beautiful sunlit day became dark for the distracted parents. But a whole precious hour had been lost. Where should the searching parties turn? They went northward, feeling certain that kidnapers would have moved swiftly in that direction.

Mrs. Schuyler fled to her room, torn with grief. Why had she gone away, why had she left little Archie so much alone? This was her terrible punishment for leaving the child so much to himself. If only he were restored to her, she would never leave his side—never. She had been a thoughtless mother, but did she deserve

this awful blow? Her conscience smote her, yet she blamed Nanine, she blamed all the servants under her roof.

And meanwhile the bathers had left the beach. As the sudden twilight fell, and the patio at Buena Vista was a pandemonium of emotion, a strange wagon came lumbering up the drive. No such vehicle had ever moved along this well-kept roadway. There was a back road for tradesmen's wagons. The servants were aghast as they saw it approaching the noble entrance to the villa. A man in a bathing suit was driving. Could it be that little Archie had been drowned, and his body was being brought back? They called to Mr. Schuyler. He came from the patio, trembling like an aspen. There was desperation in his eyes.

"Mr. Schuyler?" asked the driver of the strange vehicle.

"Yes. In God's name, what have you to say to me?"

"Your boy is safe—in there," said the man. "I knew you'd wonder where he was."

Mr. Schuyler rushed to the caravan. Mrs. Dougherty stepped out, a smile upon her lips. It was dim inside, and Mr. Schuyler could not, at first, see his boy. He saw Ned first. Then he heard Archie's piping treble: "Oh, am I home?" and the lad leaped out into his father's arms. "I've had such a good time," Archie said. "Where's mother? I want to tell her all about it."

Mr. Schuyler, in the relief he felt, could not speak. He had never in his life given way to any emotion, but this was too much for even his stoical reserve.

"Oh, Archie!" he groaned, the tears sweeping down his tanned cheeks. "Where have you been?" And he clutched the boy to his heart. "Get his mother," he ordered. "And you," to Mr. Dougherty, "won't you come in and tell us about all this?"

And Mr. Dougherty, stepping down from his seat, told the simple story in simple words. Mrs. Schuyler came down, just as he began. She kissed Archie again and again.

"Oh! we thought he had been kidnapped!" she cried.

"Kidnaped?" said Mrs. Dougherty. "My God! do we look like kidnapers? You see, we have a boy of our own," and she embraced Ned. "We may not look like much; we're just plain people from Idaho, and—we took a fancy to your little boy. He's just like our own. He and Ned—how nice it would be if they could go on being friends. But we know the difference. Come along, Phil. We must be on our way."

"One moment," said Mr. Schuyler. "Archie, tell us something."

And Archie said: "I love them, father. They were so kind to me. I wish I could always play with Ned."

"Bless his little heart," said Mrs. Dougherty.

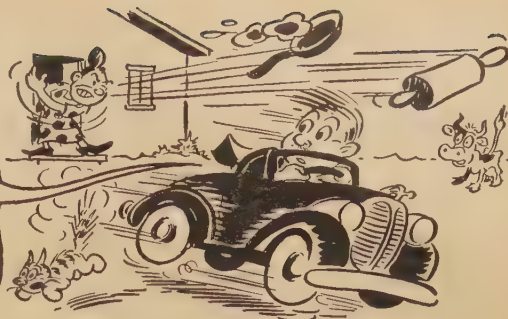
"Do come inside," said Mr. Schuyler. "I want to thank you properly, and to give you something."

"Oh, that's all right," said Phil Dougherty. "We understand how you feel, don't we, Mary?" to his wife.

"But I must have your address. I've offered a reward to anyone who found Archie."

"We didn't find him—said Phil Dougherty, simply; "he found us."

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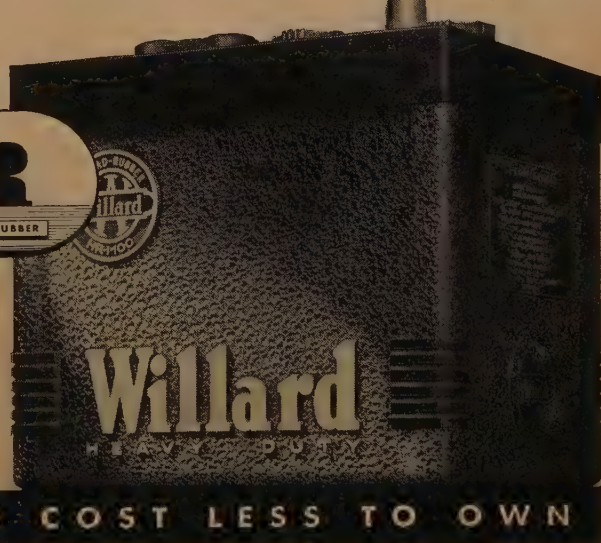
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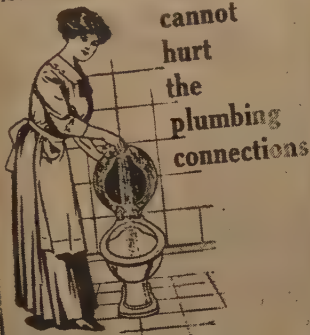
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(Continued from page 37)

prevent the rice from sticking to the pan, lift, if necessary, from time to time with a fork, but do not stir it, do not overcook. When sufficiently cooked, turn the rice into a colander or sieve. A little hot water may be run through the rice to wash off extra starch. After the water has drained off, cover with a cloth and set over a pan of hot water on the back of the stove or in the oven; or turn the rice into a shallow pan and place in a warm oven for a short time. Treated in this way, the grains swell and are kept separate. Rice cooked in hard water is not as white as that cooked in soft water. One teaspoon of lemon juice, one-half teaspoon of cream of tartar, or one tablespoon of vinegar may be used in hard water to insure a snowy-white cooked rice.

With the curry have the waitresses pass a condiment tray holding chutney (made by the recipe given) and with other oddments such as India relish; one American manufacturer has an excellent relish by that name. Shredded coconut is also appropriate to pass, cashew nuts and roasted peanuts.

Chinese suppers are easy to give now that a variety of Chinese food products are waiting in cans. There are bean sprouts, soy sauce, brown sauce, chow mein noodles, bamboo shoots, water chestnuts, kumquats and subgumm.

Chow mein would be our choice for a crowd supper. Chop Suey which is considered all over the world—except in China—as being typically Chinese, originated in Washington.

Sweets are not to be expected in a Chinese dinner. In China rice or chow mein appears as the last course and its advent announces that dinner is over just as dessert does to us. There sweets are served separately, perhaps with tea or as a between meals lunch. There are almond cakes for instance, and conserved fruits. But in America even the best of the Chinese restaurants serve the fruits and almond cakes as dessert to dinner, a concession to American taste. Here's a church supper menu in Chinese.

Egg Flower Soup
Chow Mein with Noodles
Bean Sprout Salad
Subgumm Salad Dressing
Pineapple wedges or
Preserved Kumquats
Almond Cakes
Tea

EGG FLOWER SOUP

4 cups finely chopped water chestnuts
16 eggs, beaten
2 gallons chicken broth or bouillon
Salt and pepper

Add water chestnuts to boiling bouillon or chicken broth. Cook for about 5 minutes. Pour beaten eggs into chicken broth and stir well and slowly until eggs form small flowers. Add pepper and salt to taste. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

CHOW MEIN

1 cup fat
1 cup flour
2 pounds veal
2 pounds pork
1 cup onions
2 quarts celery, diced
3½ cups (No. 2½ can) tomatoes
½ cup soy sauce
1 quart meat stock
5 cups (2 No. 2 cans) chop suey vegetables
5 cups (2 No. 2 cans) bean sprouts
2 tablespoons salt
2 teaspoons pepper
1½ cups flour
1 cup cold water

Melt fat in iron skillet. Have meat

cut into 1-inch cubes. Add flour to meat. Brown meat in skillet. Season with salt and pepper. Chop onions. Dice celery into 1/3 inch pieces. Saute before adding to chow mein. Put browned meat into large kettle; add onions, celery, tomatoes, soy sauce, meat stock, sprouts (add bean sprouts just before serving as they are too soft to cook for very long). Add salt and pepper. Allow mixture to cook slowly 35-40 minutes, until vegetables are tender but not mushed. Make paste of 6 ounces of flour and 1 cup cold water and add to chow mein. (May have to add a little more thickening.) Add bean sprouts about 10 minutes before serving. Add more seasonings—dash of Tabasco sauce or Worcestershire sauce, if desired. Serve over Chinese noodles or rice. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

BEAN SPROUT SALAD

2 pounds watercress
4 pounds bean sprouts
1½ quarts Subgumm salad dressing
5 heads lettuce
16 red peppers or pimientos, diced

Wash watercress and bean sprouts. Cut watercress into inch lengths. Drop both into boiling water and stir for a minute or two. Pour into a sieve and let cold water run over them, then drain off water. Mix watercress and bean sprouts in subgumm salad dressing before placing them on lettuce leaves. Sprinkle with diced red peppers. Approximate yield: 50 portions.

SUBGUMM SALAD DRESSING

4 cloves garlic
2 cups olive oil
1½ tablespoons raw ginger root, finely chopped
8 hard-cooked eggs, finely chopped
1½ tablespoons pepper
1 cup vinegar
2½ tablespoons sugar
½ cup soy bean sauce
2½ tablespoons salt
½ cup tomato ketchup

Rub the salad bowl with the garlic until bowl has a garlic odor (do not include the garlic in the dressing.) Add olive oil and other ingredients in the order given above and stir mixture until evenly mixed. This dressing can be kept for weeks at a time. Approximate yield: 1½ quarts.

Those wishing program material for an Evening in China or India, or any foreign land will find our leaflet "Missionary Parties" useful in locating appropriate material for foreign settings. This lists various playlets appropriate for missionary groups, books of games popular in foreign lands; books on costume making, dramatic sketches from the mission fields—a wealth of source information and all yours for a 3 cent stamp.



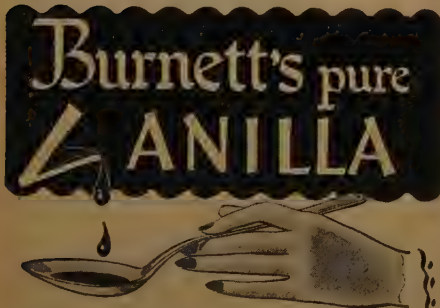
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(Continued from page 31)

fore they found out." His voice broke. Jerkily, shamefacedly, his eyes on the floor, he told the story of small amounts taken soon to be replaced. There were tips of winning horses that went wrong. Then he had borrowed \$500 from the Squire at ruinous interest and to release himself had paid it finally with bank money. Very soon now the bank examiner would come and unless the money could be restored it meant exposure and disgrace.

Bruce knew he was very near to tragedy. Bob was not acting. He was desperate and he meant it.

"How much time is there, Bob?" Bruce inquired.

"I don't know. Maybe none at all. You can't tell when those fellows are going to pop in on you," said Bob dully.

"If we could get that money tomorrow morning, would it be all right? I mean would the books be all right for the examiner? I don't know much about such things. We don't want to compound a felony or whatever they call it."

"Sure it would be all right. It's just a matter of balances, having the cash to match the figures," said Bob, "but what's the use of talking about it? Where can you find a thousand dollars?"

"I don't know, but we're going to find it," said Bruce. "We're going to have that money. I'll have it at the bank tomorrow morning." He crossed the room and laid his hand on Bob's shoulder. "Now go home and get a good sleep. The money will be there."

Blindly, Bob's hand sought for a chair and he sat down weakly. His face twitched and a trembling hand fingered his lips. Bruce was standing over him, an arm around his shoulder. Gently he shook him to restore his self-control. "It will be a loan, of course, I know where the money is. No one will know but you and me. I know you are going to make good."

"I will, Dominie, I swear I will." Bob coughed, swallowed painfully, blew his nose. Then he looked up, grinning faintly. "If ever a man was in hell, I've been. I don't know yet what to think. It will be a miracle, all right. But if the Lord gives me another chance, I'll be a better man."

For a long time after Bob's departure, Bruce sat in the gathering darkness thinking deeply. Then he lit his lamp unlocked a drawer and took out a Certificate of Deposit and read it carefully. Once he had thought the money would take him to Europe. Then he had subscribed it for the Building Fund. Now the Fund must wait for small installment payments unless Bob was able to pay it back; but he was not going to count on that.

Promptly at nine o'clock the next morning, Bruce stood at the teller's window and presented his Certificate of Deposit to Bob Wallace. A few words were said and Bruce was back on the street.

The well advertised "Supper and Sale" with which the Ladies Aid opened their campaign for the Building Fund took place late in the fall. Very early on the great evening, Bruce approached the church to see all that had taken place. Lights were gleaming from every window.

[Turn to next page]

"Why does my mother-in-law always take my husband's side?"



How Mary used modern methods for her baby—despite interference!



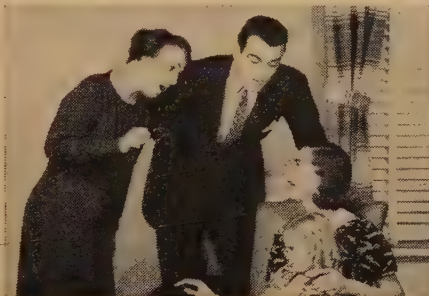
MARY: John, will you take your hands off that child and listen to ME for a change?

JOHN: I'll handle this MY way! I'll make her take it...



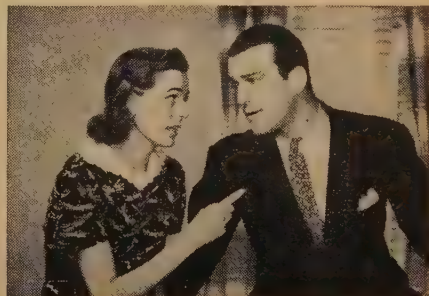
MOTHER-IN-LAW: My dear, you know John is ALWAYS right...

MARY: Oh mother... please... please...

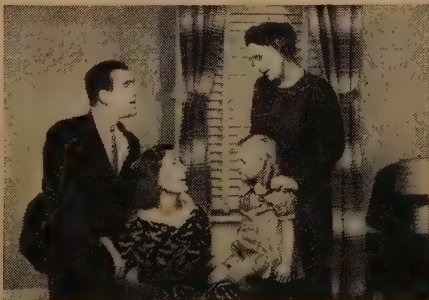


MOTHER-IN-LAW: But I'm only trying to help...

MARY: But I don't need help! It so happens I talked with the doctor this morning. He said it's old-fashioned to force Sally to take a nasty-tasting laxative. It's liable to shock her nerves and upset her digestive system.

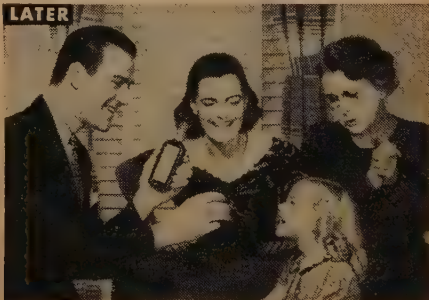


MARY: He told me to get a PLEASANT-TASTING laxative that Sally would take willingly, but not one made for adults. A grown-up's laxative can be TOO STRONG for ANY child's insides. He said that the modern method of special care calls for a special laxative, too. So he recommended Fletcher's Castoria.



MOTHER-IN-LAW: Fletcher's Castoria?

MARY: Yes! The doctor said Fletcher's Castoria is the modern laxative made especially, and *only*, for children. It's SAFE... has no harsh drugs. And children simply love its taste!



JOHN: Look, mother, look!... she's taking Fletcher's Castoria like a lamb!

MOTHER-IN-LAW: Humph! Looks like maybe the modern method is best, after all.

MARY: We'll have some peace around here now.

Chas. H. Fletcher

CASTORIA

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(Continued from page 49)



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Already, people were arriving in numbers. Already the tables were full with busy diners who were attacking what was set before them with gusto while ladies in summer white were coming and going from the kitchen.

Bruce looked over the room, impressed in spite of himself. At some tables were men he did not know. Sandwiched among them were members of his church, Silas Hart and Reuben Pike and their wives, the Dales and others. Beyond the diners on the far side of the room and in the Infant Department was the Bazaar. From across the room Bruce could see the booths. Mary Knowles had charge and he could see her in white. He could see her assistants also as he left the Colonel and proceeded in their direction, Kathryn, Gwen, Betty Trask and Emma Spiger. They were in colors and made a pretty picture behind the counters. Emma had been placed with Gwen at the booth where dainty knick-knacks were on sale. He resolved to keep an eye on her and see that she received some friendly attention.

After Bruce had spoken to the girls, he crossed the room again and from the rostrum smilingly surveyed the diners.

"Well, Dominie, Mary tells me you wouldn't have a raffle."

Stephen Hoag had stepped up on the rostrum beside Bruce and was ogling the company as he twirled his mustache.

"No sir. We've got to draw the line somewhere," said Bruce with vigor.

Stephen nodded. "Just the same, you'd have made some money." Stephen continued looking around the room. "A good many voters here," he appraised. "Too bad the women can't vote. I'd make a killing." Stephen swaggered off and was shaking hands effusively and shoulder slapping wherever he had the opportunity.

"There's Sam Darnley, sure as I'm alive," exclaimed Miss Fannie Law. Her sharp eyes had spied the gentleman in question sitting at a table with Colonel Knowles. "I ain't seen him in this church since I don't know when."

"He and Stephen came in together," Bruce explained. "Probably he's after something too. He put down a five dollar bill for a supper ticket and refused the change."

Miss Law viewed her Pastor shrewdly. "I hear you're goin' to speak at the Mahoney Rally."

"I certainly am. Mahoney has made a good official, as good as his connection permitted and he will do better when he is free from the organization."

"If you can git folks interested mebber you can beat Steve," Miss Law allowed, "but Mary won't thank you for it, nor the Colonel."

Having dropped this thought, Miss Law nodded pleasantly with the air of a duty well done and turned to other friends.

Colonel Knowles greeted Sam Darnley with hospitable warmth. "You're in for the opening gun," he laughed as they found seats. "It won't be long now. We're going to have a church on that lot of yours that will be a credit to the town."

"Ye-ah, so they tell me," said Sam laconically. "How much you calculating to spend?"

"Oh, thirty-five or forty thousand."

"Got it all in sight?"

"Not all."

Sam said abruptly, "If we win this election, I'll put \$5000 into the church."

"Look here, old man," said the Colonel earnestly, "that will be fine. They need the money. But for heaven's sake don't let Mr. Hardy hear you put it that way."

"Why not?" demanded Sam truculently.

"Because if you do you'll lose the election, that's why. If the Dominie hears you say that he'll hit the ceiling."

"It's this way, Jim," said Sam after they had finished their dinner and found a secluded place. "Mahoney's lining up all the soreheads and getting quite a following. It looks like the church vote will settle it. I was thinking if folks knew I would put some money in they'd feel more friendly."

"That's what you gave the lot for."

"Sure. But you can't expect me to go ahead and give a big sum of money on top of that if I get licked."

The Colonel took time to absorb this. "I didn't know it was going to be that close," he admitted. Mr. Hardy said it was and I laughed at him. Of course, I'll be sorry to have Steve turned down. You know—" The Colonel suddenly stopped in the middle of his sentence as he looked to the entrance, "By George, there's Blair."

Phineas Clouse had just come in with his son. Almost instantly, there was a noticeable reduction in the clamor of voices as many eyes turned to see the young man whom many of them had not seen since he suddenly left town. He stood before them with his sleek, dark hair combed straight back from his lean, dark, sardonic face faintly smiling as he looked about. He was nodding now to old acquaintances, his eyes running from face to face. Then he waved to Gwen, a free, familiar gesture and started in her direction.

But halfway to Gwen, Blair caught sight of Emma for the first time. Watching him, the Colonel saw him stop abruptly, his mouth open, his eyes staring. Then he turned swiftly and made his way to the door.

Gradually like a dynamo coming up to high speed, the many voices came back to their high pitch. Deacon Hart who had been talking with the Squire began where he had left off while the Squire glowered. Stephen hesitantly approached Mary Knowles, basked in her smile for a few moments and skurried away. Bob Wallace came in and took his stand close to Kathryn. As Bruce was idly watching, Deacon Hart approached.

"Hello Pastor. Have you heard Sam's latest offer?"

Bruce caught the Deacons' laps. "Tell me," he begged. "What is Sam offering?"

"Well—he, oh pshaw, you ought to know. He says he will give us \$5000 if Stephen wins the election. Guess we'd better help Steve a bit, eh Pastor?" The Deacon's eyes shone with eagerness and innocence.

"No sir, I won't stand for that for \$5000 or ten times that amount," Bruce exploded. He was about to say much more when Mrs. Caleb called and the Deacon excused himself.

After the dinner, Stephen Hoag approached Bruce. "Well, Dominie, you've made a good beginning," he began, twirling his mustache. "But I want to ask

you frankly, why won't you support me now? Why are you against me?"

Bruce waited a moment, inwardly bracing himself.

"You're in the wrong crowd, Mr. Hoag," he said at length. "With them you will be only a front, a figurehead. You want to go on. Your only hope of going on is to keep in with the machine. You wouldn't dare split with Sam and tell him where to get off."

"Well, what's wrong with the machine? Mahoney is making one right now," demanded Stephen with a show of anger.

Bruce paused. As they were speaking a little company had been gathering around them and were listening eagerly. "There is a lot wrong with that machine," he said quietly, "and everybody knows it. It has been in power here for a long time and the head, you know whom I mean, has grown rich while he was running it. There's a lot of money going to be spent pretty soon and that crowd is not the one to spend it. No sir, not by a long sea mile." Bruce's clenched fist smote his cupped hand and some one applauded.

"And you might as well understand, Mr. Hoag," Bruce continued, "I'm going to speak at Mr. Mahoney's rally. I am going to speak and they are going to listen. What you don't sense and the man you have hooked up with doesn't sense either is that this town is getting tired of the way things have been run and we're going to have a change."

There was a burst of applause behind him that was unrestrained. It came, Bruce noted, from a bunch of young fellows with Dan Spiger, regulars in his class. Bob and Kathryn were there, too, and beyond them Mary Knowles. She had evidently heard some if not all that he had said and she looked troubled.

With a sinking heart, Bruce watched her as she turned and went back to the booths. Impulsively he followed her.

"I am sorry, Mary," he said gravely. She had gone into the small room behind the booths and he found her there alone.

Bruce eyed her wistfully. "It's not personal, Mary," he began. "It's bigger than Steve, bigger than I. I—I wish," he stammered, "Stephen could be independent, tell these politicians, Sam and the rest of them, where they got off. It's a system I am fighting. I am sorry Steve is in the way. I don't want to hit him. I really don't."

"I know who you want to hit. It's my father." Kathryn had come in and put her arm around Mary's waist and now was facing him, her eyes aflame. "I had no idea you felt that way. You just the same as called my father a thief. You seem to want to blame him for everything. I think," she drew herself up, "that ministers ought to be careful about judging people. Come Bob. Don't let a little thing like that bother you, Mary. Goodbye Betty."

Alternately nodding to her friends and casting killing looks at the young minister who did not try to defend himself, Kathryn finally took Bob's arm and directed him toward the door. For a moment, he seemed to hesitate. His eyes sought Bruce as though waiting for a cue. Then he followed his fiancé's direction and stolidly left the room.

Thus left, Bruce looked around him. He seemed to have been left alone.

(To be continued)



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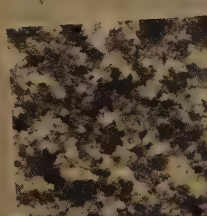


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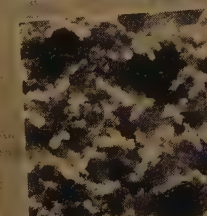


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(Continued from page 28)

bases from which, in Samson's day, rose wooden pillars supporting a gallery. A powerful man could have wrenched these pillars from their sockets and brought the gallery above him to the ground. In a temple at Lachish, there are sockets for wooden pillars.

David's Final Capture of Jerusalem. (II Samuel V.) We are told that David knew of what the Authorized Version calls "a gutter" by which a band of determined men could enter the city. This secret entrance has been identified and explored. The "gutter" proves to be a cave through which runs a stream. Into the subterranean water supply, the inhabitants let down their buckets by ropes from a hole in the roof.

The Reign of Solomon. We are told that Solomon married a Princess of Egypt and conducted a trade in Egyptian horses, (I Kings X:28.) For the horses he had 40,000 stalls (I Kings IV:26). At Megiddo some of Solomon's stables have been uncovered, with the stone pillars to which his horses were tied.

His seaport on the Red Sea was Ezion-Geber and here he built a merchant marine (I Kings IX:26-28.) This seaport is under excavation, and we now know all about the Queen of Sheba or Sabaea. The Phoenicians are familiar to us as the seamen of the Mediterranean. The Sabaeans, with an empire that included Arabia and Ethiopia, were the seamen of the Indian Ocean.

The City of Samaria. (I Kings XVII:24.) The Bible tells us that Samaria was built by King Omri. Contemporary records show that Omri was a powerful monarch who ruled the Moabites as well as his own kingdom. This confirms II Kings I:1, where it is stated that Moab later rebelled against Israel. Omri was thus in a position to build a capital, and his city has been excavated, including the palace where his son King Ahab reigned, with Queen Jezebel, the worshiper of idols. Jezebel was slain by the usurping King Jehu, and in the account of her death (II Kings IX:30) we read "she painted her face and tired her head and looked out at a window." At Samaria, the trench-diggers have found a number of stone saucers with holes around the rims for paints and a central depression for mixing the colors. *The Manchester Guardian* of December 28, 1932, describes these as "Jezebel's make-up box." In I Kings XXII:39 we read of Ahab's "ivory house." The ivory has been uncovered.

Elijah on Mount Carmel. (I Kings XVIII.) Pottery at Samaria is inscribed with writing. We have, curiously, a list of tax payers and the taxes they paid. The names are significant. Some indicate families that worshiped Jehovah, others indicate families that worshiped Baal. After three thousand years or more, that list of names reveals the struggle between a lower and a higher culture, in which the Prophet Elijah played so heroic a part.

Worship of Baal. In Jeremiah XXXII:35 we read that, in the high places of Baal, children were made to "pass through fire unto Moloch." This terrible form of human sacrifice was Phoenician, and on the site of old Carthage, the Phoenician city of north Africa, a cemetery near a temple has been uncovered. It contains many

charred bones of young persons and appears to confirm the Scriptural narrative.

Lachish. According to the Bible, this ancient stronghold was captured by Sennacherib, King of Assyria, (II Kings XVIII:17) when he "came down like a wolf on the fold" and invaded Judea, over which King Hezekiah reigned. In the British Museum we may see bas reliefs from Sennacherib's palace at Nineveh, which depict the siege of Lachish. The city has been excavated and a bronze helmet was found which is similar to the helmets in the bas relief.

Hebrew Writing. The earliest Hebrew manuscript is believed to be dated A.D. 895. It is in the Karaite Synagogue in Cairo. But at Lachish potsherds have been found that show Hebrew script of the period of Jeremiah—that is, about B.C. 600, or roughly fifteen centuries earlier than the earliest known manuscript. The ancient potsherds contain names mentioned in the Bible—Jeremiah, Taazaniah (Jer. XXXV:3), Hagab (Ezra II:46), and Mattaniah, which name frequently occurs in the old Testament. Jehovah or Jahweh is mentioned and we have this coincidence:

II Kings VIII:13; What is thy servant, a dog that he shall do this great thing?

The Lachish Potsherd; Who is thy slave a dog that my lord remembered his slave.

The same language in the Bible and in independent and contemporary Hebrew now disclosed for the first time.

One more illustration of the Bible confirmed—this time from the New Testament. There are four Gospels and the fourth is named after St. John. Sitting in their armchairs, critics have told us positively that this fourth Gospel was written later than the other three, and many critics have insisted that it is of little historical value as a record of what happened when Jesus was here among men.

In the year 1920, the Rylands Library, in Manchester, acquired a number of papyri that had been collected in Egypt. Thirteen years later it was noticed that among the fragments was a torn scrap of paper 3½ inches by 2¼ inches. There was Greek writing on this paper. It proved to be verses from John XVIII:31-33 on one side, and 37-38 on the other—that is, a part of the account of the Trial of Jesus before Pilate. The character of the Greek writing was known. It was Greek as Greek was written at the outset of the Christian Era, and was centuries earlier than any other Scriptural manuscript—for instance, the famous Codex Sinaiticus. The Gospel that critics put last in date is thus shown to be the Gospel of which we have the earliest physical proof of existence. It is, perhaps, the one book in the ancient world of which we can say that actual paper and ink precedes the usually accepted date of authorship, and this result has been proved, apparently, by the merest chance—a fragment rescued from a wastepaper basket eighteen hundred years old.

Comment on this simple record of fact supporting the Bible against critical fictions is unnecessary—except this. An immeasurable debt is due to the brave men who got out of their libraries of speculation in the colleges and, despite all dangers and discomforts, dug their way through trenches to the truth that previous scholarship had been too self-satisfied to seek.

(Continued from page 15)

In the peace we have our common cause. Here our holiest interests are born to live, to flourish, to achieve immortality—or to die; and here, without prejudice to our holiest individual traditions, faithful to inviolable personal convictions, we may unite to the length of our agreements. I believe that when we go this length of unity, we shall have gone the full human length to achieve peace. Surely then, surely *then*, we may trust God to finish the work. Somewhere it is written, "man's extremity is God's opportunity."

Which way peace? It is for us all the way of faith, faith in America, remembering always that faith without works is dead. This great freedom which we now enjoy was the achievement of others. With the achievement we had no part, but in it we rejoice. Too frequently, however, the service we render freedom is but a lip service. Much more than a lip service is required if American Democracy is not eventually to pass away. Freedom is both privilege and obligation. We have no right to possess it, no right to experience its blessings, unless in our time and of our opportunity we are paying its price.

Ours is the task of strengthening democratic institutions and of handing them on unimpaired to those who come after us. Now, as never before in human history, freedom is challenged and democratic institutions in all their forms are passing through the crucible of question and repudiation.

There is, we believe, an irreconcilable difference between the totalitarian and democratic ideologies. The first declares that the individual is made for the state and that there is no personal liberty; that minorities do not have rights; that those who are in disagreement with government must be punished and that the degree of punishment does not matter. The legend written for youth upon all totalitarian encampments is significantly this: "The highest duty of youth is to die for the State." Above the altar of totalitarianism in letters of flame are these words: "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

The ideology of democracy is different. Here we read, "All men are as of their Creator's will, whatever their social or even physical handicaps, created free and equal." They are endowed with inalienable rights, as they are charged with inevitable duties. The welfare of the humblest child is significantly more important than the success of an institution, and for this welfare a state may worthily risk all. Government is the instrument and means of human progress—not the end. The state is made to serve the individual. But personal liberty must be subordinated to public welfare and the high goal of government is to achieve justice and an abundant life for all.

Above the altars of democracy shine, in the light of man's progress upward from the creative dawn, these words of his immortal destiny; "That which is most sacred is human personality." This is the faith of America and her destiny. This is the way to peace and in this way America may make, indeed must make, her contribution now and ever, to the good of man.

(Continued on page 59)

STORMY NIGHT

Black is the night and the waters are flaying
The sands with their foam,
While I am holding our laddie and praying,
"God, bring my man home!"
But, while the light in the window is gleaming,
The winds from the sea
Beat on the house with their devilish screaming
And mocking of me.

There is no peace, though the tea-kettle's humming
Is filling the room,
While on the glass the white sleet with its drumming
Is bringing me gloom,
For, when our lad in his cradle is sleeping,
I peer from the door,
And, my heart breaking, I see the waves heaping
A ship on the shore.

Edgar Daniel Kramer



"Gee, Mom, Were They All Poor People?"

"Not exactly poor, Bobby. They had money. But they didn't have all the nice things that we have—a radio, and electric lights, and a vacuum cleaner. They didn't have electricity, or automobiles, or airplanes. Most of those things hadn't even been invented."

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(Continued from page 42)

the pulse of his day and then said, "The trouble is you are using substitutes for God." What was Judah doing and what are we doing today that brings calamity? Two things, namely:

First, she had forsaken God, the Fountain of living waters. God means life; and there was no possible life for Judah except in Him. Why did she not learn that the only true life livable must have its source ever in the living God? The only answer to that is that after all these centuries, we have failed to learn it right here. We are forever crowding Him off the horizon of our thinking and relegating Him to the back yard of discarded ideas. We leave Him almost completely out of our reckoning and then wonder why we are so near to being bankrupt. Once our fathers knew Him and God was respected and His council sought. Judah thought she could get along without God; whereas Jeremiah, the loyal representative of God, consistently told his country that this was the one thing she could not do. The history of Judah since Jeremiah's time vindicates the veracity of his prophecy. No nation can leave God out and forever prosper, for inevitably there is journey's end!

Second, note the substitutes for God. "They have hewed them out cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water." What were they and what are our broken cisterns? Well, for one thing, idolatry. When men lose the consciousness of God, they do not lose their sense of the need of God and consequently they try substitutes. Israel did not lose God because she turned to idolatry, but having lost God, she turned to it. Turn to the great tenth chapter of Jeremiah and discover for yourself the biting, poignant sarcasm of Jeremiah as he paints a picture of idolatry as contrasted with the worship of the living God. Here is no "weeping prophet," but a man of iron who must strike for God! He reminds his people that God after all made the man who makes the idol. And as he pictures man carrying his idol around, you sense the fact that what this prophet is hitting at is that false religion is always the religion man carries. True religion is the religion that carries man because it is infinitely greater. Jeremiah lived long enough to prove that idolatry is enough to bring a free people into captivity. Will we admit in this hour that there is wide-spread idolatry in our country? We worship power and mammon instead of God. We daily bow at the shrine of the material and the fire on the altar of the spiritual flickers out for lack of care. Is the time far off when America will be known as a worshiper of pleasure rather than of God? We make our obeisance at the shrine of beauty and sell our souls for insignificant, unworthy things. Why can't we see that whatever we make is smaller than ourselves, and if we worship it, it is an idol! Paul in his day recognized the fact that that was what was wrong with Athens. Wherever you walked you saw the creation of man's imaginations and the living God was unknown. Jeremiah speaks to us this day and cries out, "Do not worship things, worship God." One day the sands of time ran out and Judah suddenly discovered that idols could not help in

time of crisis. And America needs to see in her great hour of crisis that substitutes for God can never help. We must resolutely turn from substitutes to reality, from experiments to the one great, certain force of all the universe, God Himself.

Jeremiah discovered in old Jerusalem another broken cistern in which the people were putting their futile trust; namely, in mere outward forms of religion. You well remember that in the eighteenth year of Josiah's reign "The Book of the Law" was discovered by Hilkiah. It had a pronounced effect upon the people and consequently we discover a period of drastic reformation. Soon the Temple is repaired, and once more the priests are found chanting their prayers, the vested choirs are antiphonally singing and the incense rises from the altar of Jehovah. Outwardly the people are worshiping, but it is just at this time that the word of God comes to His prophet and Jeremiah, the blazing trumpet of righteousness goes to the Court of the Temple, there to bring one of the strongest indictments that he ever uttered. He sees as he enters the Temple on all faces the feeling, "The Temple of Jehovah, the Temple of Jehovah!" Rudely he breaks into the routine of lip service and thunders out a fearful denunciation. He tells them with impassioned voice and fiery eye, that while in the very act of worship, they are sinning against their fellow men; they are guilty of murder, perjury and theft. What is the matter now with religion? Jeremiah sees that it has sunk to its lowest form; namely, fetish worship. The people are trusting in the Temple merely because it is the Temple. Outwardly religion is well-ordered and splendid, but it doesn't come from the heart; therefore it is mere trust in futile form.

Jeremiah lifts his shaggy head from the hoary yesterdays. I hear his strident voice, mellowed by falling tears, bid us of this day to leave our broken cisterns, our idols, and above all our formal, dead, religion and come back to the fountain of living waters. Thousands in America are uselessly trusting in church membership, in the sacraments and in outward forms of religion. We must learn in America before our fatal hour breaks on us that "The Temple without Deity is nothing." God forgive us for celebrating Christmas and forgetting the Christ! Jeremiah's anger rose to the breaking point one day as the people broke a covenant they had made with God to free their slaves. In spite of a broken covenant they continued in the outward observance of religion. What of today? Many a murderer sits in the congregation and with a sanctimonious air chants the prayer. But he has wronged his brother, has trampled on his rights and his prayers are but idle mockery. The measure of a nation's Christianity is the measure of its relationship not only to God but to man.

Which do we need today, an Isaiah or a Jeremiah? Isaiah with a prophet's soul scanned the centuries and saw the glories of the day when the matchless Christ should come. But Jeremiah lived in a day when it was necessary to show the difference between true and false religion. We love Isaiah because of all prophets, he is the most Messianic. But Jeremiah shall come more and more into his own

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as we make the personal discovery that he was one of the most optimistic souls the world has ever known. He was incurably an optimist. He could see far better than his contemporaries, the night that was settling down. But he never lost his faith in God. He did not feel that the days were so evil that God could not work. Rightly he did feel that it was futile for Judah to put her trust in alliances, in compromises, but God would not fail!

We need today a Jeremiah who will call us back to real religion, a religion that will be outwardly beautiful because it is basically sound. Our hope in America today is that before it is too late to mend our ways we shall discover what true religion is.

The Portrait of Jeremiah

In the first semester of this year a large class in a Far Western College started a fresh study of the prophecy of Jeremiah. Out of the findings of this class, there emerged a new, a different Jeremiah. We discovered among other things that Jeremiah has lived for centuries, one of the most misunderstood men of history. To be one of the strongest of men and yet to be thought a weakling, to be one of the bravest and yet to be thought weak-hearted, to be a giant and yet to be thought of as a pigmy, has been his lot in life. His day failed to understand him and is it any wonder that the succeeding generations have failed to comprehend him? We should know him better, for as Ballantine said in his sketch of the prophet, "To understand Jeremiah is to understand the world's need of Christ."

Because Jeremiah is but little known he has failed to be the inspiration of poets, novelists or artists. It is safe to say that there are few great pictures of him. Among those in the class who rediscovered the worth of this mighty man, was a young woman by the name of Sandi C. Fugitt. As a special project she made a series of pen sketches of Jeremiah, depicting various episodes of his life. The first of the sketches was an original attempt to depict his face in its strength as well as its tenderness. From this small sketch evolved the present painting of Jeremiah. The credit for the oil painting, portrayed on page 42, goes to a younger sister, Devoe Fugitt.

Among the dramatic moments in the life of Jeremiah was the occasion when the prophet was wearing a yoke about his neck as symbolic of the yoke under which Judah must pass, and Hananiah, a self-appointed prophet, forcibly removed the yoke and acclaimed to his ardent admirers, that within two years all the vessels which Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, had taken would be restored to the Temple. In class we endeavored to define the expression which must have been on Jeremiah's face at that moment. We believe that the artist has been true in her interpretation. It is not a look of fear but rather of calm confidence that God will yet vindicate His word. On that face is clearly portrayed pain, but not the pain of self-pity, but rather of sorrow for the sins of the people. We present a copy of this painting hoping and praying that the eyes of this new Jeremiah will speak to you as they have to many others.

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a "mind" of Christ, humbleness of "mind," "mind" in the Lord, having one "mind" together, a "willing mind" and finally, Jesus, the Anointed said, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God and with all thy heart, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind." Consider that—thy mind, and all thy mind. It is part, an essential part, of the first and great commandment.

The intellectual process is included. It must not be looked down upon by the religious folk. There is no contest. Christ implies teamwork of the heart, soul, and mind. These made up the whole man. The mind omitted, there is a lack, an imperfection. Let not the man of religion neglect it nor the man of science forget it. The word "holy" and the word "whole" come from the same Anglo-Saxon root. They mean the same thing in your Bible and throughout the world. Read them both, both together.

Now, therefore, meditate on these things. There is a technique in meditation. First, consider the limits of your senses. Go to a quiet place, close your eyes, shut out all disturbances. Be still.

Consider the limits of the universe and rise beyond these transitory things. Clear your mind of material and temporary mat-

(Continued from page 33)

tion of the United States Department of State was secured and official cables were sent to United States embassies and consulates in the seventeen countries to be visited, instructing them to facilitate in every possible way the coming visit of their countrywomen.

From Miss Vernon's office in the Hay-Adams House in Washington, Gaeta Wold Boyer, former newspaper woman of Portland, Oregon, was sent ahead of the Caravan to greet Mandate women in the various cities and arrange meetings with them for the group that was to follow her.

It is public knowledge that the members of the Caravan were met by enthusiastic groups everywhere, that diplomatic officials of the United States arranged meetings and conferences for them in advance; that heads of governments and outstanding leaders of the South and Central American republics spoke many warm words about peace and international good will. Officials do when they feel it is expected of them.

But was it possible in the rapid movement from one capital to another, with only brief stops at any one of them, to gauge the feeling of the nonofficial citizen of Latin America? Could his ideology on the question of peace be adequately sensed? This question was put to Mrs. Reyher, keen observer, world-traveller, on her return.

"In my ears," replied Mrs. Reyher, "there still rings the sound of 'Viva la Paz' that thundered all about us at every university where we spoke during the trip. We addressed universities and schools in every nation and that was their response. There was nothing halfhearted about it. One could sense that it welled up from their deep convictions. In Honduras, for example, I personally addressed not only the Honduran Congress but students of the university and of nine high schools.

ters, and substitute whatever things are true, honest, pure, of good report, lovely and to be praised.

Consider the source of these excellent things. Look out beyond. There are the secret places of the Most High. Explore them—you are welcome there. It is your home. It takes many visits to realize this. So you must go often. It is increasingly easy, increasingly lovely. There is no place like it—home.

Have you ever been away from home a long time abroad, and come back on a vessel? It is home! Long looked for. There are the familiar hills and the harbor. So past the Narrows, up the Bay—the Statue of Liberty! At last the towers of home, where you were born, brought up, and where they await you.

Go home often, familiar with the way, so when at last you are free, you will fly through the Narrows to liberty and beyond, eagerly rejoicing—home at last—home where everything is understood.

Meanwhile, go along the path toward home often, every day, and learn the way as far as you can. Therealong lies strength, understanding, and contentment.

"Thou wilt keep him

In perfect peace

Whose mind is stayed on thee."

When we were in any city, the chauffeur who was assigned to us almost invariably asked: 'Where will you speak that I can go to hear you?' And in hotels where banquets and receptions had been arranged for us, we could not fail to note the eagerness with which the waiters, as soon as the speech making began, lined up along the wall to listen.

"I might add that throughout the entire time we were gone, the press in every country gave the most favorable comments on our mission and gave it first page space. It seemed to us that whatever nationalistic points of view members of the press might hold, they were eager to subordinate it, for the time being at least, to the broader concept of international cooperation for peace effort. We felt that the press reflected popular sentiment and the burden of press comment was: 'Latin America—the Americas—want peace.'

"We found another reflection of popular sentiment in the assurances given us by every president and foreign minister, that they would do everything in their power to help speed ratification of the Buenos Aires treaties—'with a full heart,' said the president of Panama; and we also plan 'to fulfill the spirit of the treaties' said the president of Colombia.

"The honors given us," continued Mrs. Reyher, "were so unusual, in some cases even, so unprecedented, and the orchids and other flowers brought to us were so marvelous and so costly, that we might almost have been embarrassed, if we had not realized that they all were, in reality, a tribute to our nation and to the esteem in which our mission was held.

"In order to give emphasis to that section of the treaties which provides for international exchanges of cultural values between the republics, it had been planned for us to visit various museums so that we might become acquainted with the national arts. Because of this, museums in some of the cities where we were sched-

uled to arrive after closing hours, were kept open for us. At Guayaquil, distinguished honor was paid to our mission. The foreign minister gave a reception for us at which the Nuncio was present in his official robes and the Chief Executive practically laid aside all state duties for the day in order to make our visit a notable event.

"We found that the finest art in this country, representing colonial and early Spanish painting and carving, was in the monasteries—where women of course are not admitted. Only once, so we were told, had this art been open to the public.

"But a cable was sent to the Pope asking sanction for us to enter. At five o'clock, came the requested permission. But before that, the Chief Executive, exercising a special power vested in himself, had accompanied us to the monasteries together with several of his ministers. We felt that this act was a final gesture indicating official desire to show that no effort to pay honor to the cause we represented should be neglected."

An indication of the interest that South American women feel in the maintenance of peace, Mrs. Reyher noted, was the fact that great crowds of them attended the meetings at which the Caravans appeared. They brought great quantities of flowers. One woman traveled twenty hours to Rio to meet the Caravan. She has two sons and said she came hoping that her sisters would bring her good tidings from the North.

In Chile, a member of the Rotary Club made an impassioned speech pleading for

peace. It was learned that he is a coffee planter and that he had been largely responsible for the interest the Chilean government has taken in revising its text books to glorify other achievements than those of war. He lives at a distance from the capitol but had made his influence felt politically.

At every city where stops were made by the Caravan, local officials of the United States, accompanied by the national chef de protocol and perhaps by his wife, met them and a motor car was placed at their disposal. All appointments for the Caravan were made through the United States embassies or the legations and when the Caravan appeared publicly, its members were introduced by officials representing the United States. Sometimes, as many as twenty cameras were leveled at them as the plane bringing them came to a stop.

Mrs. Reyher believes that the airplane is an important factor at the present time in making for peace in the Latin American countries. "In some of them," she points out, "notably in Central America, road building has not been developed and so the automobile is little used. In such countries, the people are changing, overnight as it were, from oxcart or mule travel to the airplane, adopting twentieth century improvements without having used those of intervening centuries.

"And after one has flown for two days above the mighty Andes, and it is borne in on him what a tremendous barrier these have been through the centuries between South American nations—a barrier so

great that international understanding has been practically impossible—there comes a realization that the airplane is breaking through this barrier. One feels that it is an emissary of better mutual knowledge from which must come understanding and good will."

The impact of Caravan activities was felt at the recent Lima Conference. Mabel Vernon herself flew to the Conference with Mrs. Carl Jackson of West Redding, Connecticut. Mrs. Musser was again an official delegate from the United States, and this time she had a companion delegate in Miss Kathryn Lewis. Mrs. Musser sailed with the other members of the delegation under the chairmanship of Secretary Hull. With her went, also, two other Mandate workers,—Dr. Esther J. Crooks of Baltimore, Professor of Spanish in Goucher College and Miss Joan Drake of Santa Barbara, California. Miss Louise Weir had left a little in advance.

These women were joined in Lima by Mandate committee women from other republics. "We know," said Miss Vernon, "that the essential of peace is genuine friendliness and understanding among people and we believe that women can have far-reaching influence in creating this. Our next special activity will be to bring a group of outstanding Latin American women north to make a reciprocal tour of the United States." This means that Miss Vernon's friends and admirers will again have an opportunity to lend their support in another notable plan to organize and dramatize the peace sentiment of the United States.

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STAMPS . . .

Now We Have a Stamp Club

By Winthrop Adams

YOUR editor is in danger of losing his mind. On his desk is a pile of letters a mile high (he vows it!) waiting to be answered. Nine out of ten of them ask either: "Where can I sell stamps?" or, "Can you give me the name of someone who might like to exchange stamps with me?" And there are a lot of other questions. . . .

We could not possibly offer to see to the selling of all these stamps; neither could we offer to see to exchanging everybody's stamps; that would take twenty-five hours out of every twenty-four. So we are doing the next best thing: we announce herewith the organization of the *Christian Herald* Stamp Club.

It will be the most peculiar Stamp Club in all philately. No officers, no meetings, no shows. If you want to join, just send us your name and fifteen cents to cover mailing costs and preparation of the list of Club Members. We already have a good-sized list of stamp collectors in the huge *Christian Herald* family; they are scattered from Bulgaria to China to New York, and they all want the names of fellow-collectors with whom they may exchange. We will make up the complete list immediately: it is yours for the asking.

From time to time we will advise the Club members, in advance, of new plans, cachets, new members, etc. Right now, we are working on a round-the-world missions cachet. How many would like that?

Get your name in today, as a charter member.

More Lists

The list of religious stamps, just issued by this department, certainly found an enthusiastic reception. Many requests have come in for other lists. You'll be seeing them.

In preparation now are lists of Red Cross Stamps (a short list, but containing some of the most beautiful stamps in the hobby); authors in stamps, animals in stamps (another beautiful series) and ships in stamps. Don't send any money now; wait for the announcement, which will appear very soon.

New Issues

Dominica will issue a set of stamps early in February commemorating her participation in the New York World's Fair. There will be a lot of such stamps, from a lot of the participating countries. They savor something of a money-making scheme for the countries involved, yet they will make a handsome page in anybody's album. Use your own judgment.

Peru has a new series of large adhesives in commemoration of the Pan-American Conference which recently met at Lima. There are six stamps, three of them air

mails. They bear pictures of Lima palaces and pictures of Peruvian statesmen. A good item for your current-events collection.

Panama adds her name to the long list of countries honoring the U. S. Constitution. There are five straight postage and five air-mails in the issue.

Among the Shows

Fall and winter is the time when most stamp shows are held. The big show in Newark (N.J.) this year exhibited stamps worth more than a million; first prize was taken by a collector who exhibited several panes of Chinese stamps.

Among his stamps were three we have never seen or heard of before. They were issued by Yuan Shih-kai, the first President of China, who planned to make himself Emperor. That raised a furore; he was never crowned, and the stamps were immediately confiscated and burned. A little Chinese boy stole a sheet from one bonfire; they dribbled into the hands of collectors; today the only three left are the three exhibited at Newark. Their value? They are priceless; their owner could probably ask a young fortune for them, and get it.

That's the thrill of stamp-collecting. You just never know. . . .

Question Box

D. I., Maine: Can you recommend a good book covering the whole field of stamp collecting? Answer: Yes. There are several. Go to your library and look up the books by Ralph A. Kimble. Also get a copy of "Stamp Collecting" by Jerry Renouf; it is priced at 25c plus postage; order it through *Christian Herald* if you want it.

F. L., Nebraska: How do you see watermarks on stamps? I'm bewildered about this. Answer: So are a lot more of us. Some watermarks are almost impossible to find. Get a water-mark detector; they are cheap, and indispensable. Some of them require the use of benzine; a new one on the market has vari-colored "windows" through which the observer peers; this can be used with out benzine. Scott has it. Price, \$1.00.

G. H., Tennessee: Is there a special catalog listing air-mail stamps exclusively? Answer: Yes. There are several. The most recent and up-to-date one we know of has just been issued by Nicholas Sanabria, Inc., 17 East 42nd Street, New York City. There are also several good air-mail albums on the market.

B. A., Oregon: I find "carrier stamps" listed in my U S catalogue. Just what are they? Ans: These are stamps issued in the U S between 1842-1859, indicating letter-carriers delivery charges.

That's all for this month. All but this: the editor wants to thank all those who sent in stamps for Mrs. M. T., Posonal, Maine. It was a flood. Good for you!

(Continued from page 53)

Clearly, this way is not an easy way and its requirements are not soft. It is the way of sacrifice. Wars are said to have been won by sacrifice; peace, too, must have her price. We have assumed that peace would come as accidents are born, or that it would be achieved through some triumph of arms. All about us are the tragic reminders of our folly. Only a victory without peace, only a treaty without reprisals, as Versailles did not write it, only national boundaries without a sinister purpose against the vanquished, and only the opening of economic frontiers to both victors and vanquished, might have achieved, not merely a temporary status quo, but a permanent world appeasement.

We come now to the conclusion of the whole matter. Which way peace? It is the way of regeneration. New men and new women, as well as new treaties. Men and women of peace, as well as methods and materials for peace. It is the formula of the Church, it is the saving grace of the Prince of Peace himself. Significant it is beyond the power of words to appraise the significance, that today above all other institutions, the Christian Church bars the road to both Communism and Fascism. She denies this betrayal, she repudiates this false worship. Her trumpet gives the clear sound, and her banner over all is love.

We believe that at last the spirit shall make Democracy again dynamic in all the world, shall give peoples now inarticulate the voice of freedom, and shall turn us from our angry ways. This is the faith and, though we may cry out against the tortured pace of human progress, protest the slow advance through evolutionary processes, faith is the very substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen, and at last the victory that overcomes the world.

(Continued from page 21)

books would take too much space.

With his plantation slaves Washington dealt kindly and ordered his managers to do likewise, though at heart he did not approve of the institution of slavery. He was too honest and keen-minded not to realize that its principles were incompatible with those of human liberty. Yet the problem of slavery was already so far-reaching and complicated that he knew not how to deal with it. In his will he expressed his final opinion on the subject:

"Upon the decease of my wife it is my will and desire that all the slaves which I hold in my own right shall receive their freedom."

On Saturday morning, December 14, 1799, Dr. Craik, Dr. Brown and Dr. Elisha Cullen Dick were all hastily summoned to Mount Vernon to attend General Washington in an acute attack of quinsy. The usual remedies of that day were applied—bleeding the patient, a plaster of Cantharides on the throat, a gargle of sage tea and vinegar, and a teapot of vinegar and hot water to inhale. But the General grew steadily worse. And at twenty minutes after ten that evening Dr. Elisha Cullen Dick stepped quietly over to the bedchamber clock on the mantel, cut the pendulum cord and stopped the timepiece.



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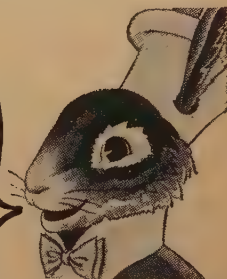
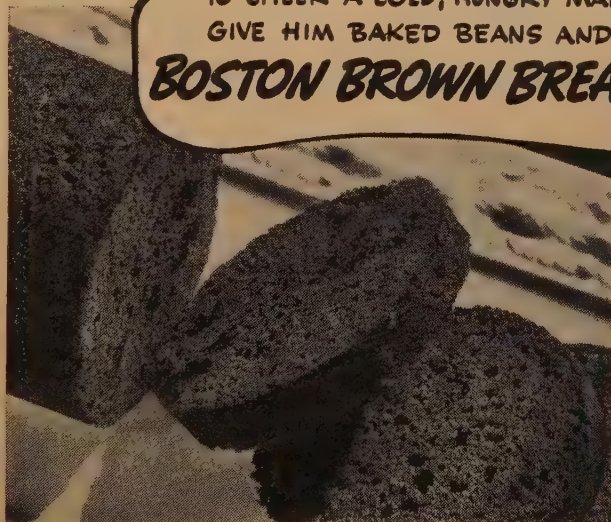
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(Continued from page 44)

trellises. I like them racing companionably up a wall with white Moonflowers—which about equal them in size, but bloom toward evening and all night when the Morning Glories are closing their eyes. The heart-shaped foliage is similar to, and just as luxuriant as that of the Heavenly Blue, and the flowers are creamy white and fragrant. Night can truly be sweet if there are Moonflowers in your garden.

One year I tried Gilias. The daring description in the seed catalogue "got me." I planted them in a temporary annual bed in the middle of our back lawn along with red velvet Petunias and Nicotiana and Tahoka Daisy. Soon the spot designated for Gilias (and much of the surrounding territory) was tufted with green wisps which later developed into the only leaves that Gilia liniflora boasts.

They grew and grew, leaving the Petunias and Nicotiana far behind and entirely overshadowing poor little Tahoka Daisy. Finally a tiny phloxlike flower appeared on top; then others, and still others, with many bits of lilac yet to unfurl.

A deluge of rain came, knocking the tall stalks of pinetree-like foliage to the ground. (They are too delicate to stake.) But the flowers continued to open and other stalks rose up to replace the once I was forced to cut. They bloomed and bloomed, adding variety to the bouquets I cut for the house and inviting the curiosity of friends.

Another summer, along with Collarette Marigold, which I liked fairly well but not as a marigold, (I missed the smell!) I planted an annual Marguerite. It grew

easily, seemed just like the perennial except that it was in single stalk, didn't collect bugs, and the blooming period lasted longer; up until frost I think.

I tried Snapdragon one summer, because I had been told it was hard to grow. I was pleasantly surprised. It not only proved one of the most delightfully satisfactory plants, but it astonished me by living through the winter and presenting me with sturdy, early-blooming plants the following summer. Snapdragon likes a neutral, gravelly, well-drained soil—the richer, the better.

You see, I think you are really going to try some of these interesting, less-known annuals. I am telling you already what to do about them. And I can assure you you won't be sorry.

Plant the old favorites as usual. I always have Cosmos, Marigolds, Zinnias, Bachelor's Buttons, Petunias, Nicotiana, and many others, but each year along with my old friends, I enjoy being introduced to one or two new ones. Sometimes you become so attached that the next summer you have a whole bed of Salpiglossis, or Tigridia, or Polygonum, or whatever it is you chose to raise the summer before.

And sometimes you try a flower once and feel that it is not for your garden. But you never regret having tried it, for it has been an adventure; waiting anxiously to see what the leaves look like, how high the stalks grow, how soon the buds appear, and then—what kind of a flower the plants will produce! Sometimes, but only sometimes, you'll be disappointed. Usually you'll feel that your patience and trouble have been amply rewarded. Gems of the summer I call them, these lovely, little-known annuals, and gems they are.

(Continued from page 41)

it in this "smoke." In a jiffy a frightful change took place in the color and size of the meat. It dwindled before their very eyes; it corroded; in another moment it was scarcely visible. "Imagine what your stomachs must be like after you take even a sip of this dreadful stuff!" Charlie cried out to his audience. The lesson went home. I venture to say that few of the listeners ever wished to take "smoke" again. It is through such powerful personal talks and examples that revelation comes.

And Charlie, in chapel, urges the men to get up and speak—not necessarily of their religious trend of thought, but of their personal failings, as human beings. Some fellow is asked why he drinks at all. "I drink because it makes me feel rich," he answers.

Then a companion speaks up. "Yes; but rich for how long? For a minute, maybe!" And there is a general laugh—for these men know. The first speaker has been defeated, made ridiculous. He never forgets that.

"I drink because my wife left me, and made trouble for me," another announces. "Maybe that's true," replies someone in another pew, "but when you sober up you find you have more troubles, don't you? Trouble is a good swimmer—for a second—in the lake of booze. Then it falls under, but it isn't exactly drowned. It wallows around, and it pops up again, ninety per cent stronger than it was be-

fore." Another laugh.

Then a fellow tells why he *doesn't* drink. Sober, he is able to *think out* his problems. He goes at them with a clear head. He's able to concentrate, to try to help himself. And when a vote is taken as to which speaker has made out the better case, nine will be for the non-drinker, and only one or none, maybe, for the alcoholic.

It's one big family, you see, facing the cruel perplexities of life, striving to help one another. If someone's home has been broken up, a job lost, and despondency takes the place of optimism, "I'll bet that was because you went to the nearest saloon," someone explains. And invariably it is so. Many are thus troubled when they first come to the Mission. Not all, of course, are put back on the strait and narrow path; but oh, how many are, and how worth saving they have been!

For not all these men are what an unthinking world calls "bums." Many are college graduates, professional men—doctors, lawyers, executives—who have somehow lost their way on the long road. As Charlie St. John puts it, "I know that many of them have better educations than I—think of it! And they haven't been quite able to face the fight of existence; and so they have drifted downward, downward; yet before they sink into utter despair, they are brought to the surface once more."

Do you think it's not worth trying to readjust them, to pull them out of their pitiful condition? It is. For Charlie told

me that there is an ever-increasing number who wish to stick to their jobs; who discover that honest toil can prove their salvation. Remember that there is a vast difference between drudgery and toil. The former is for slaves; the latter is for freemen. Get a man to become interested in some form of decent labor, and he will not long remain a pariah in society. He will push forward. He will redeem himself.

I heard a poor young Negro saying to Charlie, "I feels sick, boss. Mah side an' mah back aches. I dunno what to do."

Quick as a flash, Charlie turned to his assistant and said: "Send this boy over right away to the clinic. They'll find out what's the matter with him. Come back, boy, with their report in writing, and we'll see what we can do for you." No delay. Instant action. This is Religion with a capital R.

How fatiguing it must be, day after day, year in and year out, to interview these long, long lines of men! For each one has an individual problem to solve. It isn't sin that they come to tell of—unless it is the sin of society that they are where they are. They come to tell of spiritual disaster, it is true; but they also come to show torn shoes, threadbare coats; to speak of ill health, the need of dental attention. Some have their jaws covered with filthy cloths when they amble in—toothache, or swollen glands. And there's the clinic right around the corner where they can receive the best medical attention. Oh, it breaks your heart to see them going away with hope again blossoming, to be patched up, to gird on new armor to face the marching years.

The chapel—I must speak of it. A glorious big room, with an organ donated by Princeton University; a piano; a pulpit; fine stained-glass windows facing the Bowery, and shutting out the hideous darkness of that street. Colored texts from the Scriptures on the walls that once were dark with dust; high rafters now freshly painted. Hymns sung here; sermons listened to; and always Charlie's Sunday-afternoon broadcasts, which they hear with eagerness, as their chaplain's good words pour out. Those words may reach some sensitive and sympathetic listener's ears. Who knows?

And there are the Bible classes in another fine room—an intimate, pleasant room, with chairs placed around informally, and the great Book like a lamp dispensing its glowing flame. Quiet talks here, and peace, away from the crowded street outside. Gentiles, Jews, Protestants, Catholics, white men, black men, all meet in this common place; for there are no lines of race and creed drawn—none at all. They hear the old-new stories, the enduring tales that cannot die. They hear of that Son of Man who was as poor as they; Who died, and lived again, as they have died for a while, and as they can live again now.

It is a spiritual experience, I tell you, to go to this Bowery Mission, and see these men. It must be wonderful to come to know them, as Charlie knows them; to see them groping back to sanity and a better way of living.

They have lost their way—but only for a while. There are paths that lead them to fresh fields. They have but to be shown where these lie.



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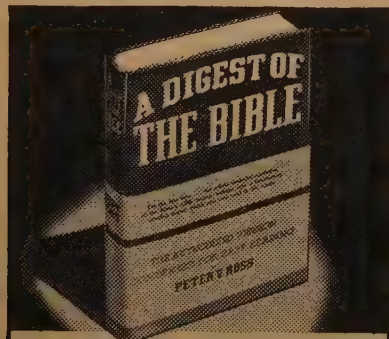
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CURRENT BOOKS

By Albert Linn Lawson

THE two names most distinguished in the history of American welfare work are those of Jane Addams of Chicago, and Lillian D. Wald of New York. The story of Miss Addams and Hull House has been well and thoroughly told. Now that of Miss Wald has been adequately done in *Lillian Wald, Neighbor and Crusader*, by R. L. Duffus (Macmillan, \$3.50). Miss Wald, as everybody knows, founded the famous Henry Street Settlement, in New York. From a small beginning, that institution has grown to its present greatness. It was at first strictly a health settlement; it has taken on, as the years have passed, a very large number of distinguished endeavors. But its chief aim still remains the saving of the lives of mothers and babies. How great this work has become, the untold number of women and children who are alive and well today because of the work done by the nurses of Henry Street, Mr. Duffus tells adequately. But there are so many more activities and achievements of Lillian Wald that even to enumerate them requires almost a full column in Who's Who. She is the real founder of our Public Health system; she originated the first system of school nursing; she also originated the idea of the Federal Children's Bureau; she made the plans for town and country nursing put into effect by the American Red Cross—and many, many other activities which have saved lives and protected health all over the country.

The book describes these activities fully. It also gives a clear picture of Miss Wald's character, and the principles which have motivated her throughout her long life, the chief of these principles being her devoted belief in human brotherhood. She has retired now, so it has been possible, in Mr. Duffus' book, to summarize and analyze fully one of the most distinguished and useful careers in American history.

We have become so accustomed to the belief that the Civil War ended with Lee's surrender at Appomattox, that it is with a little shock of surprise to be reminded that the real end did not come for some time. This, a hitherto unwritten chapter of Civil War history, has now been related fully in *Flight Into Oblivion*, by A. J. Hanna (Johnson Publishing Co., Richmond, \$2.75). The book discloses the last lingering chapters of the struggle, ending with the surrender of Johnson and the flight of Jefferson Davis and his cabinet. It is a most dramatic story. The book begins with that tense moment when the telegram from Lee, announcing his surrender, was handed to Davis while the Confederate President was at church. From then on we are given a most vivid and absorbing picture of the "Flight into Oblivion" of Davis and his Cabinet. Here

we get the truth about the so-called Confederate "treasure," less than half a million in gold instead of the reputed ten millions; about the flight to Danville, Virginia, thence to Greensboro, North Carolina, where the party separated, each being supplied with some of the gold for his expenses, though the larger part of what remained was taken to a place where, it was hoped, it would be safe. Davis stubbornly refused to believe that all was lost and over. He planned to make his way through Florida, thence to "Kirby Smithdom" across the Mississippi. He might have prolonged the struggle for a little while had he succeeded, for Texas had escaped the sufferings of the rest of the Confederacy. There was plenty of food, and Smith was well supplied with funds, through selling Texas cotton to Mexico for fifty cents a pound—cotton which he bought for three cents. But Davis was captured before he reached his goal. The main part of the book, thereafter, is concerned with the successful escape of Breckinridge, Secretary of War in Davis' Cabinet, and of Judah P. Benjamin, the fat little Jew who was the one real genius in the Cabinet. Breckinridge made good his escape to Cuba, after incredibly dramatic adventures. Benjamin finally reached England, where he began a new career which lifted him to the very front rank of the legal profession.

The book is entirely factual and unprejudiced, and all the more effective on that account. To me it seems a valuable contribution to the literature of American Civil War history.

Something entirely new is *Old Bible History*, by Homer B. Maddy. It is the Bible Story in Verse, from the Creation down to the death of Joshua. While the poetry is not of a very high order, probably the children for whom it is chiefly intended will not mind. It is simple and clear, and should arouse new interest among young people in both church and Sunday School. Such helps are of value in pupils to remember the chief events of the Bible story, and as such it is to be commended. It is published by The Pyramid Press, New York, and the price is \$1.50.

Three books, just issued by The Cokesbury Press, are all noteworthy, inexpensive, and will make excellent gift books for religious people. They are *The Singing Church*, by Edmund S. Loring, price \$1.50; *Ten Rules for Living*, by Clovis G. Chappell, \$1.50; and *Is it Right or Wrong*, by Nolan B. Harmon. The last seems to me exceptionally good, though all are worth-while. It is a discussion of controversial problems which church members today are constantly encountering.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSONS FOR FEBRUARY

Stanley B. Vandersall, D. D.

FEBRUARY 5

Peter Preaches at Pentecost

ACTS 2:5-18, 36-41

(Printed lesson, Acts 2:12-18, 36-41)

PEOPLE are asking nowadays, "How effective can Christian preaching be? Is it worth all it costs? Would we not get farther toward our goal if we preached less and practiced more?" No class can afford to evade such questions. There should be a sincere attempt to place a value on preaching as we know it today.

The first and one of the best examples of Christian preaching comes to us in Peter's great sermon at Pentecost. While the little crowd of Christian believers waited and longed and prayed, there came a sudden and unexpected visitation. A mighty sound from heaven was heard by their ears and sensed by their bodies; their eyes saw tongues of fire coming upon each of them; their voices spoke strange sounds, as they were directed by the Holy Spirit. When these words, strange to the speaker, were heard and understood by various visitors from widely scattered places, and knowing widely diverse languages, the message of the hour was made available to every section where Jews might penetrate.

Taking advantage of the chance given by this providential incident, Peter delivered a telling sermon. There is no attempt made by the author of the Acts to quote the speaker fully. He gives the substance and argument of an address which probably was much more extensive.

The verses recording the sermon (14-36) are really expositions of three passages from the Old Testament, Joel 2:28-32, Psalm 16:8-11, and Psalm 110:1. The first argument is that these prophecies are fulfilled in Jesus. "The extraordinary phenomena, the tongues of fire, the mighty thundering voice, and the effect on the disciples is a sign of the last days when God will pour out His Spirit on all flesh, and give wonders and signs in heaven and earth." (*Peter, Prince of Apostles*, Foakes-Jackson.)

The second argument (22-36) is to the effect that "Jesus has approved Himself by wonders and signs; and now He has been crucified, as God had long ago determined. He has been raised from the dead, David could not have said these words of himself because he died and was buried and his sepulcher is still in Jerusalem (Acts 2:29). He referred to the Christ, Who was to ascend to heaven and pour forth the Spirit of God. . . . Jesus had risen from the dead, ascended into heaven, and poured forth the Spirit on His people. This proves Him to be Lord and Christ."

The third quotation from Psalm 110:1 is to the same point (verses 34, 35)—that David recognized the divine nature of his descendant-to-be.

Seldom has one address been as effective as was this one. But Peter's sermon

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did its work only in part because of its words. A large share of its power lay in its timeliness and its attendant circumstances.

Every student and every class should try to find the answer to three questions: (1) Is there reason in our day for such demonstrations of God's power? (2) How does God manifest Himself to those who wait before Him? (3) How may the gift of the Holy Spirit be recognized? In attention to the whole setting of the sermon and its application to conditions of today rather than in particular verses and words will the blessing of this study be found.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. Was Peter the only one of the disciples who could have preached this sermon? Why?
2. How do the miracles and wonders and signs of Jesus show that He is approved of God?
3. Are there any parts of this sermon valuable today? For whom, and under what conditions?
4. How do you manage to get good out of the sermons you hear?

FEBRUARY 12

Peter Heals a Lame Man

ACTS 3:1 to 4:22

(Printed lesson, Acts 3:1-10; 4:8-12)

THIS was the first recorded miracle after Pentecost. The cripple was above forty years old; he had weak ankle bones and was never able to walk from his birth; he was carried to the temple gate daily; he made a practice of asking for money; it was late in the afternoon when the two apostles, Peter and John, approached; after brief conversation Peter raised the lame man to his feet; he not only stood but walked, and leaped, and praised God; the occasion was provided for a sermon by Peter; the miracle and the sermon produced opposition; the apostles were arrested and later released; the cause of Christ went forward under such favor.

Six Teaching Points

1. *The apostles did not turn their power into money.* When Peter said, "Silver and gold have I none," it was an excellent testimony. It would seem out of place for him to say, "If you can make it worth while for me, I will be able to do something nice for you." Yet that is what many ardent leaders have said. Commercialism is a terrible foe to real religion. Freewill and voluntary gifts to God's work or God's workers are to be encouraged, but "a coin for a blessing" never is pleasing to Christ.

2. *"Such as I have."* The world is full of persons who lament that they do not have more, who declare what they would do if they were better situated. Peter knew that he could not give money to the lame beggar. He simply said, "What I have is yours." And what he had was exactly what was most needed.

The theme, "What Christians have to share," is a good one to claim the attention of the members of the class. Obviously miraculous healing will not be on

many lips, but spoken testimony, service, deeds of kindness, hospitality, gifts of money, and the like will be eagerly grasped.

3. *The miracle was performed in the name of Jesus.* It is interesting to conjecture whether Peter could have accomplished anything in his own name. It is more to the point that he did not try. Though he talked a great deal, he was not self-seeking, and this miracle proves that he was Jesus-minded.

4. *The best witness is one who is well known.* For years the passersby had seen this man and his misery. They were convinced that he never would be any better, and that he had drawn a hard lot in life. When suddenly they saw him leaping and running, they knew it was genuine. A stranger might have fooled them, but this man never.

5. *Peter's enthusiasm was for a person (4:8-12).* When brought before the magistrates and rulers, Peter did not plead for recognition of a cause. It was a name, a power, a living person who could do all these things. Jesus of Nazareth was the one they should know. He was the one rejected and now exalted. His was the only name sufficient for salvation.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What point in this narrative most appeals to you?
2. What new qualities in Peter's character appear for the first time in this incident?
3. How far should divine powers be used for personal gain?
4. In what new ways is Jesus being rejected today?

FEBRUARY 19

Beverage Alcohol and Its Social Perils

(A social aspect of the liquor problem)

AMOS 6:1-6; I Pet. 2:11, 12; 4:1-5

IN THE eighth century B.C., both the kingdoms of Judah and of Israel were at the height of prosperity. But as is natural, with prosperity came ease, luxury, and enjoyment, and as wealth piled up for some the poverty of others was the more marked. Injustice, robbery, and foul play became common. Neither the nation nor many individuals could stand prosperity. Then out of the rural hillsides came a simple but courageous man, inspired by God to deliver a message of challenge and of warning. On the streets of Bethel, the religious center of Israel, Amos thundered his charges against those in authority.

Chapter six paints vivid word pictures of the personal shortcomings of the so-called leaders. Sanders and Kent have paraphrased verses 1-6 thus: "A curse on you, voluptuous, careless rulers, upon whom devolves the direction of these two powerful Hebrew kingdoms! Shutting your eyes to the grave dangers which threaten, you enthrone injustice, and devote your whole attention to gratifying your love of ease and luxury. As if life were only one long revel, you sing foolish songs, drinking yourselves drunk, anointing yourselves with costly perfumes, wholly indifferent to the ruin which hangs over this goodly land of Israel."

Even the ancients knew the devastation

of the combination of "wine, women, and song." In our land a new era of self-indulgence has been introduced, more terrible, more far-reaching than Israel ever knew. The popularizing of strong drink, now made legal, the insidious reach for new drinkers through use of pictured advertisements, the radio, the cocktail hour, the motion picture, and other devices, put the United States in a position easily to be compared with that of Israel. The wide spread of the "new freedom" of youth and of women, the throwing over of established conventions, and the clamor for "personal liberty" are ominous signs of the times.

As always, such self-indulgence creates injustice, for there are always many innocent who suffer. Those who abhor liquor are forced to breathe its fumes in public conveyance and on the street. Those who toil and are not at ease are harassed and victimized by the idle rich and those who gain dishonestly. The righteous see the signs and tokens of holiness trampled under foot—the sacredness of the Lord's Day taken away, gambling and lotteries given places of favor, God's word held in disrepute, the clergy belittled and stigmatized, and piety ridiculed.

The verses from Peter's letter remind us, as they reminded those who first read them then, that when there is a turning to Jesus Christ as to a new way there is a turning from the desires, appetites and practices of the old life. A Christian must be different. Particularly must he detach himself from the "excess of riots" which characterize the people of the world.

What are the social effects of alcohol as we see them today?

The excellent outline of scientific facts about alcohol and alcoholic drinking by Bogan and Hisey (Scientific Education Publishers, 1934) lists and describes the commonly known ways in which alcohol reaches beyond the drinker to his kinsfolk, friends, and to strangers in the social order. These are the points listed. Each may be the subject of survey, report and discussion: 1. Accidents. 2. Crime. 3. Suicide. 4. Insanity. 5. Poverty.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. What compensation is provided for the thousands of lives lost as a result of "drink, then drive" accidents, by the taxes received from government licenses? Is it a good exchange?

2. With alcohol known to bear a large part of the blame for crime, why do the same people who pay for the effect still allow the cause to be continued?

3. The repeal of Prohibition and the licensing of alcohol were pointed to as one great means of overcoming the depression. When they did not do so, why is the United States satisfied with its bargain?

4. What do you think of the situation of having your government in the liquor business?

FEBRUARY 26

Peter in Samaria

ACTS 8:4-25

(Printed lesson, Acts 8:14-25)

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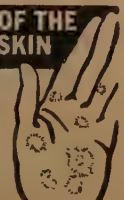
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preaching mission. In Samaria a man named Simon, a sorcerer, a worker of magic, had established a reputation as a worker of miracles and as a performer of impossible deeds. It was soon evident to all the people, and even to Simon, that Philip had a greater power, and that his miracles were real. Simon believed and was baptized, and became a disciple of Philip as of a superior master. How genuine was his conversion was soon to be tested.

Why the Holy Spirit, and How? "It is evident from the New Testament that that which makes a man a fully equipped member of the church is the indwelling of the Holy Ghost. This presence is not innate in man; it is a gift from God, given as here described." (Rackham, *Acts of the Apostles*.) When the apostles at Jerusalem heard that the Samaritans had accepted the Lord Jesus and had been baptized as a result of Philip's preaching, they sent two of their own number to complete the task of the Samaritans' conversion. The action of Peter and John among the people of Samaria, i.e., the use of prayer and the laying on of hands was effective, for "the prayer was answered, and the Samaritans began to receive the Holy Spirit. There must have been some external phenomena (such as speaking with tongues) as evidence of the fact, for Simon saw that through the laying on of the apostles' hands the Spirit was given." (Westminster Commentary.)

Can Power Be Commercialized? But of the true nature of this spiritual power Simon the sorcerer was not aware. His love of gain introduced a new motive which would have fatal consequences if allowed to prevail. He proposed to buy spiritual power—to pay money, and for it to receive the ability to heal disease and to bless humanity. "Untold evil has ever resulted to the church from the buying and selling of spiritual office. However carefully disguised, it ultimately rests on this thought, first expressed by Simon, that the gift of God can be acquired for money." That man's fundamental conception was wrong, and he did not under-

(Continued from page 29)

interest, once more brought the Christian Herald into my ken. I pray that God's richest blessing of health, prosperity and unbounded happiness be hers!

I am now nearly seventy-nine years of age and hope to enjoy many more years in which to read the Christian Herald. Incidentally, I never knew your sainted grandmother, but I was one of her many admirers.

I was converted in the old Bowery Mission under the teaching of John G. Hallimond, but it was the direct interest of Mother Bird which changed me from a

(Continued from page 39)

man's Lane. He feared for his life, but when he pulled himself together after the thieves had gone, he found that they had stolen only his spending money! That, says Shakespeare, is only trash. There is always more spending money.

But there is a gold in the Christian that the thief cannot reach: the gold of

stand God's methods.

Simon's sin—the attempt to purchase spiritual gifts, ever since called *simony*—was deservedly denounced, but, alas, it has always persisted in reappearing. And it still remains one of the curses of the Church. Whenever it shows itself, it threatens the full accomplishment of Christ's power in any individual, in the church, in the community, and in the world.

Where Is Simony Today? Every class should consider such instances as these: (1) A wealthy man who considers that his unhesitating response to every appeal of the church, his gifts to charity, his endowment of colleges, and his underwriting of the fresh-air camp for children insure his classification as a Christian, and his entrance into eternal life. (2) The church that trusts to its elaborate altar and expensive hangings to impart to its worshipers a sense of communion with God. (3) A community which prides itself on the benevolence of its citizens as they always oversubscribe the "community chest," and which boasts of its churches and hospitals, even though it has a convenient ignorance of its over-crowded tenements, its liquor houses, and gambling centers.

Student and teacher should not forget that the first purpose of this lesson is to study Simon Peter, not Simon Magus. These points in Peter's character at this crisis are to be praised: (1) his obedience to God's plan; (2) his zeal for the church; (3) his pursuit of the established methods of procedure; (4) his quick detection of Simon's shallowness; (5) his prompt denunciation of Simon's sin; (6) his challenge to the sinner to repent.

Questions for Class Discussion

1. How many steps are necessary today for one to be fully a Christian?
2. What benefits now come from the laying on of hands?
3. What are some ways which people try today (other than the simple Scriptural way) to gain spiritual power?

low, drink-sodden man to an upright human being. She turned me from the downward path that led to hell and placed my feet on the solid rock of Jesus Christ. When she sat down by me and threw her arm around me and asked me if I had written to my mother lately, it changed the entire course of my existence.

After I read the Herald myself, I pass it on to another old page pensioner, a retired minister. He and his sweet wife read it and in turn pass it on to still another couple. My copy of the Christian Herald is a great traveler; I assure you. . . .
J. D. M.

Christian character. Jesus, telling of the Good Samaritan, never even mentions the loss of the thieves; what he wanted us to see was that it was the character of the Samaritan that was important. Long after we have lost the last of our earthly possessions, in some Deadman's Lane, the inestimable possession of character will still be gleaming gold in our souls.

Deliver us, oh Father, from those who would rob our spirits and our souls; may we pity the thief who but steals our purse, and give it to him willingly while we guard the greater treasure.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 17

FORGIVENESS.
READ MARK 11:20-26.

AFTER the Boxer Rebellion in China, a heavy indemnity was laid upon China by the Western nations whose citizens had been killed. The United States refused to collect its share, saying to China: "We would prefer that you take that money and use it to educate young Chinese in the United States." And there came to America a stream of Chinese youth; today they are the rulers of an awakened China.

Forgiveness pays huge dividends. Hatred pays off in its own coin, doing more harm to the hater than to the hated. But when you forgive a man you make him your friend—and give him his second chance.

May we apply the Golden Rule to forgiveness, Our Father, forgiving others as we would like others to forgive us.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18

RELIGION IS JOY.
READ ISAIAH 49:13-26.

A FINE old lady in a country church, on being asked how she was, had a stock reply: "I'm still enjoying my poor health, thank you!" Poor lady! She had made up her mind to let her religion make her miserable. To her, faith was a melancholy thing; one must have a long, long face really to "enjoy" it.

Said Robert Louis Stevenson, the eternal optimist: "I do not call that religion which fills a man with bile." Melancholia is a poor argument for the Christian religion. It should make one fairly leap with joy. As with Isaiah, it should make us so glad that we can cry with him, "Sing, O heavens; and be joyful, O earth; and break forth into singing, O mountains." Every bush along the wayside should be aflame with God, once we know Him.

Save us, Our Lord, from the sin of the long face; may we cease to be pessimists once we have become Christians; may we be the disciples of rejoicing, and not of regret.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19

MUCH FROM LITTLE.
READ PSALM 8.

IT IS an amazing thing that manufacturers are making a delicate, expensive perfume out of the by-products of poison gas! And they concoct another exquisite perfume from the by-products of coal tar! How much they can do, with so little.

It is even more amazing that God can take a drunken sot and make a saint of him. That he can take a mill boy and produce a David Livingstone; a ball (Turn to next page)



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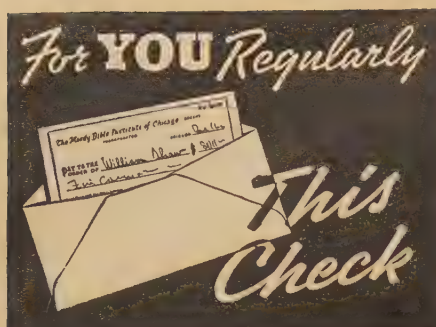
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(Continued from page 67)

player and produce a Billy Sunday; a crude, impulsive, all-too-human Peter and produce a noble Christian.

I have seen the works of Michelangelo in Rome; the Moses, cut from a block of crude, ugly, formidable marble into what I think is the greatest work of art in the world. I marvel at Angelo's art. But I more than marvel at the artistry of God, who works with a material more baffling yet than marble: with errant, sinful, stubborn mankind; I am awed by His creation of faith in our flesh.

Take me, O God, put me on thy anvil, beat me into worthy steel for the building of thy house. Of my unworthiness create thou worthiness; of my sin, strength for thy work.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 20

THE REAL TEST.

READ LUKE 6:27-38.

A GREAT American preacher, preaching in Hungary, took the Hungarian preachers to task for their treatment of the Jews. The reply of the Hungarians was, "The Jews deserve what they are getting." The reply of the American was, "But as ministers of Jesus, shouldn't you settle this thing on the basis, not of what the Jew deserves, but on what Jesus expects of you, as Christian ministers?" There is the real test, in any situation, for all of us.

Jesus expects us to go the second mile. He expects us to be more than merely human. Even sinners love those who love them; we as Christians are called upon to love those who do not love us. Even sinners return good to those who do good to them; we are commanded to love our enemies.

Put within us, Our Father, the courage which was within the man called Jesus—the courage to go the second mile, to do that little more than is expected of us.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 21

ALL ONE.

READ GALATIANS 3.

THE impossible has happened in Japan. Just when the strife between that country and China has reached its bitterest peak, the Christians of Japan have sent to the Christians of China an arresting greeting; they deplore the state of war that exists between them, and they call for mutual prayer, unity and peace!

How startling it is that the only bond of unity between these two great nations lies with the Christians in their midst! This is proof up-to-date that in Christ there is neither bond nor free, Jew nor Greek, Japanese nor Chinese, but only one! They are all heirs according to the promise, and all the guns and gas of the united armies of the world cannot destroy that hidden, inner unity of the soul.

Attune our ears to the infinite, O God, that above the roar of this warring world we may hear the still small voice.

WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 22

YEAR AFTER YEAR.

READ II THESS. 3:1-9.

WASHINGTON, once, was publicly criticized by his pastor for never taking communion; he answered by never again appearing at a communion service.

But it was also Washington who drove those long, hard miles over that impossible muddy, deep-rutted road from Mount Vernon to the Pohick Church, Sunday after Sunday, year after year. The long drive meant nothing; the church service meant everything.

And it was Washington who was found on his knees in the snows of Valley Forge.

Teach us, O God, to persevere. May neither storm nor strife nor burden of care keep us from Thy holy house. Make us to know that it is good for us to be found there, year after year after year.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23

REST.

READ MATT. 11:20-30.

A MODERN translation of the New Testament takes the old line, "Come unto me, and I will give you rest," and makes it, "Come unto me, and I will rest you." There's a significant different.

Rest, or peace, is not a gift to be begged for. It is found not in an unusual grant to an unusually favored person, but in the merging of the self with God. When we become saturated with the grace of God, we unconsciously let fall from ourselves all worry, anxiety and fear—and unconsciously find rest. It comes not by selfish seeking, but by unselfish sacrifice.

Help us to know, Our Heavenly Father, that peace comes only after struggle; that at the heart of the strife, secure in the knowledge of thy mercy and thy love, we may find the rest and peace that passeth understanding.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 24

HEALING POWER.

READ MARK 16:14-20.

DR. HOWARD A. KELLY, of Baltimore, one of the world's great surgeons, is respected among the men of the medical profession on two counts: for his lancet artistry, and for the fact that always, before he operates, he kneels in the operating room for a word of prayer. We do not know the words of his prayers, but it seems to us that he must be thinking of the words in our scripture for today: "In my name they shall cast out devils . . . they shall lay hands on the sick, and they shall recover."

How Jesus counted on men like Dr. Kelly, to do great works in His name, long after He was gone! He expected us to cast out the devils of pain and woe, to work miracles with the power He gave us. He calls upon us to use our science and our healing skill to glorify His name, and not our own.

There is no genuine healing power without the presence of Christ. Without me, said Christ, ye can do nothing.

Take the skill in our hands, and use it, we pray, in the casting out of the devils of pain and suffering and sin.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 25

EARNESTNESS.

READ LUKE 22:39-46.

SUNDAY, we heard a great author pray. His words were beautiful, for he is an artist with words; yet they had the cold beauty of the icicle. They moved no one, accomplished nothing.

How different is this prayer of Jesus. Says Luke, "And being in an agony he prayed more earnestly; and his sweat was as it were great drops of blood. . ." Says an old Christian authority on prayer: "God does not care for the arithmetic of our prayers, how many they are; nor for their geometry, how long they are; nor for their rhetoric, how eloquent they are; nor for their poetry, how beautiful they are; what He does care for is their importunity, how earnest they are."

Forgive us for the prayers we make that are only beautiful, Our Father; teach us to pray more earnestly.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 26

ROCK AND SAND.

READ MATT. 7:21-29.

A REAL estate development near our home grew up almost overnight; they

built a house a day. But today, a year after the first foundation was laid, these houses are a sorry sight. Foundations and walls have settled and cracked, cheap paint has washed off; plumbing has gone bad almost immediately. Built in a hurry, they are decaying at leisure.

Rome was not built in a day. Neither is a good house of faith built in a day. It takes years. It takes careful planning, seasoned reasoning, long experience. In the forges of the heart must be produced the strong steel of a great conviction. It takes time, but once we have it, it lasts.

Give us patience, O eternal Christ, to move slowly, reverently, in the realm of the spirit. May we build carefully, and not on shifting sand.

MONDAY, FEBRUARY 27

THE MASTER'S HAND.

READ MARK 5:25-34.

LEGEND has it that a young sculptor, the son of a sculptor, worked earnestly on a statue but couldn't seem to make it right; as he left it every night, he found that it was marred, here and there, with rough spots, ugly lines, little defects that he couldn't seem to correct. But every morning, the defects were gone. During the night the father, a master of the art, would steal into the studio and correct it all in the space of a few hours. One morning the truth dawned on the young man, and he cried, "The Master

has touched this!"

Is it not so with men? Rough, crude, ugly in life and Spirit, a man is suddenly transformed and we cry, "The Master has touched him!"

Put upon us, O Creator God, the touch of Thy hand, and make us fit to stand in Thy presence.

TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28

I AM THE VINE.

READ JOHN 15.

O. HENRY tells of a young girl dying; outside her room was a vine on a wall. The leaves of the vine were falling, she noticed, and she came to believe that when the last leaf fell she would die. But the leaf never fell. When she had recovered fully, she went out into the courtyard and looked carefully at the wall and the leaf. She discovered that an old artist next door, who felt that he had failed to paint his masterpiece, had heard of her fear of death with the dropping of the leaf. He had painted a leaf on the wall! Then he died, having created his masterpiece.

The picture of God should be as firmly painted on our minds as that. Indelible, indestructible, everlasting. Having that, we can never die.

Cut into our hearts, dear Christ, the deep scar of the Cross. And burn into our minds a picture of the Man upon that Cross that time cannot erase.

THERE IS NO AVERAGE WOMAN —

*she said — "If I were You" —
but I said — "Well, you're Not!"*

Every woman is a law unto herself — women's sanitary needs differ on different days and what's best for another woman isn't necessarily right for you. But only you can tell which type or combination meets YOUR needs best . . . each day!

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Caught by the camera as he lay in a stupor on a Bowery sidewalk.

The Cure Is FAITH IN GOD

IT COULD not have been the light of the Mission's sign that brought him to our door—for he was blind. The singing in the Mission's Chapel could not have reached him for he was deaf; he could not have asked the way for he had no voice. But somehow they reached the Bowery Mission: the one who could not see and the one who could not hear or speak.

He who could not see wanted a bed for the night for he was on his way further North where some kind soul had offered him a home. All are kind to the blind—on the busiest corner of a bustling city where time seems far too precious, the blind man will always find someone to carefully guide him over the way. Right behind him travels one in far greater need of help and guidance yet no one gives him heed nor stops to hear his story. Shabby, gaunt with hunger and weary of soul he

wants no charity; give him a job—a way of earning a living and you have made a new man.

It is not hard to get sympathy and understanding for the blind and the halt and yet what shall we say of the man who loses his identity in drunkenness? Is he not blind and halt? Sick spiritually and physically? Surely no one in his right mind could wish to spend his life this way. Crime and disease, are they not one?

And the cure is faith: faith in God and self.

It was ever Christ's way to be with the poor in body and soul; were He on earth today, we would find Him on such streets as the Bowery—and a drunkard would be the first to want to touch His healing hand. To you who are strong in spirit and faith, we say: give them of your strength and prayers; give us your

A blind man asked for a bed and help to get to a New England state.



support in this our work for those who are weak in body and spirit.

Let us be a home for the homeless, a job-finder for the jobless, a church for the churchless—let us be an isle of safety in the whirlpool of sin and sickness.

BOWERY MISSION
419 Fourth Ave., N. Y.

2

Dear Friend:- Bring faith to these men who are sick and halt. They need you.

Enclosed is \$.....

Name

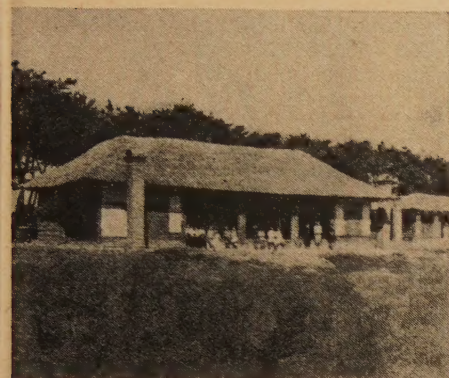
Address

EVERY DOLLAR HELPS

Just Between OURSELVES



WHERE READERS AND EDITORS MEET TO EXCHANGE IDEAS AND TALK OVER THEIR PROBLEMS



Greetings from Korea

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

Hearty Wishes and Grateful Remembrances for Christmas, 1938. The year of Tiger, the Mountain King who knows gratitude.

Here is a picture of the sunny folks at Sunnydale.

Induk Pak
262-23 Sajik-Jung
Seoul, Korea

We advise those readers who do not know Induk Pak to read "Korea's Feminine Kagawa" in the January issue of Christian Herald.—Editor.

No, We Haven't "Sold Out"

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

In your November issue you published a cartoon ridiculing old people and the pension plans which are designed to save them from a poverty-stricken old age. For some time I have thought that *Christian Herald* has sold out to the vested interests. Now I am sure of it.

A. B. T.
California

Any pension plan which can be put into operation without bankrupting the community, the state or the nation which adopts it will receive our unqualified support. No person or group of persons whether they be vested interests, advertisers, business or political organizations have ever within the knowledge of the present editors put pressure on *Christian Herald* to influence its editorial policy on any subject whatever.—Editor.

More on the Pooch Question

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I'm defending Richard Maxwell. The pooch pictured in January issue is undoubtedly a pooch, but so was the one

over Mr. Maxwell's poem. The minute we saw it we remarked about its resemblance to a pooch we had. You know there are pooches, pooches and more pooches of every size, shape and color.

I wouldn't have written only I didn't like your line, "But once again our faith was evidently misplaced."

Sincerely,
Mrs. W. Robert Lombard

Perhaps we shouldn't have brought the question up.—Editor.

Are We "Pro-fascist?"

Editor, Christian Herald,
Dear Sir:

I presume you are not averse to receiving criticism of your "News Digest" section and as a reader of many years' standing, I take exception to the manner in which you have derided Lloyd George in the paragraph captioned "London" in the December number.

If the policy of your Editorials continues to be pro-Chamberlain and pro-Fascist (which is your privilege) then it will be time for me to exercise my privilege of discontinuing your publication.

Yours very truly,
G. S. Yeager

May we refer reader Yeager to the articles entitled "Ave Caesar" by Frank S. Mead which appeared in the July 1938 issue, and "Four Men Against War" by Ralph Sadler Meadowcroft which appeared in the November issue. Also to the editorial by Dr. Daniel A. Poling in this issue.—Editor.

No Anonymous Letters

IN order to receive attention, letters to this and other departments of *Christian Herald* must give name and address of writer.

\$5.00 for the Best Letter on "SPORTSMANSHIP"

Christian Herald will pay \$5.00 for what we believe to be the best letter of not over 200 words received before March 1st, 1939, on the subject "Sportsmanship, what is it? Why is it important?"

In addition we will pay \$1.00 each for all letters on this subject which we publish in *Christian Herald*.

No employee of *Christian Herald* or member of an employee's family is eligible to enter this contest.

Address Contest Editor, *Christian Herald*, 419-4th Avenue, New York City, N. Y.

Of Course You "Rate" Space

Sacramento, California
Dear Christian Herald:

Of course poor I cannot and do not expect to write you anything that will rate space in the pages of *Christian Herald*, but I can at least endeavor to express to you a little of my sincere appreciation of and love for it and the good it is accomplishing.

My first recollection of *Christian Herald* was in 1880, the year I left my home in Grinnell, Gove Co., Kansas, with my commission as a deputy U. S. Marshal on the Dakota territory—Manitoba border.

My sainted mother (promoted to a heavenly home in 1901) was with her brood of eleven children one of the early pioneer settlers of Northwest Kansas. She was the widow of an Methodist Episcopal minister, and in receipt of a Civil War Officers' widow's pension.

We first settled in "Bleeding Kansas" in the spring of 1872, the summer I attained the advanced age of twelve, next to youngest of a hungry brood; we suffered many vicissitudes—Indian uprisings, drought, repeated failure of crops, terrible scourge of grasshoppers and locusts, (summer of '77,) prairie fire, blizzards and cyclones; through it all a loving Heavenly Father brought us safely. By His tender guidance that sainted mother guided me into manhood's estate, and the memory of her floods my eyes with tears. At the same time I raise my heart in gratitude for her.

Speaking of *Christian Herald*, I recall with what pleasure and profit I read the stories by Margaret E. Sangster, grandmother of the present Margaret E. Sangster, the editorials by Dr. Klopsch, Dr. Talmadge, the mighty Charles Haddon Spurgeon, and many others, as well as poems by Ella Wheeler Wilcox (I think I am correct, she used to contribute, did she not?)—Frank Beard with his religious cartoons before he started publishing the *Ram's Horn*.

I lived my youth and am now on the downward slope toward Life's Sunset, more than seventy-eight years; as I look back I trace a golden chain of memory; in that memory-chain some of the brightest links constitute the happy hours spent in the perusal of *Christian Herald's* pages.

It would give me pleasure again to receive a letter from dear Miss Plumb, who graciously gave me of her time on three occasions to write me, and through whose influence I was sent a copy of the Book of Books—God's Holy Word.

Humbly requesting that you accept this poor attempt of mine to express in some small part my love for and high respect of *Christian Herald* and that you will forgive and overlook the many glaring mistakes of spelling and grammar.

Faithfully yours,
James D. Moore.

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NEXT ISSUE

The Parade of Brotherhood, by Frank S. Mead.

The first article in a new series by Frank Mead, dealing with some of the great Home Missionary projects in this country. The most fascinating and thrilling story Mr. Mead has yet done for Christian Herald.

But Shakespeare Gets Me Down, by Beatrice Plumb.

A most human and appealing article about a High School boy, very ambitious, and anxious to learn. Airplanes, radio, streamlined trains and the rest intrigued him,—but he couldn't understand Shakespeare.

Art in the Church, by Arland A. Dirlam.

There are right kinds and wrong kinds of art for church buildings, and this talented architect and writer tells us about them most interestingly.

Besides a choice array of other articles, and all the regular departments—Margaret Sangster, Mrs. Morrow, Dr. Poling and many others.

After All!

NONSENSE DESERVES ITS PLACE IN THE SUN



Subtlety

Voice over the phone:
"Pop, guess who just got kicked out of college."

—Postage Stamp.

Underpaid

BOSS—"Are you saving half the money you earn?"
Office Boy: "Naw, I don't get that much."

—Watchword.

Unnecessary

Minister—Oswald, do you say your prayers every night?
Oswald—No, sir; some nights I don't want anything.

—Exchange.

Shrewd

"Yes, this book will do half your work."
"Okay, I'll take two of them."

—Notre Dame Juggler.

Oops! . . .

Visitor: "And what will you do, little girl, when you get as big as your mother?"
Little Girl: "Diet!"

—Keel.

Short Story. . .

"There's an office boy named John Simpkins working here. May I see him?
I'm his grandfather."
"You've just missed him. He's gone to your funeral."

—Exchange.

A Deep Friendship

"Do you know Art?"
"Art who?"
"Artesian."
"Sure, I know Artesian well."

—Columns.

Sure! Sure!

Former: "Dick, old man, can you let me have five . . . ?"
Latter: "No . . ."
Former: ". . . minutes of your time?"
Latter: ". . . trouble at all, old scout."

—Kablegrams.

Pride and Prejudice . . .

Footpad: "Get ready to die. I'm going to shoot you."
Victim: "Why?"
Footpad: "I've always said I'd shoot anyone who looked like me."

—The Keel.

Victim: "Do I look like you?"
Footpad: "Yes."
Victim: "Then shoot."

—The Keel.

En Gardel!

Customer (having a rough shave): "I say, barber, have you another razor?"
Barber: "Yes; why?"
Customer: "I want to defend myself."

—Owl.

Sock!

Physics Prof.: "Is heat always generated when two bodies in motion come together?"
Student: "No, sir. I hit a guy yesterday and he knocked me cold."

—Ohio State Sun Dial.

One Leg In

Stage Instructor: "Have you had any stage experience?"
Cadet: "Well, I had my leg in a cast."

—West Point Pointer.

Time Dandruffs On

A fly was walking with her daughter on the head of a man who was very bald. "How things change, my dear," she said. "When I was your age, this was only a footpath."

—Punch Bowl.

Of Course She Could

He: "Women can never keep a secret."
She: "Yes, they can. I have kept my age a secret ever since I was twenty-five."
He: "But one day you will let it out."
She: "No, if I can keep a secret eight years, I can go on keeping it."

—Springfield Republican.

Verra Fooney! . . .

A wealthy Englishwoman met with an accident during the shooting season on the Scottish moors and was rushed to a hospital, where the doctor decided that her life could only be saved by blood-transfusion. A big Highlander volunteered to give a pint of his blood, and was rewarded with £20. A week later another transfusion was necessary, and the man parted with another pint of his blood, but this time his reward was only £10. Yet another transfusion took place later on, and the Highlander was handed only a 10s note. The surgeon explained that, "The English lady has now so much Scotch blood in her that she refuses to pay any more."

—The Keel.